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'THE THIRD MAN' STORY I

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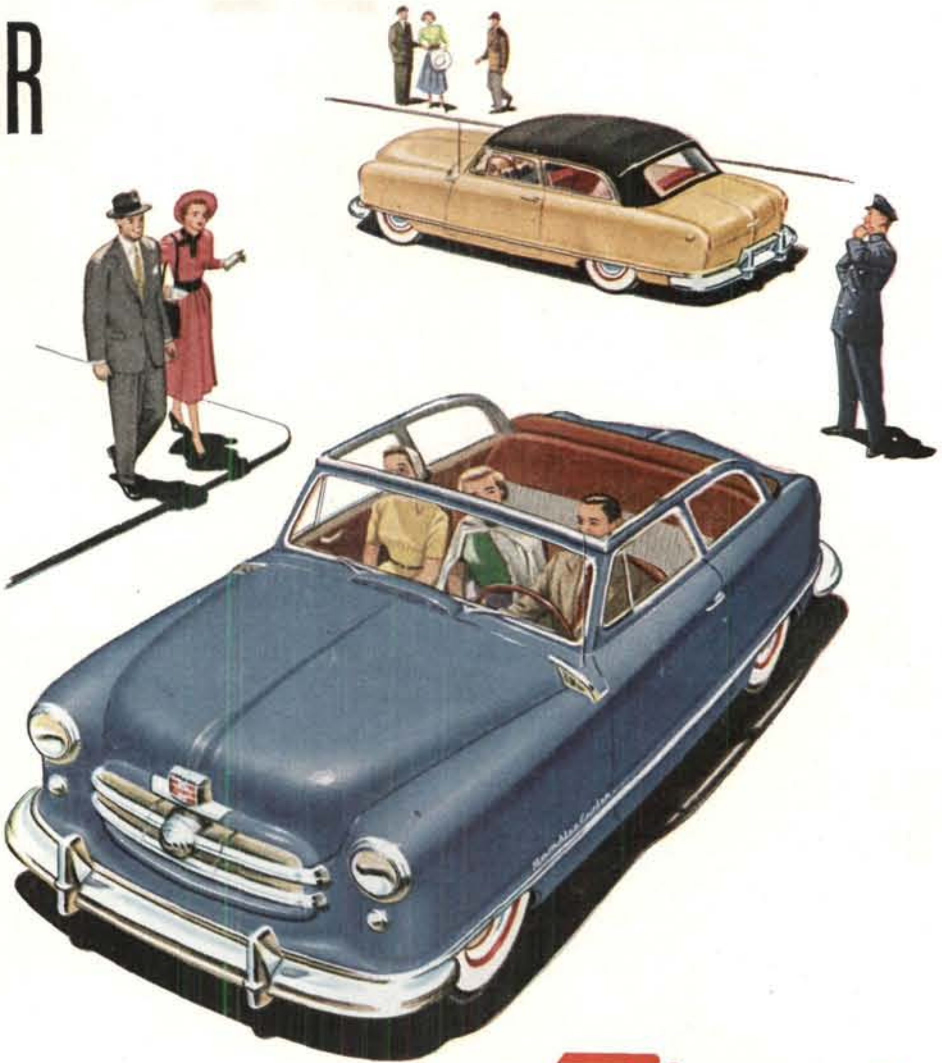

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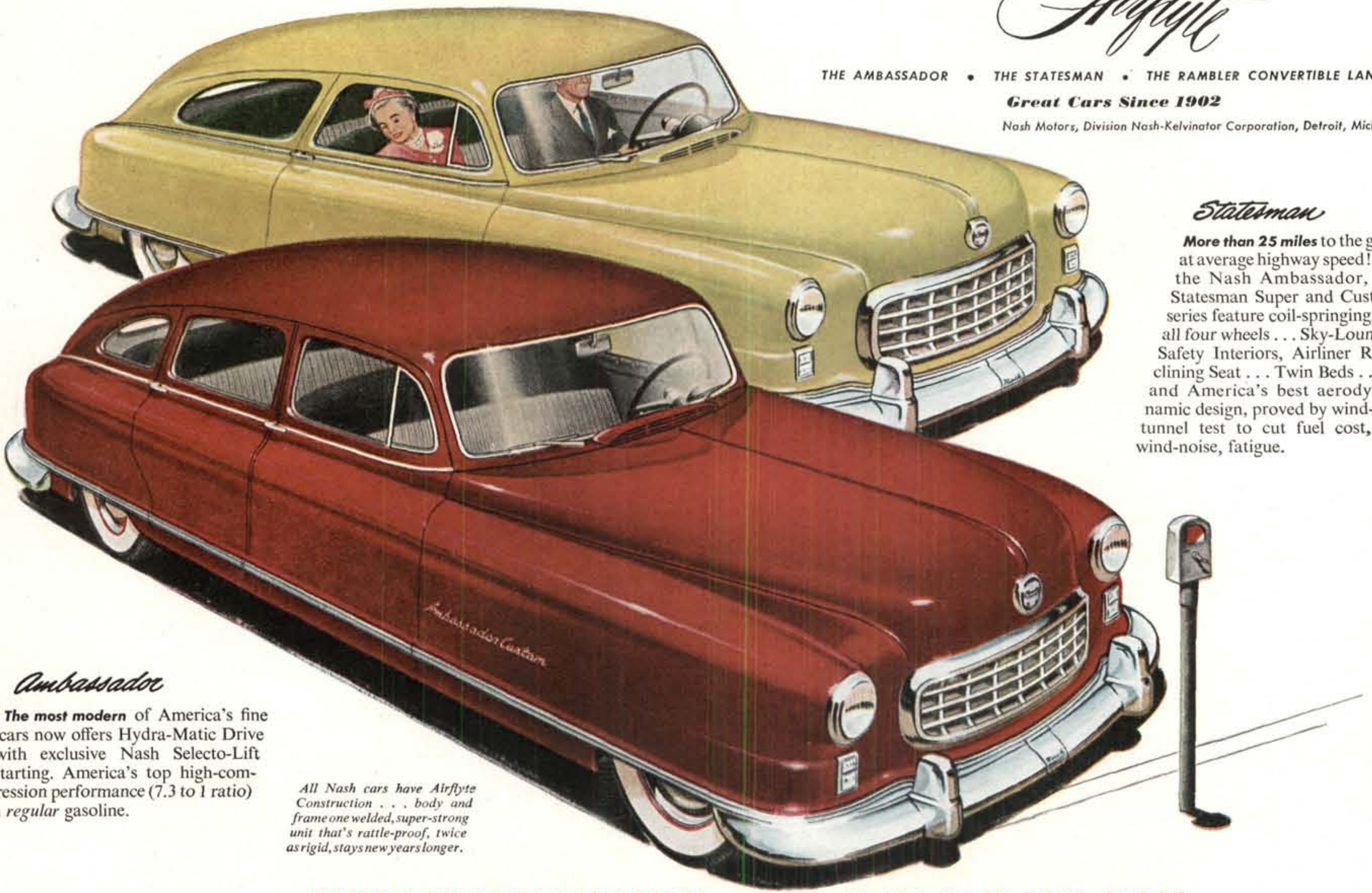

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IPANA

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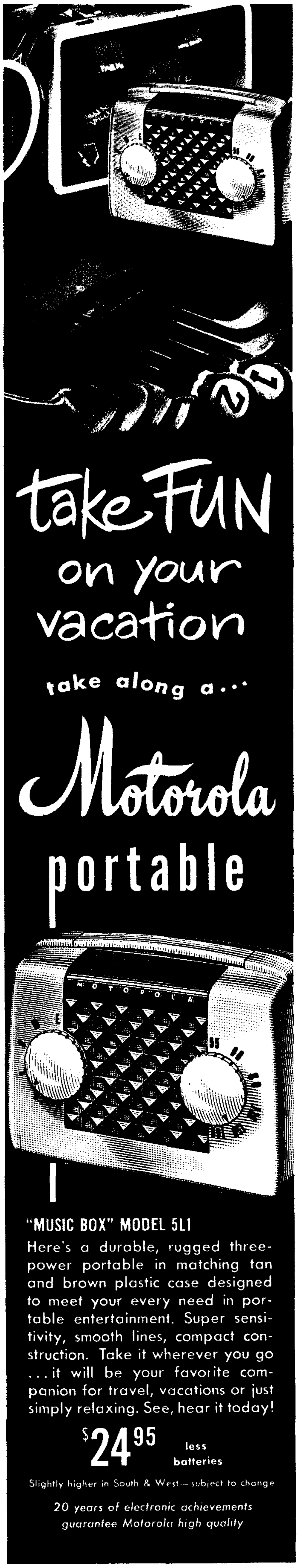

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June 10, 1950

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The Cover

Formerly a landlubber, Artist Homer Hill recently fortified himself with seasick pills, boarded a boat in Long Island Sound and was delighted with the scene he remembered most vividly—that of a lighthouse keeper and his family having a picnic on the front lawn of their own isolated little world. It's Mr. Hill's first marine painting but probably not his last, because he still has an ample supply of pills and finds salt-water excursions vastly superior to ferryboat rides from New Jersey, where he lives, to New York.

Week's Mail

To Be or Not To Be

EDITOR: To expose the fallacy of Dr. Foster Kennedy's article, Euthanasia: To Be or Not To Be (April 22d), I have formulated the following syllogism which seems patently logical and easily understandable:

Major: All human beings are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which the state must protect.

Minor: Now all beings composed of body and soul are human regardless of the conditions of the body or of the normality of the mind.

Ergo: All beings composed of body and soul are endowed by their Creator with these inalienable rights regardless of the conditions of the essential elements.

Also, another argument which seems as forceful, though possibly emotional, is the unavoidable evils concomitant with Dr. Kennedy's plan.

The inevitable question would be: "Who, precisely, is eligible for extermination?"

PAUL LARZON, Lynn, Mass.

... I write to thank you from the bottom of my heart for a magnificent article. It is convincing. I confess that I have been uncertain about the matter, but no longer.

This article should be read by every doctor, every lawyer, every judge and every clergyman in the country.

THE REV. FRANK C. RIDEOUT,
Newton Center, Mass.

... In reply to Euthanasia: To Be or Not To Be, there is only one fundamental objection which no amount of reasoning, logical or illogical, can change.

Life is made by God and belongs to God—even the life of an imbecile or idiot. Man has no right to take what belongs to God.

MRS. WALTER E. KAUFMANN, Atlanta, Ga.

... As a nurse I have worked in these various institutions where we keep all these unfortunate species of humanity that should never have been born.

Although Dr. Kennedy does not give a clear view of euthanasia, nevertheless, he has something very valuable in the form of prevention.

The writer stresses the abuses and red tape which would automatically follow if a law were passed making legal "mercy killing," but he doesn't say that the same abuses might take place if sterilization of the unfit were legalized.

BERTHA AMUNDSON, Fargo, N. D.

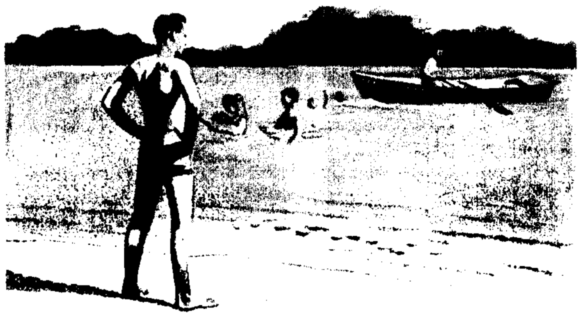
... This article was a great disappointment to me and to countless other thinking Americans, I am sure. The views expressed by Dr. Kennedy are reducible precisely to those which Hitler used to justify his purges of so-called unfits and his doctrine of race superiority.

Granted that Dr. Kennedy would confine his systematic murder to extreme mental and physical defectives, his ideas and those of Hitler and others like him differ merely in extension, and, under closer scrutiny,

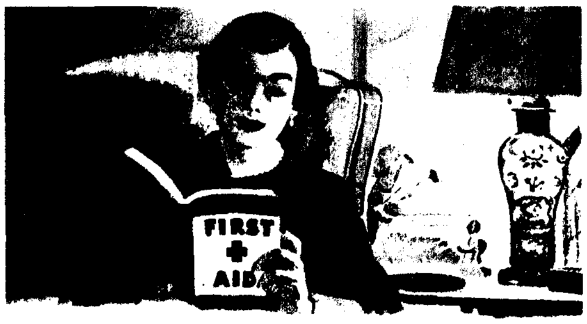
Some DOS and DON'TS for Summer Months

These are the months when fresh air, sunshine, and outdoor exercise can contribute most to good health and the enjoyment of life. To get full benefit from summertime, however, it is well to be on guard against accidents and health hazards.

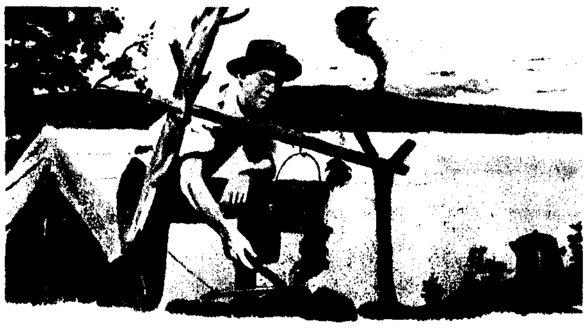
Fatal accidents in the summer are about 5% above the annual average, according to the National Safety Council. In fact, during June, July, and August there is an average of 284 accidental deaths per day. So, to help you avoid common summer hazards, here are some of the things that safety and health authorities often recommend.



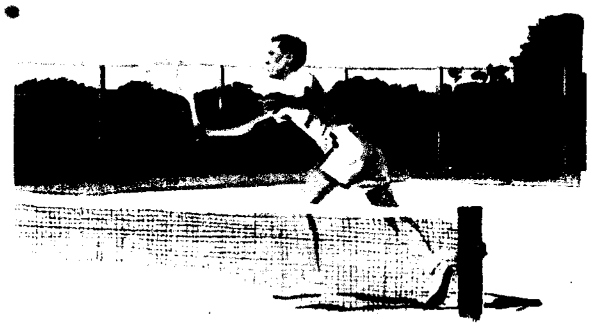
DO . . . take proper precautions for safety in the water. Fewer than 1 out of 14 Americans who participate in water sports can be considered skilled swimmers, and even they may sometimes need assistance. So it is always best to swim only where other people are around to help if you need it. When swimming even moderate distances away from shore, try to have someone in a boat accompany you.



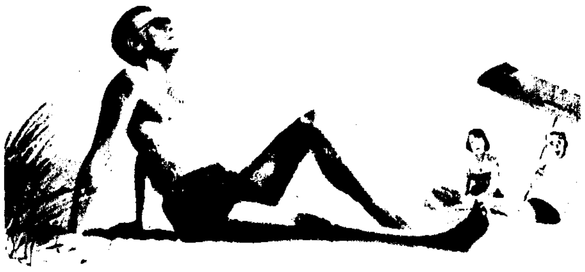
DO . . . learn the principles of First Aid. There is always a chance that an accident or emergency may occur where you are. If you know how to take prompt and proper action before a doctor arrives, you will help to protect the victim, and may save his life. To do this, you may want to learn basic First Aid techniques, including artificial respiration. Your local Red Cross will be glad to help you.



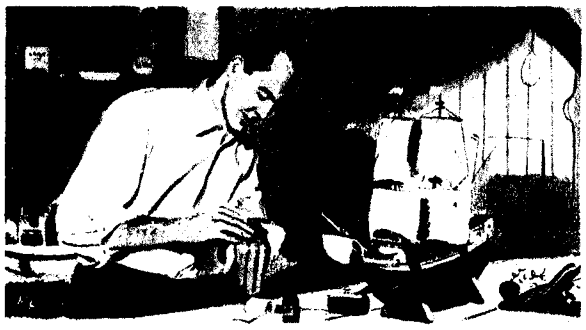
DO . . . make sure, when you are away from home, that the water you drink is safe. Water that looks clear and tastes good may still contain disease-carrying germs. So when you are on vacation, or on week-end hiking or camping trips, make sure the water is pure. If there is any doubt, you will be wise to boil it for at least five minutes.



DON'T . . . exercise too strenuously on week-ends or during your vacation. Too strenuous exercise, especially if you are not accustomed to it, puts a heavy strain on heart and blood vessels. Some physical activity, however, is usually beneficial. Your doctor, taking into account your age and physical condition, can advise about the kind and amount of activity you may enjoy safely.



DON'T . . . take chances on overexposure to the sun. Starting slowly (about 10 minutes the first day) and tanning gradually may help avoid a painful or serious burn. In addition, if you stay out in the sun too long or exercise strenuously during the hottest part of the day, sunstroke or heat exhaustion may result. Getting out of the sun before you get too red or too hot is a wise safeguard.



DON'T . . . neglect cuts, bruises, or other minor injuries. No matter how small a wound is, germs may enter the blood stream and cause infection. Prompt First Aid should include cleaning the wound, applying a mild antiseptic and covering with a sterile bandage. This will lessen the chances of infection. Of course, if signs of infection appear, such as redness or swelling, a doctor should be consulted promptly.

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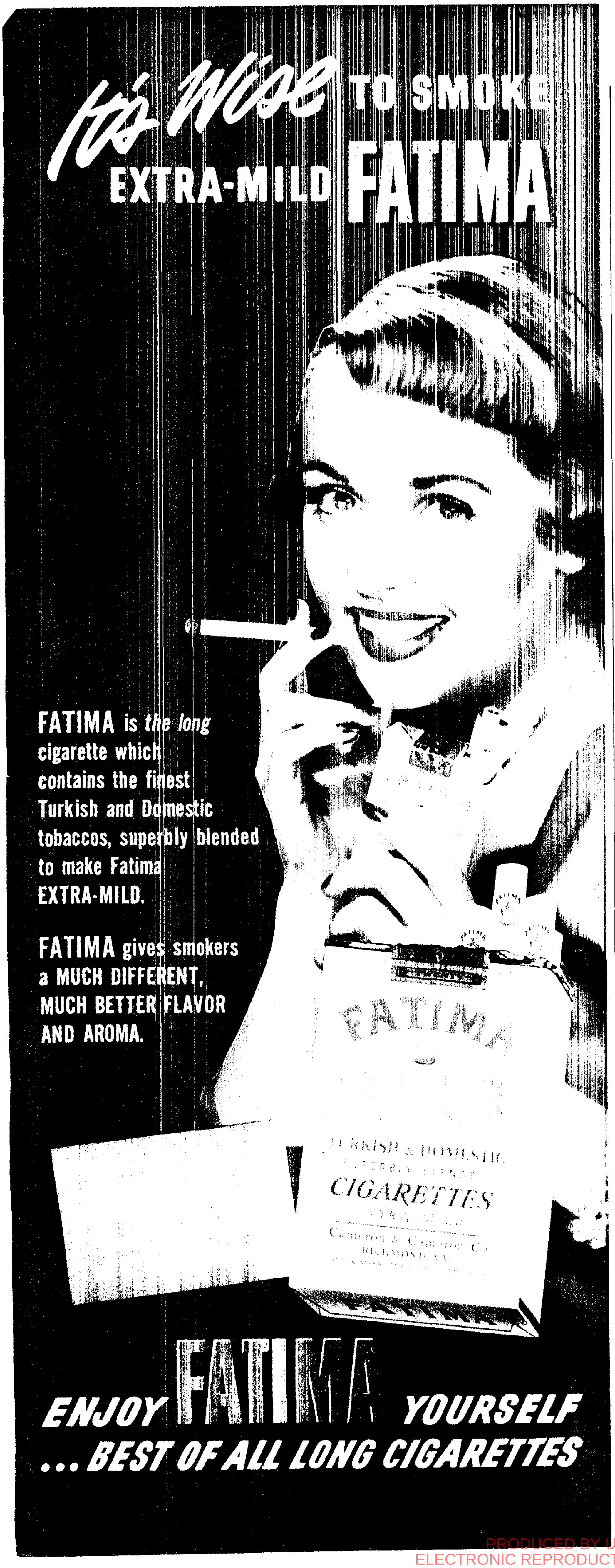
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Dr. Kennedy's arguments are not even as logical as those of other eugenists.
KATHLEEN BRODLE, St. Paul, Minn.

No One-Man Job

EDITOR: Adventurer in Darkest Washington, by Craig Thompson (April 15th), contains a misstatement of fact which we are sure you would like to have called to your attention. In this article the following paragraph appears:

"Heller expects that his total fees for the Pentagon job will be no more than $300,000. In 1938, at the end of a similar job for U.S. Steel, he had been paid 10 times as much—a cool $3,000,000. Heller's reorganization of U.S. Steel remains the largest feat of its kind in our industrial history."

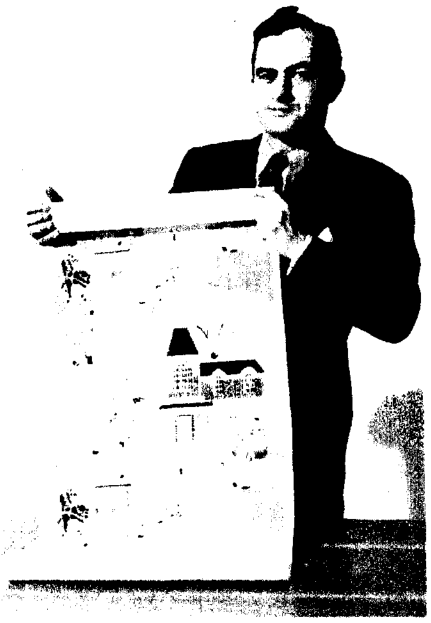
The fact of the matter is that our firm made the comprehensive studies and reports in connection with the work for the steel corporation and that we were paid the $3,000,000, not Heller. Ford, Bacon & Davis was retained to do this work by Mr. Myron C. Taylor, then chairman of the board of United States Steel. Because of the extent of the studies involved and the desire to complete the work within the most practical time limit, it was decided to subcontract certain phases of it to a few other specialized organizations, of which Heller was one.
E. S. COLDWELL, President, Ford, Bacon & Davis, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Decorative Inspiration

EDITOR: You may recall that in December of last year you ran a series entitled The Life and Times of Sears, Roebuck.

The first article had some unusually effective art work based on the 1900 Sears catalogue. In fact, it was so effective that it has proved to be a source of inspiration to the wallpaper-buying division at Sears and to Mrs. Margnetta Dornbusch, a designer. As a result, we have recently produced a dramatic and colorful wallpaper which, we believe, will have a nostalgic appeal to the oldsters and will intrigue the youngsters.

As did Collier's, this new wallpaper portrays such everyday merchandise items of yesteryear as red flannels, gramophones and buggies. It also further emphasizes the point brought out in your articles—that the mail-order catalogue is an important bit of Americana.
JAMES L. ROUNDS, Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill.



Francis Sill Wickware, who wrote Collier's series on Sears, with a double roll of nostalgia

Doctors' (& Patients') Dilemma

EDITOR: No doubt you will receive letters from doctors all over the country protesting with varying degrees of resentment, disapproval and anger your editorial, Let's Win This Cold War (April 22d).

I feel all these things, but will not try to argue with the point of view expressed. My chief interest is to find out what incident or experience, or what source of information has led a well-informed editorial writer for a magazine of wide circulation to develop such a slant on the medical profession.

Why are physicians so generally thought to be entirely mercenary in their attitudes? Have we really earned this reputation? Does no one believe that our opinions in regard to public health, new drugs, medical care are sincerely professional? How can we get a better press?
ROBERT W. BUCK, M.D., Boston, Mass.

. . . Thanks for supporting those of us who continue to use antihistamines in spite of the A.M.A.'s whispering campaign. As a mother with two small children, I've found the antihistamines invaluable for keeping the cold "bug" from dragging me down.
NANCY S. KAZA, Buffalo, N. Y.

. . . Your boys are going to feel pretty silly if they do enough research on antihistaminics to know what the score is.
HAROLD E. HULLSIEK, M.D., St. Paul, Minn.

. . . I was quite disgusted with your editorial. What bothered me mostly about it was your suspicion "that the real purpose of the A.M.A. objections is to give the prescribing physician a monopoly on the first promising cold remedy that ever came along."

Now I am not 100 per cent in favor of the policies of the A.M.A., but one of their activities that I find most commendable is their self-appointed job of investigating and criticizing new drugs.

I think your implication that they are holding something back which the public needs, "because the treatment of the common cold may be a lucrative branch of medical practice," is a pretty dirty crack.
ROBERT M. RICHMAN, M.D., New York, N. Y.

Shakedown: Continued

EDITOR: I wish to compliment you on the revealing and interesting article Illinois Shakedown (April 15th and 22d). These facts presented in such an agreeable manner will help to stress to the public the great need for action to help curb gambling that is robbing the people of millions of dollars each year.
ESTES KEFAUVER, United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

. . . I was born in Quincy, Illinois, and lived there until nearly sixteen. A couple of months before moving to Michigan I started playing the slot machines, and I can certainly vouch for the fact that they "get under your skin." Furthermore, I was playing these machines in a bar and I was not of legal age even to be in the place. I was never accompanied by my parents, I was always with a gang of kids, and never once was I asked my age before being served.

If you wish to publish this letter, you may use my name. Perhaps it will awaken the parents there to what evil their children are surrounded with.
VIRGINIA ANGELINI, Ann Arbor, Mich.

. . . It seems our local and state representatives have again confirmed our state nickname* to its inhabitants.
A. F. REICHSTEIN, South Beloit, Ill.

*Sucker State.

Texan Yankees

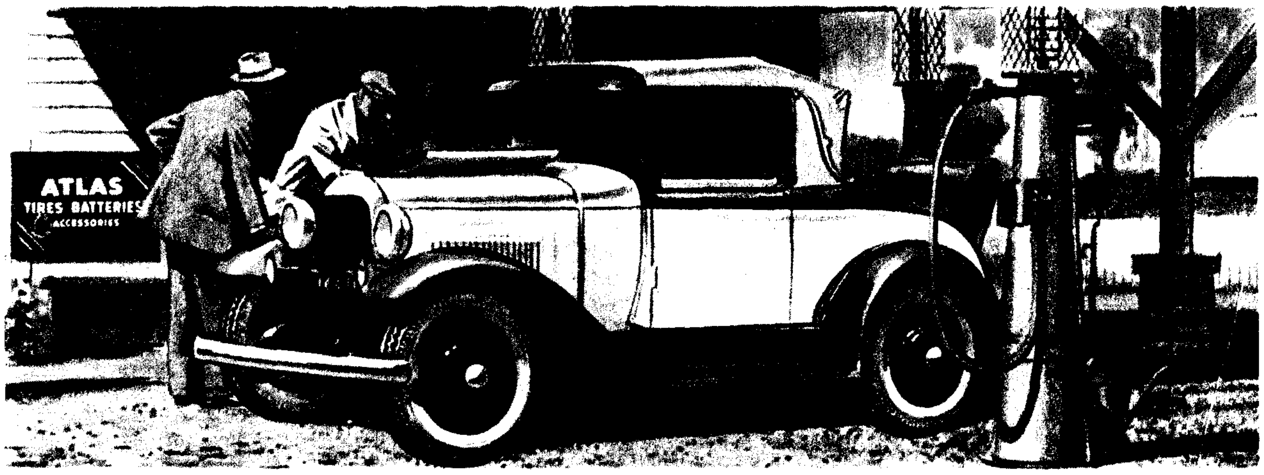
EDITOR: I was just about to turn out the light when I turned to John W. Randolph's priceless Can't Set Around Here All Night (April 22d). He woke me up and I read the whole doggoned thing through with the happy thought that I didn't let the biggest fish get away.

Although I don't know the New England variety of surreptitious do-gooders and liars, we have 'em in Texas, too, and I wouldn't be afraid to vote for a single one of 'em, either.
PELHAM BARRETT, Rusk, Texas

How Atlas' 20th Birthday can mean extra value for you

Atlas' 20th Birthday

1. In celebration of Atlas' 20th Birthday, many Atlas dealers are making unusually good allowances on used tires traded for new Atlas tires. Ask your local Atlas dealer about the unusual values he is offering.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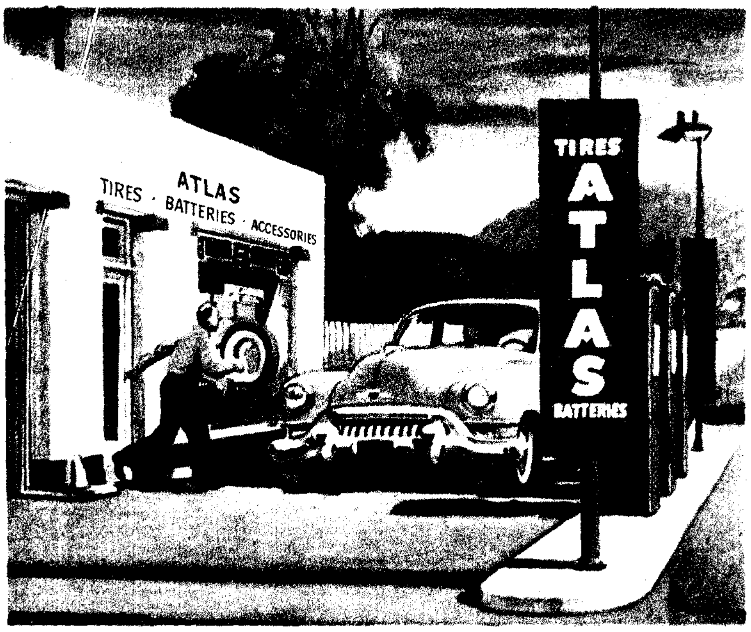
TIRES BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES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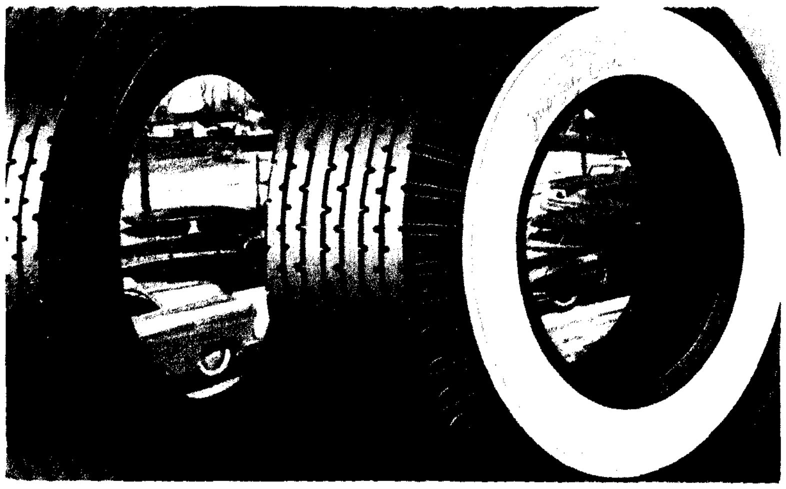
3. Today, Atlas products are sold through 38,000 dealers coast to coast in 48 states and Canada.



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4. Featured are Atlas Grip-Safe* and low-pressure Cushionaire* Tires. Their wide, flat tread is designed for long mileage and anti-skid safety.

5. With each Atlas tire you get a broad, written Warranty that's honored by any Atlas dealer.

6. For extra value during Atlas' 20th Birthday celebration, see your local Atlas dealer *today.*

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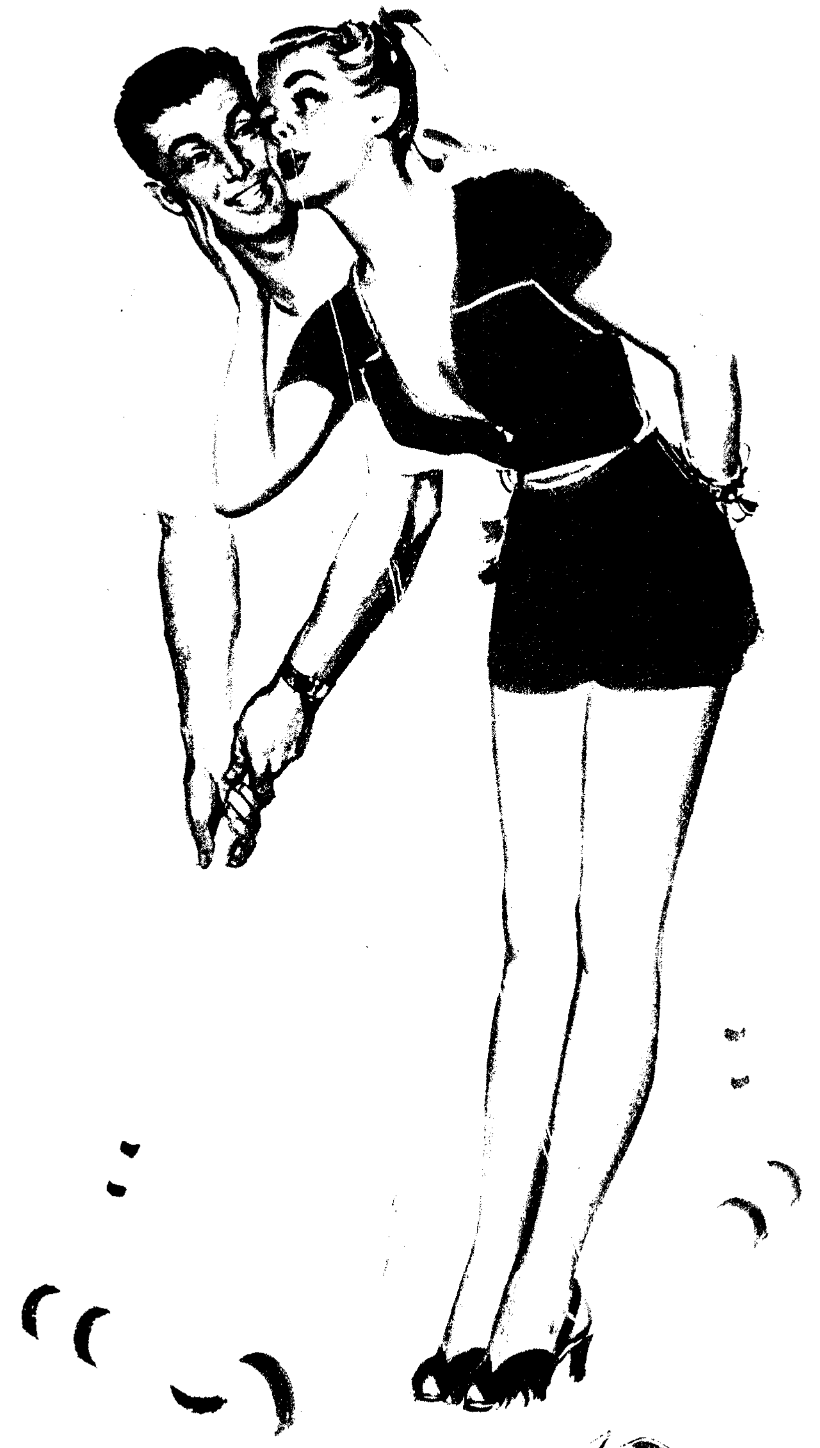

Even croquet can be O.K.
...with a Barbasol face!

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Barbasol
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Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush-No Lather
No Rub-In

No brush
No lather
No rub-in

You just can't "drive away" the ladies when you use Barbasol! Quick, clean Barbasol shaves keep your face looking *naturally* smoother *all day long!* That's because Barbasol never dries the skin, as soapy lathers do. Yet its special ingredients wilt tough beards trigger-fast for really close, *comfortable* shaving. Yes sir, Barbasol shaves *look* good, they *feel* good, and Barbasol *is* good for your skin—actually *protects* it against sunburn and blistering. *Try* Barbasol!

Use it also for soothing relief of sunburn, windburn, insect bites and itching.

BARZ
LOTION
DEODORANT
Barbasol

Avoid Athletic Aroma
use **BARZ**
Lotion Deodorant

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

New York policewomen keep in training at a Randall's Island "ring"

The Police Department of New York City employs 190 policewomen, the majority being plain-clothes detectives who range in age from about 25 to 65, carry a gun and are trained to assume any role whether it be that of a society lady or a hotel chambermaid. Two recent cases exemplify their persistence and bravery. To get a movie of a narcotics smuggler transacting business on the docks, one of these women tailed the gangster for 30 weeks in 1949, changing her disguise three times a day in her automobile, which was followed by two male colleagues. The other case occurred on the afternoon of March 6, 1950, in a department store. A moment after a policewoman left the store, following a search for a shoplifter, customers suddenly raced out the door in terror. "Detective Mary" went back in to investigate and found an insane man waving a pistol and looking for a target. Pulling out her revolver, she calmly walked up to the man, took his weapon and arrested him.

* * *

Whether married to a midget or a normal man, a midget woman almost always tries to avoid having a baby. Except in rare instances, such an infant is full-sized at birth and necessitates a Caesarian delivery, which may be fatal to a small mother. However, a few maternal records are held by midgets, notably Judith Skinner, who died in London in 1763. She was 26 inches in height, weighed 28 pounds and was married to her 25-inch husband, Robert, for 23 years. In this period, she gave birth to 14 children, all of whom were of normal weight and grew to adulthood.

* * *

A firm belief in circumstantial evidence held by a police sergeant in Flint, Michigan, was completely knocked out of him on the night of April 13, 1947. Alone in his squad car, the officer was speeding along a street on an emergency call when he suddenly saw a boy lying in the middle of the other lane. Jamming on his brakes, he swerved to the left, skidded to a stop beyond the boy and saved him from the approaching vehicles. To examine the unconscious lad, he then carried him into a restaurant and was followed by some 25 persons. When asked by one of them how he came to hit the youngster, the policeman naturally denied it; whereupon several others promptly claimed they could prove it by the skid marks and his dented fender (which he had damaged that morning). Soon the boy revived and explained that he had been stealing a ride on a truck and had fallen off. And the sergeant was filled with gratitude, having realized what might have happened to him if the lad had died without regaining consciousness.

* * *

Although the pack rat of western North America has a bushy tail and looks like a squirrel, he is a rodent and is usually called a trade rat in allusion to one of his curious habits. To furnish his nest, which may be four feet high and eight in diameter, he prowls through camps and cabins searching for personal and household objects such as keys, watches, can openers and silverware. On these trips, the trade rat carries a few pebbles or twigs which he leaves behind or "trades" for the article he has taken.

* * *

On the evening of October 17, 1941, in Denver, Colorado, a man and his wife, becoming worried about their elderly neighbor, Philip Peters, broke into his house and found that he had been murdered. The crime was baffling because the doors and windows were locked from the inside, the couple who discovered the body had heard sounds upstairs, and the unrecorded fingerprints on the weapon, a stove shaker, were on objects in every room. Although the house remained unoccupied for months, it was thoroughly searched scores of times by detectives who had heard the mysterious sounds and had often seen the shades raised and lowered and lights flashed on and off. Late in July, 1942, the "ghost"—a man named Coneys — was caught while climbing through a trap door in a closet ceiling to his hiding place in the attic where he had lived for nearly a year. In his confession, Coneys explained that he had killed Peters in self-defense when the old man came upon him taking food from the icebox.

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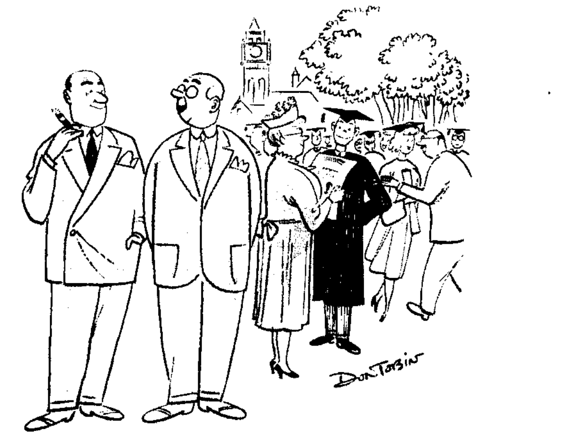

"Now his mother and I can get that new car and television set we've been wanting for four years!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

Scholars in Full Dress

By JHAN and JUNE ROBBINS

LAST year the graduating class at a Midwestern university was unusually large. The late-morning program was lengthy and far from lively. When the long line of students in caps and gowns began to move forward to receive their diplomas everyone in the huge auditorium was hungry and frankly bored. All, that is, except a young graduate who sat near the edge of the platform. As his name was called, he leaped excitedly from his chair. Out of the folds of his long, black academic robe tumbled a portable radio and a half-eaten ham sandwich.

Changed only slightly in design for three centuries, the academic gown has often doubled in brass. Officials of Cox Sons & Vining of New York, one of the country's largest makers of academic apparel, have heard of a scholar whose wife wore his silk gown as an evening wrap at a Buckingham Palace ball. The flowing robes were also used to conceal a dozen frogs and white mice which recently brightened a Toledo, Ohio, high-school graduation.

This year 450,000 students will wear the traditional cap and gown at college commencement exercises. Since 1895, graduates' attire has been sternly governed by the Intercollegiate Code of Academic Costume. Today, one glance at a fellow in cap and gown reveals immediately what degree he holds, which branch of learning is his specialty, and where he attended school. The cut of the gown and the colors of the silk-lined hood that dangles behind tell the story.

In business for 113 years, Cox Sons & Vining have had a struggle, of late, to keep up with the demand for new color combinations in graduates' hoods. Ancient universities, like Harvard, founded in 1636, and Yale, in 1701, have cornered the obvious colors, such as crimson and dark blue. New high schools are getting fancier shades, with names like crushed strawberry, terra cotta, chartreuse and lilac.

One Southern women's college, which trains would-be cooks and hostesses for tearooms and restaurants, ordered hoods lined with red-and-white checkered tablecloths.

All told, Cox Sons & Vining stands ready to supply more than 1,000 different hoods, including the swanky one reserved for bachelors at Cambridge University in England. It is, or may be, lined with ermine. Modern Cambridge students, needless to say, usually settle for white cloth.

Since no American university requires its students to wear academic robes to class, the purchase price, $150 for a pure silk robe and $30 for cotton, seems a bit steep. You can rent a perfectly tailored, authentically designed cap and gown, however, for $2.50 per day.

Harry Tabell, general manager of Cox Sons & Vining, reports that the bulk of the academic apparel business is in rentals. But for his two sons, aged eleven and twelve, he has other plans. "They're going to Yale," he declared. "And when they graduate, I'll make them up a pair of gowns that will knock the faculty's eyes out!"

While students usually rush to have their pictures taken in academic robes they do not regard the wearing of the cap and gown as an unmixed privilege. June graduations are nearly always hot. At eleven in the morning, a favored hour for convocations, the temperature beneath a black poplin robe is likely to be suffocating. In a senior class at the University of Chicago, a practical-minded young man solved the problem by donning his gown directly over his underwear. Wearing a detachable collar and tie, he was safe until someone spotted his bare legs. But by that time he didn't care—he already had his diploma.

In addition to the thousands of costumes required this year by college students, Cox Sons & Vining will sell dozens of custom-tailored jobs to politicians, movie stars, philanthropists and others who will accept various honorary degrees. Biggest boon to cap and gown manufacturers, however, is the widening interest of high schools and even grammar schools. As long as 10 years ago, parents began to rebel at orders to buy ice-cream flannels for teen-age boys and ankle-length white gowns for hoydenish bobby-soxers.

Catering to the youngsters' giddy tastes, Cox Sons & Vining now stock robes in white, red, two shades of blue and yellow as well as the conventional Oxford gray. The firm is naturally very pleased to see academic costumes so popular in secondary- and grammar-school circles. Occasionally, however, they wonder where it is going to stop.

"Only last month," said Harry Tabell, "we had a request to quote prices on 30 caps and gowns, sizes 3 to 5, for a Massachusetts nursery school!" THE END

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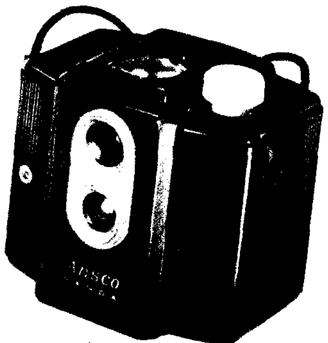

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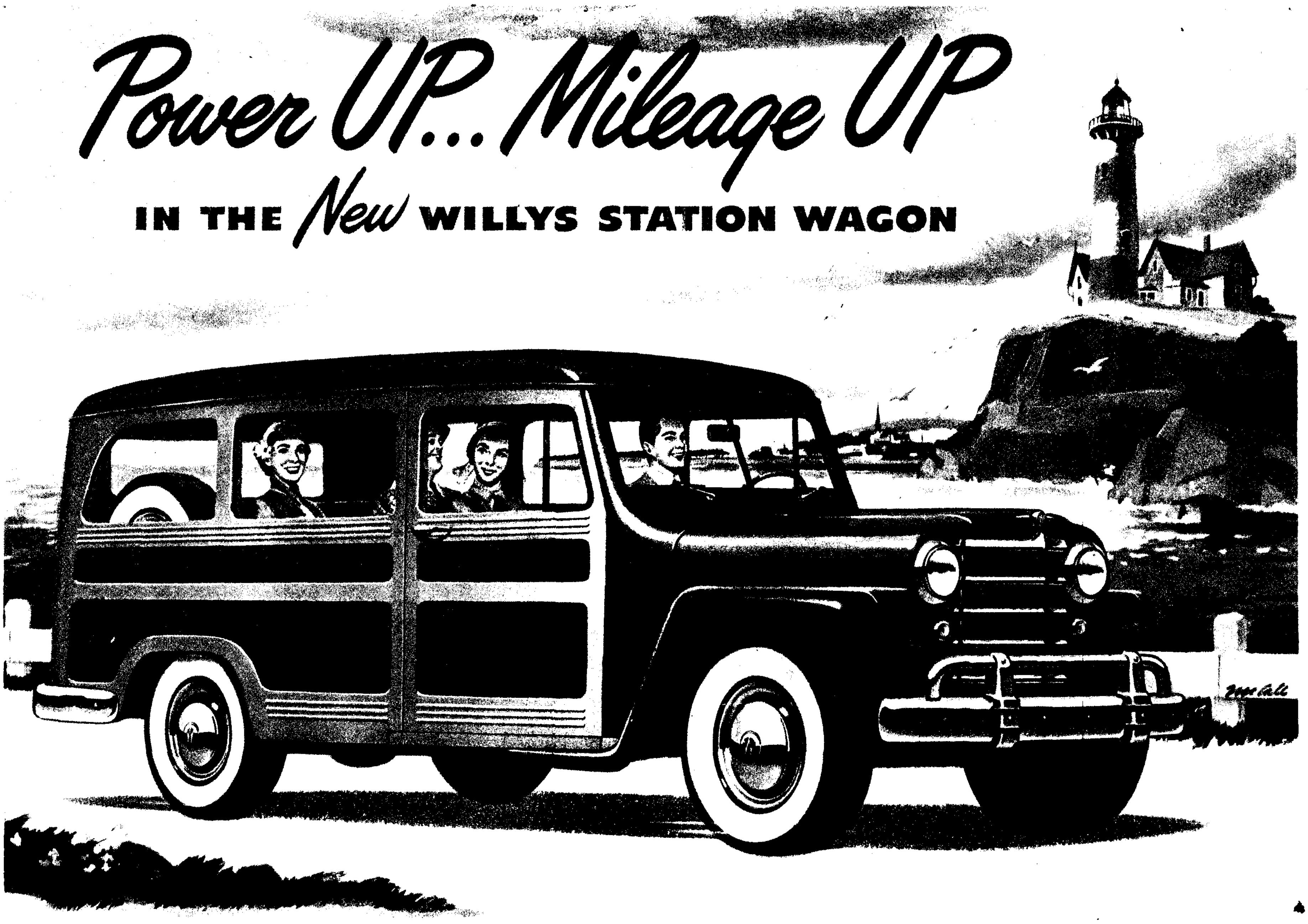

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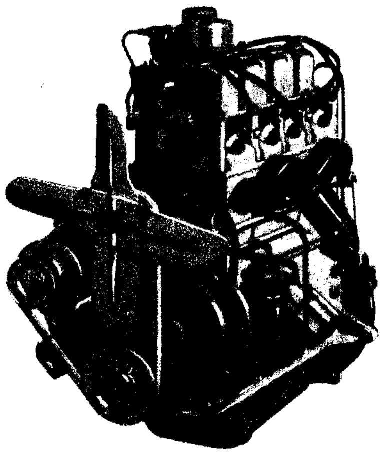

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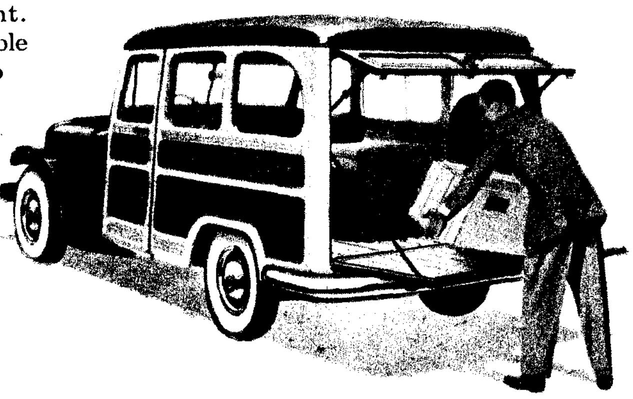

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'The Third Man' Story Is True

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VIENNA'S CRIMSON SHADOWS

By *Collier's* EUROPEAN TEAM

Vienna

AUSTRIAN policemen found nine bodies floating in the "beautiful blue Danube" the first week we were in Vienna this spring. They weren't swimmers sucked under by the swirling current. These bodies were corpses before they ever hit the water.

Two were recognized as Soviet agents. The others were too disfigured to be identified. All were victims of the stealthy undercover war that goes on day and night in this lovely Old World city deep in central Europe. This is a war between Russians and Americans, but it isn't the cold diplomatic skirmishing you read about in the papers. It's as hot as the bullets that drilled Benno Blum on April 2d as he grappled with U.S. Army counterintelligence agents in a dingy flat near the Westbahnstrasse.

Benno Blum, alias Nikolai Borrisov, Bulgarian smuggler and hijacker, chief of a Soviet kidnap gang, was as crooked and swarthy a villain as ever skulked through a cloak-and-dagger movie script. Only he wasn't making believe in front of a camera. Like the bodies in the Danube, he was a real-life casualty in the world's least-publicized war.

There have been other casualties: more than 1,800 men, women and children abducted by the Russians and never seen again. At least 380 U.S. intelligence agents—mostly Austrian citizens—killed or kidnaped since 1945. A score of unsolved murders. An untold number of American soldiers corrupted by rackets, girls, spies and the lure of easy money.

At first glance you'd never suspect what was going on behind Vienna's placid springtime façade. Driving into this divided city from the Soviet zonal border, the countryside is lush and peaceful, with scarcely a Russian soldier to mar the view. Here in Vienna, the people seem to have recovered their traditional gaiety and charm. At noon the terrace of the Café Mozart is thronged with young men in *Lederhosen* and pretty girls lolling in the sunshine and toying with their coffee *mit Schlag.* Week ends the Prater and the Vienna Woods are alive with carefree family parties. Evenings, in the Grinzing wine gardens, the soft summer air is filled with the songs that have made Vienna famous throughout the world.

Like all Austria, Vienna is split into separate

Of 11 acts at this notorious Vienna cellar joint, nine are strip teases. A former Nazi hangout, it is usually off limits to GIs

Outwardly, the City is Gay. Below the Surface, We Wage War —HOT WAR— With the Reds.

Casualties: 380 U.S. Agents Dead and Missing. Kidnaped: 1,800 Adults and Children

chunks, each sector under the rule of one of the four occupying powers. And under the linden trees that shade the broad Ringstrasse, American, Russian, British and French uniforms mingle freely in the crowds. The American MP in front of the Bristol Hotel salutes smartly whenever a Soviet officer strolls by. You might think the four Allies were living and working here in cozy harmony and that the cold war was just somebody's nightmare.

But tour the side streets of the Soviet sector some midnight—as we did. Go into shabby cabarets like the Adlon, the Papageno and the Hungarian Zigeuner Keller near the Danube. Or have a drink at the bar of one of the plush joints, like the Moulin Rouge, where Ronny, the Communist bartender, makes a point of listening to GIs who want to tell him their troubles.

Here's where you'll see Europe's busiest underworld in operation. You'll find secret agents of almost every nation: Yugoslavs (who don't co-operate with anybody), Swiss (smooth, bland and well-informed), Hungarians (by the hundreds), French, Bulgars and Israelis. They'll be watching you and one another warily or holding whispered conversations in furtive groups. You'll spot young, poker-faced American Counterintelligence Corps agents and you'll be sitting next to Benno Blum's playmates.

Remember The Third Man? Down in the smoky depths of the Casino Orientale, where they shot some of the picture's night-club scenes, the zither player likes to strum the Harry Lime theme. You'd think you were on a movie set. But the characters around the room are a grimmer gang than Harry Lime's. Penicillin isn't their racket. They're dealing in the secrets and dirty work of the cold war—in espionage, kidnaping and death.

"I thought I'd seen everything during the war," an American intelligence officer told us. "I was in Lisbon, Istanbul and Stockholm, the spy centers of Europe. But those three cities combined couldn't match the intrigue and the rough stuff that's going on in Vienna today."

Take Benno Blum. The American CIC agents were supposed to bring him in alive. Shooting him down was a slip-up. For Benno had been around a long time and he might have told us plenty we didn't know about his Soviet bosses and the jobs they hired him to do.

Blum's past is cloudy. A slippery but massive 220-pounder with a black-mustached upper lip and a perpetual leer, he was born in Bessarabia and became a Bulgarian citizen. During the war he turned up in Germany as a black market operator and agent for a couple of puppet Balkan governments. In 1947 he shifted his activities to Austria, where he smuggled American cigarettes from Hungary into Vienna—cigarettes originally paid for in green dollars by Austrian black marketeers to Swiss and Belgian importers. A real international setup. Right up Benno's alley.

But Benno got ambitious. Instead of delivering the cigarettes to Austrian purchasers, he began hijacking shipments and selling them on his own. He'd tell the Austrians the stuff was confiscated by the Russians on the way across the Soviet zone to Vienna. Pretty soon Benno wasn't too popular in Austrian black market circles—but he made friends among the Russians.

One of these was Colonel Karandashov, the tall, slender, taciturn chief of the Soviet MGB, or State Security Office, for Vienna. About a year ago, Karandashov (who also uses the names Shidarov and Vasielovski) got in touch with Blum and proposed a deal. The Russians would guarantee protection for his cigarette racket within their part of Austria. In return, Benno and his gang were to go into the American zones of Vienna and Austria to kidnap and deliver alive at least one person wanted by the Soviets each month.

No one knows for sure how many innocent refugees and anti-Communist Austrians were grabbed by Blum's mob during the next nine months. Estimates range from 15 to 30.

But last January 10th, the gang muffed a job in Salzburg; the CIC arrested two men and announced that twelve other members of Benno's gang were already in their custody.

The Russians promptly clapped Blum into jail to prevent his falling into CIC hands. Eight of his confederates fled the country. But Benno didn't like confinement, even for his own protection. Within a month, he bribed his way out of the Soviet prison and made his way back to Vienna early in March.

With the police of five nations looking for him, he still managed to elude capture until April 2d. That night, French and American agents, acting on an anonymous tip, tracked him to the ground-floor apartment of a dilapidated tenement in the French sector. There, in the company of his shapely twenty-seven-year-old girl friend, Margarete Hochecker, he was visiting a Russian-born couple named Krause.

As American agents burst in the door, the room went dark, but Blum's silhouette was visible as he tried to flee out the window. Two CIC men closed in on him while another switched on the light. Blum whirled around, a knife in his hand. An American wrestled with him but dropped his gun. As Blum reached for it, the other agents pumped five bullets into his huge frame.

He died in an ambulance, still struggling savagely with his captors.

Next afternoon, diligent Austrian Communists pasted freshly printed posters on the walls and buildings of Vienna's Soviet sector. Their message was as subtle as a haymaker: "Murderers! Bandits! Informers! Are you out of work? Do you want employment? Just apply to—" and there followed the address of Vienna's CIC detachment with the name of the officer in charge.

Back at American headquarters, an intelligence officer studied one of the posters with obvious satisfaction. "It's a good sign that they're upset," he told us. "Whenever they rant against us, it means they're taking CIC seriously. It means we've struck them where it hurts."

Judging from the daily fulminations against American "spies" in the local Communist press, it looks as though the opposition is taking our team very seriously indeed—and with good reason. Both the Army's CIC and the steadily expanding Central Intelligence Agency have learned a lot about undercover warfare since our untrained agents first started tracking down Nazis in Europe six years ago. They have had to. For right now—in Vienna at least—they're up against some of the most skilled Soviet operators in the business.

Who are they? Thanks to the co-operation of American intelligence officers, we can reveal here for the first time the identities of the Soviet leaders in Austria who direct Communist espionage against the West—and report some of the operations they've masterminded.

At the top of the Soviet undercover team in Austria is Lieutenant General Mikhail Ilich Belkin, the husky, arrogant MGB chief whose office is in Russian occupation headquarters at Baden, about 20 miles from Vienna. A severe, exacting and ruthless officer, Belkin once showed an agent how to conduct a quick interrogation by kicking a prisoner in the kidney. As a rule, however, he steers clear of operational activities. He is the staff chief—the man who reports directly to the Ministry for State Security in Moscow.

Under Belkin is Colonel Petr Semeonovich Motinov, a tall, dark, irascible officer who organized Russia's wartime atomic spy ring in Canada. Motinov is the planning brains at Soviet intelligence headquarters. As G-2 chief he is in charge of "positive" Russian intelligence.

In Vienna, there is the notorious Colonel Karandashov, who not only plans intelligence activities for the city, but also bosses the active agents. He was Benno Blum's chief. Karandashov's deputy is bald Major Nikolai Mokhov, a much-traveled man who is said to make frequent and unofficial trips into the American zone of Austria to contact Russian agents there.

Traditional Viennese life: friends bring their supper to places like this, buy wine and enjoy the music

Collier's European Team

Three writers collaborated on the accompanying article, David Perlman, Seymour Freidin and William Attwood. On special assignment from Collier's, they are reporting developments both in western Europe and behind the Iron Curtain. Perlman, after graduating from Columbia University's journalism school, worked on newspapers in Bismarck, North Dakota, San Francisco, New York and Paris. An infantryman during the war, he rose from private to captain. Returning to journalism after the war, he covered the Paris Peace Conference and the United Nations. Freidin, also a graduate of Columbia, joined Collier's Team after spending three years in eastern Europe and the Balkans as a correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune. Earlier, he was a war correspondent for the same newspaper and a member of its New York staff. He got the first non-Russian account of the fall of Berlin. Attwood was born in Paris and educated at Princeton. After four years in the Army, he joined the Herald Tribune staff as a European correspondent

Then there is Captain Nikolai Orlov, alias Yestripov, alias Petkov, a hard-drinking, jovial man with hard brown eyes, whose specialty is directing all Soviet abduction activities in Vienna.

And down in the town of Urfahr, where the Austrian occupation zones of Russia and America meet, the men to watch are Major Alexander Sivatchuk, director of the intelligence tentacles that stretch into the American zone, and Major Joseph Skotnikov, who lumbers around like a massive blond bear and for unknown reasons hides his real rank under the insigne of a captain.

You don't meet these ringmasters of Soviet espionage unless you're a prisoner facing the pitiless glare of the interrogation lights. Theirs is an anonymous existence. For them, exposure is perilous, capture a fate worse than death. The Soviet system deals harshly with blunderers.

And why should any Russian intelligence officer betray his identity? On any street corner of downtown Vienna, the Soviets can buy the services of fear-ridden displaced persons. These stateless fugitives are numerous and they come cheap—the price of meals and a bed.

The Russians can walk into virtually any tenement in their sector here and get families to work for them. If a wife balks, they use the threat of reprisal on the husband. They've spent the last three years singling out people they intend to use. Painstakingly, they have noted the idiosyncrasies of their targets, down to food preferences and letter-writing styles.

No longer do the Russians send their own men in uniform to prowl the American zone of Austria, one of their prime intelligence objectives. They have used stooges since the amateurish mistake they made one autumn evening in the heart of medieval Salzburg, zonal headquarters for U.S. forces in Austria.

A Soviet repatriation team was in the city, ostensibly to attempt to influence refugees to return to Russia. U.S. agents got a tip that five officers of the team planned to kidnap a man whose importance both we and the Russians value highly. The man's identity is still "top secret."

Our military police and CIC agents in Salzburg were alerted. They tailed the five Russians, who left their billets with civilian overcoats thrown over their uniforms. Our agents had parked open trucks equipped with powerful searchlights on every street corner surrounding the prospective victim's house.

As the Russians emerged from the building with their struggling quarry, they were caught in cones of light that flashed down on them from the trucks. American MPs and agents closed in, expecting the would-be kidnapers to surrender quietly.

Instead, the Russians released their captive and scattered, firing from the hip. Recovering from the first shock of surprise, CIC agents returned the fire. But orders were to take the Russians alive. Three of them were backed into corners and gave up when their ammunition was exhausted. Two others escaped. After interrogation, the captured officers were returned to the Soviet zone—and oblivion.

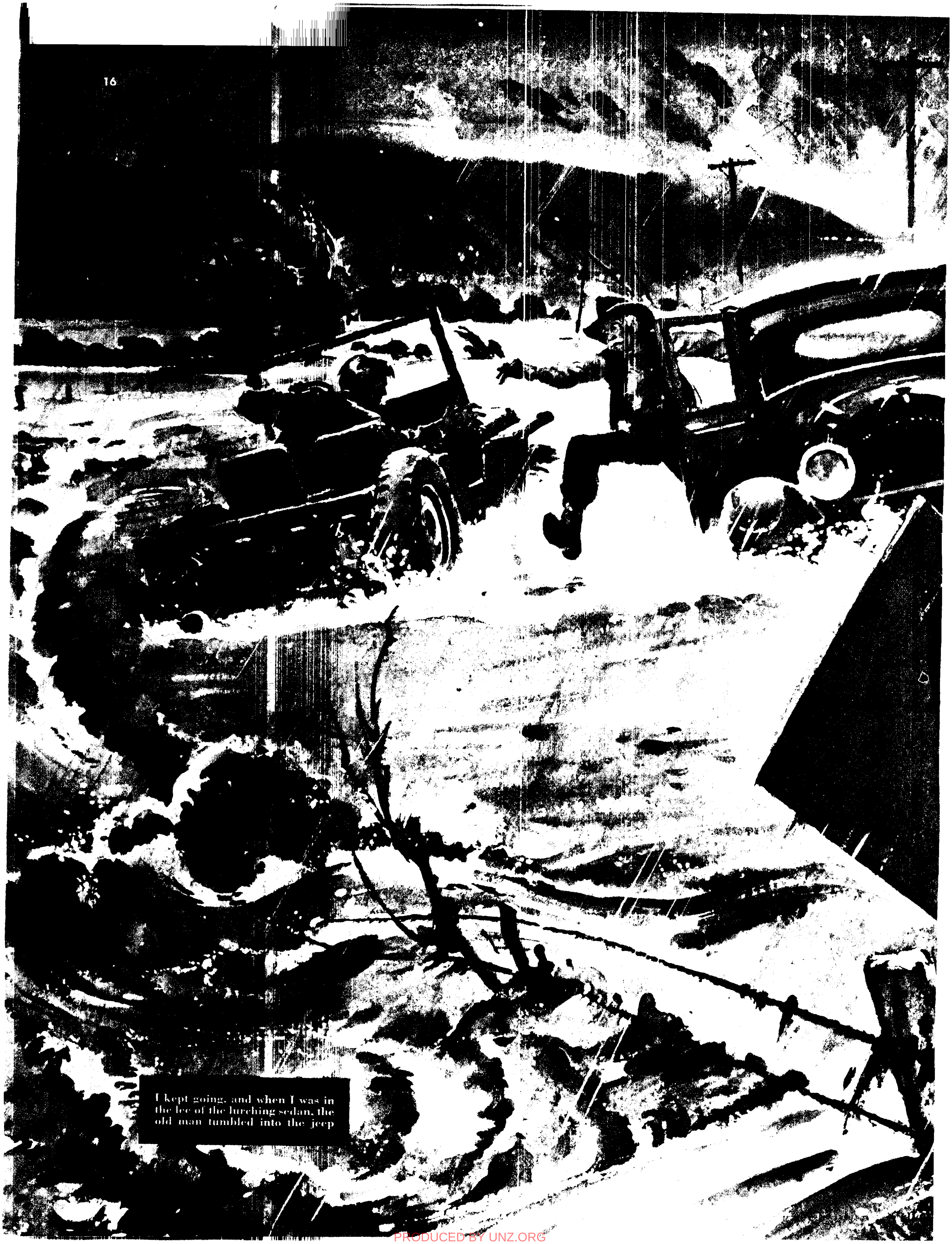
Why do the Russians emphasize abduction? Why will they often go to any length to kidnap certain ordinary persons who could do them no more good than any slave laborer? We put these questions to one of our ablest intelligence men, one who has studied the Russians and their methods at close range for many years.

"Americans think of intelligence in terms of information that could be useful in another war," he said carefully. "That's known in this business as 'positive' intelligence. We never think of the possibility of internal revolt.

"But the Soviets are more concerned with spying on their own people. They look for the 'enemy' trying to undermine Russian nationals and personnel by orienting them against Moscow. That enemy could be, for example, a bartender making anti-Soviet remarks to an Austrian editor. They want anyone—and information on anyone—who came from behind the Iron

(Continued on page 43)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY YOICHI R. OKAMOTO



I kept going, and when I was in the lee of the lurching sedan, the old man tumbled into the jeep

No Tim

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

I had something to sell—sure. But [illegible]
believed in, and it bro[illegible]
fathead who didn't have [illegible]

WHEN I went into the post office I was hoping to hear from two people: my wife, and my friend in the State Bureau of Statistics, who knows where to find almost any kind of file or record. There was a square Manila envelope and a small white one in my box. I took the big one first, and in it was an aerial photograph of the Butte, a nice clear job. I took out the small white envelope. It was a circular from a tool company. No letter from Anne.

No letter yesterday, either, but I wasn't going to let myself get all worked up about it, because I was all worked up about some other things already. Maybe the aerial photograph could help. It was a last, desperate hope.

I went out of the post office and got in the jeep, thinking about Anne. Hell, I thought, people have babies all the time. It's a perfectly normal occurrence, and nothing to get depressed about.

But I drove out of town feeling moody, and a half mile beyond the Willow Creek bridge I stopped to see what I hoped was a likely prospect. It didn't take long to shake loose from that idea, either.

"I reckon I'll wait a while," the old farmer said, staring out across his bone-dry fields. "I'll think it over some more," he said, and that was that.

"Wait for what?" I said. "Have you been talking to Gormley?"

He gave me a guarded look. "Mebbe I have," he said. "Ain't no law agin' it."

I got that helpless feeling again, but I was used to it by now. Promise them ten bushels more wheat per acre in a year's time, point out that this area had the lowest average annual rainfall in the entire state and they should be eager to hold what moisture they could with terraces and contour plowing; lay it right on the line in black and white and show beyond argument that it was a matter of common sense and good business—you think it bought me anything? Hell, they wouldn't even listen.

"Gormley is a stupid old goat!" I said, wanting to add: And so are you!

The grizzled farmer stared intently at the crumpled lead-foil sky on the horizon and tightened his lips. "Outsider might think so," he said.

Outsider. Sure, I was an outsider, and his mind was made up, and I hadn't made it up for him. Gormley had. I shrugged and climbed back into the jeep. Go argue with a fence post, I thought, feeling frustrated. That old man was typical of the general trend in the valley's thinking, if you could call it thinking. Put some of it down to native suspicion of a slightly radical outsider, but that wasn't it. Mark it up in part to ignorance, too, but that still wasn't it. Gormley was it.

Old Gotrocks Gormley owned more land and cattle and stubbornness than anybody in the valley, and they apparently looked to him for advice and waited to see which way he jumped before making up their own minds. And he'd been advising them, all right. Well, now that I had the aerial photograph, I might be able to get in a few licks myself. It was, so far as I could see, the only hope left. All the farmers who had seemed open to argument at our first meeting had suddenly started backing out completely, or stalling me off, and the Smith Agricultural Construction Company had neither the time nor the money for stalling. I knew—because I was Smith, founder of the S.A.C.C.

When the highway swung left I drove west up the valley toward a low fog of dust marking the field where the cat and grader were at work, and on the right the long serrated slope of Buffalo Butte stretched north, looming over the valley like a crouching peril, which it was. Presently I turned into the field where Joe and Charley were building a terrace, and parked behind the battered panel truck that served as a mobile field office and equipment carrier. I had a drink from the keg of ice water, and then I got the plane table and alidade and put them in the jeep and waited for the cat and grader to come back up the field. While I waited, squatting in the scant shade of the truck, I sifted a handful of hot dust through my fingers.

It had the consistency of corn meal, but it was topsoil. Topsoil dried and powdered by two months of autumn drought and the plows and drills that had seeded it in spite of the drought. A few windy days could play hell with the farms around Willow Basin, but winds were characteristic of spring and early summer. The thing the land needed most, and yet had most to fear, was rain.

Along the far edges of the world a ragged cloud bank was building up against the brassy sky in the southwest. The forecast called for scattered showers, but that same cautious and ambiguous prediction had been hopefully made every day for a week now. Around the state, autumn rains had insured the winter wheat crops, but then most of the state had sufficient rain all summer, too. Not here. Never here. But then not in ten years had there been such a long autumn drought, either.

THE caterpillar tractor came grinding and lurching to the end of the fill. Joe idled the big Diesel engine and jumped down, grinning through a mask of dust. "Smithy, they tell me it's hot," he said, heading for the water keg.

Charley cranked the grader blade up out of the dust and came over to squat beside me, his dark face enigmatic as usual. Listen, I had it on the authority of Charley Tenkiller that it was *definitely* going to rain, and he's full-blood Choctaw Indian as well as a first-rate grader man. I gave him a dry cigarette and he grunted his thanks. I asked him again, to be sure. "You still think it'll rain, Charley?"

He nodded. "Tonight, or I'm a mighty poor Choctaw."

"You've been listening to the radio," I said. "Will it be a big rain?"

He grinned at me with white teeth. "Heap big rain, to coin a phrase."

Well, we could sure use it. A *(Continued on page 72)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Well Done, Sir

By JOHN CONNER

Left to right: the Rev. Bernard W. Dempsey; the Very Rev. Paul C. Reinert, university president; the Rev. Joseph E. Boland and Prof. Klausner

A famous Catholic institution bestows high honors and warm affection on a beloved professor of Jewish faith who retires this month after 40 years at St. Louis University

PROFESSOR Gustave Kadysh Klausner could not trust himself to look at the speakers for a while. It was too much, this testimonial dinner; too big for a little man like him.

But the mayor, Joseph Darst, didn't think so. The mayor, who had been a classmate of the professor's in the first years of the St. Louis University's School of Commerce & Finance, said warmly:

"You have fulfilled in a glorious way the American story, Gustave. St. Louis shall not soon forget."

Others followed with their praises—the Very Reverend Thomas M. Knapp, president of Rockhurst College and former regent of the commerce school, the Reverend Bernard W. Dempsey, present regent, and Cecil Muellerleile, who summed up the feelings of the alumni.

They brought tears throughout the banquet hall with recitations of his kindnesses, laughs with repetitions of well-known Klausner anecdotes. They discussed his retirement, which takes effect this month after 35 years on the university staff; and they announced that a $250,000 endowed professorship was being established in his honor by the city's businessmen, the first such professorship in the university's 120-year history.

Only when the university's youthful president, the Very Reverend Paul C. Reinert, got up to speak was Professor Klausner able to tear his eyes from the table and look at the tall, athletically built man who seemed to have turned to address him rather than the room at large. Father Reinert was thirty-nine, much younger than hundreds of the professor's former students. Klausner shook his head slowly and listened attentively to the president, who was saying:

"The University of St. Louis has guarded her honorary degrees with a jealous eye. In a quarter of a century just six have been conferred, one of them on Marshal Foch, the famous hero of World War I, another on Cardinal Mercier, the outstanding ecclesiastical leader and diplomat, and a third on the presently reigning Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, when he visited this country as Cardinal Pacelli.

"Now among these great men St. Louis University has placed a most worthy candidate. The board of trustees has voted unanimously that Professor Klausner will be conferred with the degree of doctor of laws, *honoris causa*."

It was the professor's turn to speak and he rose to the thunderous ovation that greeted the announcement, saying "Thank you, thank you" almost to himself. On his feet he didn't tower very much over the men who were sitting down on either side of him. But to the packed hall he was the giant of the commerce school. He had been with it since its inception and now the sea of faces froze before

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE HARRIS

him, tense and waiting to catch every nuance in the closing chapter of a 40-year-old relationship, as student first and then teacher, between a Russian Jewish immigrant and a Roman Catholic university he had asked nothing better than to serve.

Listening wasn't easy. His accent had stuck persistently, like a Scotsman's burr or an Irishman's brogue.

The accent is part of the Klausner legend, already rich with tales you can hear from almost anyone you meet in St. Louis. You merely ask, "Do you know Professor Klausner?" and then sit back and listen to the stories that mention of his name excites.

Or you walk down the street with him. He'll nod to just about every other person he meets, and they'll nod back, or stop to chat. If they stop he'll clasp their right hand in both of his and shake it hard, saying warmly, "How *are* you, how *are* you?" Then, when they've gone their way, he may tell you a story about them. A pleasant story.

A Spirit of Sacrifice and Service

Professor Klausner is famous on the campus and in the city for his Bunyanesque feats of kindness, his tireless capacity for hard work in the many organizations he belongs to, for his self-sacrificing attention to the smallest details of instruction, for the decades of tricks heaped on his forgiving head by former students who are now highly respected leaders in the community.

St. Louis University has a reputation for basketball. Sports are read widely and the accomplishments of commerce schools are not. But St. Louis University has one of the best such courses of study in the country and one of the oldest at the university level. Professor Klausner is one of the reasons why. The other reason was his old friend, the commerce school's late organizer and first regent, the Reverend Joseph L. Davis.

Together they built it, student by student, until it became the biggest school on the campus. Father Davis was the executive and the salesman; Professor Klausner the enthusiastic man whose extraordinary teaching abilities made the students' opportunities to learn both exceptional and exciting.

If you couldn't learn business administration or accounting from the professor you were probably a hopeless dud as a scholar anyway. He would stay with the last stragglers, holding the rest of the class back, in order to draw word pictures until they finally grasped the point of a lecture or the bell rang. Putting in extra hours in the late afternoon, late evening or on Sundays to help individual students was commonplace for the professor.

He'd try to boil things down to their simplest terms.

"Look," he'd say, holding up a quarter, "this is what we mean by reserves in a business. I have taken this quarter from my right pocket. I pass it to my left hand and put it in my left pocket. See? The money stays in the firm. It just goes from one pocket to another."

He has always understood how things might not be clear, even to intelligent students. They weren't clear for him when he escaped, so many years ago, from Russia. America was a very strange world—warm and kind, but a little quick for the foreign-born and sometimes impatient of his early ignorance of our ways. He got his share of orders for cans of striped paint and buckets of steam, but he learned patience and he learned to love the children of a people who had given him refuge from terror—and their children's children as well.

The professor has worked with the furious energy of one trying to repay a great debt; he has never turned down a plea for help. He has often given or loaned from his own meager funds, and when they've given out he's borrowed in order to lend. And sometimes he's not been paid back, so that he's had to scramble to keep his own personal credit intact.

He's built a world he likes to sit back and survey now. He sits in the office the university has given him for life and greets his people as they come by to say hello. Forty-four of the commerce school's faculty studied under him. Many more former students stand rank upon rank in the St. Louis business world and in those of other cities like Chicago and New York. E. Chester Peet of New York, financial vice-president of the Shell Oil Company, Leo Wieck, treasurer of the

(*Continued on page 52*)

First-year students in accounting at the School of Commerce & Finance listen to Professor Klausner lecture. Undergrads have always swarmed to his classes

CARD PARTY
FASHION SHOW
SATURDAY, APR 22, '50

Father Boland stops at Dr. Klausner's table in the school cafeteria where he dines with three students (l. to r.): Walter Skinner, Joe Bumbery, Tom Lyons

At a Student Aid party fashion show, the popular prof chats with Mrs. Orville Roesch, Patricia Washford and Catherine Hurst, an ex-pupil who now teaches

The Magic Dark

Leueen. Leueen—what a fair daft sprite she was, with her stones and her witches and her warm, innocent, whimsical heart

By JEAN BOLEY

Deirdre lay still. The wind made a great noise now. Leueen looked out into the dark, the invisible world

ALL of the cottages in the little Argentine town of New Surrey belong to sensible Englishmen—except one. That is not a cottage at all but a house which soars straight up in the air like a castle. It belongs to Leueen, who is not sensible and English but mysterious and Welsh. Her house is a Welsh house with miniature towers like witches' stone fingers pointing up to God.

All the flower-bordered cottages crouch around the tennis club where the husbands can have a set or two after the commuters' train from Buenos Aires gets in.

But Leueen's house is a mile away from the club, down by the station on the road that runs along the transcontinental railroad tracks. It has an acre of lawn set about with heroic spruces, and what you notice in her garden is either the silence of those transcontinental tracks stretching out to a wondrous infinity across the plains, or else the horrendous thundering of steam engines. Sometimes at midnight you hear the astonished croaking of the dog Ocampo hurling himself against his chain. Somehow night is the proper season for Leueen's house. Winter fog is its weather, the Argentine delta fog like the Welsh valley fogs hanging in the hedge of old poplars—the fog as obscure as the eerie thoughts that stirred in Leueen's mind. . . .

That winter afternoon, in the small tower bedroom, the little girl Deirdre lay ill in her mother's enormous carved-wood bed. The leaded windows were shut. The room was hot. Leueen was dressing, murmuring "Gosh!" and then, as she stubbed her toe, something in Welsh which was satisfying and also safe because Edward, her English husband, had never been able to understand it. There was hardly room to move between the massive bureaus and wardrobes. Deirdre was unconscious. Edward's specialist from Buenos Aires—a horrid fat man—had prescribed some special sedative, some poisonous lozenge or other. Leueen was taking the hour's train trip to town after it. Edward had insisted, because he believed in doctors and what they said.

Edward and the doctors muttered scientifically about intestines or gall bladders, asked "What in the devil has this child been eating?" prescribed purges, drugs. Oh, that wasn't the way at all; you'd never cure Deirdre that way. Why, in Wales people *knew* about illness, how it came and went from God, having nothing really to do with the intestines at all, being just God's mark and sign. In Wales they'd never call in such an elephantine, tweedy, throat-clearing fellow as Edward's specialist to cure a stone, a stone of God.

But she had to go. She put on the mysterious flaring lavender tweed that Edward liked best. She sat at the dressing table doing up the last of her black hair.

The child moaned.

"Oh, darling." Leueen's eyes widened in fright. She tried to hurry. There was no clock in the room, but she knew it was time. For she caught trains by the earth vibrations that began when the engine thundered across the pampas and into the little town, by the silent swinging of the wardrobe door, by the infinitesimal shifting of the great stone house under her feet.

Most New Surrey people, Edward for instance, caught trains by the clock, marching sensibly to the station with seven minutes to spare, waiting with the other English in the center of the platform (the Argentine natives waited at the ends), nodding, crying "Cheerio!" or "Beastly day!" But she waited for the earth to vibrate, then flew out past the spruces, out the gate, down the road, across the tracks and onto the last coach, and didn't have to manage one "Jolly fine!" or "Cheerio!" all the way to Buenos Aires.

The train approached. The earth moved; the wardrobe door swung; she grabbed the doctor's prescription and her handbag and ran, calling out, "Deirdre darling, Mother will be back soon!" She went down the stairs, over the landings, through the gloom of the lower hall. Racing through the shadows of the spruces she saw the train thunder past, tolling its bell, the tons of it rocking the earth. Her heart pounded. When the earth rocked like that it was like an omen—the earth speaking to her as it used to speak in Wales, saying to her now: Get the witch doctor to cure Deirdre, get the witch woman, Edward!

The iron gates of the drive were locked. Miraculously she found her keys, fumbled, took too long. There was a single harrumph from the engine, another, another closer. She tore across the road, onto the platform—the harrumphs were continuous, dying away—and missed the last coach.

The platform was lonely. The train was gone. The next train would be too late to get her to Buenos Aires before the pharmacy closed. Deirdre's special sedative would have to wait for the morning. She closed her eyes and caught her breath. A queer breeze shivered through the eucalyptus. She looked up and pursed her lips in wonder. Such a breeze—was it a sign? Was it better for the child that she didn't go?

EDWARD was in the library worrying his law-books. He couldn't work; he could only worry, as men worried, by doing things. Leueen saw him look up and wrinkle his face into that really exaggerated exasperation that burst over him as joy might burst over other men.

She said very softly because she loved him, "Edward, I missed the train." She spoke English with a delicious twist in it. Her eyes always opened wide; what she said had an aura of awe, for who could say that a fact—any fact, any happening—wasn't endlessly significant?

"Ah, Leueen! Did you look at the clock?"

"Gosh, no, Edward. I—but if you hadn't had the gardener lock the gate I would just have made the last car."

"We *must* keep the gate locked. You know how many times they've broken in."

"But, Edward, they break in anyway, and it made me miss the train. You see it wasn't any use—"

"Leueen, Leueen! After all that trouble of getting the specialist! I'm worried, Leueen."

She wept. "Edward, the sedative won't help Deirdre. She has a stone. Doctors don't know about it. She has a stone! God made me miss the train because she has a stone. Cook says—"

"Stone! What rot! The doctor said—"

"She has a stone, Edward. Rolled right over the stomach exit. You have to roll it away. It's a sign, it's—"

"Rot!"

"Edward, let me get the witchwoman. Please, Edward. She's the only one who can fix it. The specialist gives those

(Continued on page 78)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER

Guinea Pig for ACTH

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

ON JUNE 6, 1949, Jack Shanahan entered Wesley Memorial Hospital in Chicago, as a human guinea pig. He had agreed to test the value of ACTH in treating rheumatoid arthritis. This substance had never previously been tried over a long period of time on any human being.

Shanahan, circulation director of the Chicago Sun-Times, had become so badly crippled that he had to use crutches. At his desk he couldn't hold a telephone receiver in his hand. At night he couldn't shuffle cards for bridge. The time had come when Shanahan needed help to dress himself.

A 43-year veteran of the Chicago circulation wars, Shanahan was still conducting the high-tension business of running a department that employed more than 500 people. He had 150 trucks supplying some 11,000 sales points in the city four or five times a day. In addition he had supervision of the home-delivery department with 127 branches, employing some 3,500 newsboys. Arthritis had immobilized him, but Shanahan was handling his job and fighting a desperate, losing battle with the disease.

For 14 days tests and examinations occupied most of the human guinea pig's waking hours. Pulse, temperature, breathing rate, blood pressure, weight and height were recorded. The appearance and mobility of every joint were described as graphically as possible. X-ray pictures of every inflamed joint were put in the files.

The laboratory counted the red blood cells of every variety. The technicians measured the hemoglobin—the red coloring matter of the blood—and, as a matter of routine, they made a Kahn test to rule out syphilis. The sedimentation test was made to determine the severity of the inflammation.

The content of nitrogen in the blood, of various types of protein, of sugar, calcium and phosphorus was carefully charted. Everything that could be found out from examining the urine was noted. The doctors measured the capacity of his lungs and took an electrocardiogram of his heart. Then motion pictures were made of the patient standing, walking and lying down.

On June 20th, after this base line of his physical condition had been clearly defined, he received his first injection of the pituitary adrenocorticotropic hormone, now commonly called ACTH.

Jack Shanahan knew the importance of his role as a human guinea pig and he decided to keep a careful diary of what was happening to him.

"They finally decided," he wrote, "to give me the first shot of the drug on Monday, June 20th, at 6:00 P.M. My blood pressure went up and the doctors waited around for about an hour until it returned to normal.

"At midnight on June 21st, I received another shot and when they checked the blood pressure it had remained normal. At six next morning I received the third shot. Upon awakening after the first two shots I noticed that I had no pain. My arms and legs seemed to be much more free and the stiffness had all disappeared. But by noon, just before I was to get my fourth shot I had severe pain in the knees. The doctor told me to rest and take some aspirin. I took two tablets.

"After 26 hours, during which I had received an injection every six hours, the pain had practically left me, except a little twinge with every movement. My right elbow seemed to be giving me the most trouble and the doctors say the X-ray pictures show that is where I have my only bone damage.

"I woke up the second morning without any pain. This is good to me because I have had severe pain every morning for the past three years. Usually I took 10 grains of aspirin and went back to bed for two hours to get myself in shape to go to work. The doctor didn't expect much to happen before 72 hours but they say the swelling in both knees had gone down.

"June 24th was a big day for me. I awakened with absolutely all stiffness and pain gone, very bright and very much rested. I put on my shoes, the first time in 20 days. I did a little walking without the crutches. For three years I have taken a minimum of four aspirin tablets a day, some days as high as 10. I have not needed to take even one since June 21st."

Up to July 6th, Shanahan improved every day. Then the doctors decided to vary the time of the injections and the amount given. It was necessary to use this procedure to determine the minimum amount of the drug that would keep him free from his pain and the accompanying inflammation.

Once or twice when the interval between injections was too long or the amount too sharply diminished he had a relapse. By July 10th, Shanahan's dosage was stabilized. Now came the chance to try various mixtures with a view of getting him on a once-in-24-hours basis. Jack Shanahan was a wonderful patient for this kind of study. Life became a lot different for him when the pain that had been nagging, annoying and crippling him for years suddenly disappeared. Here are some of Jack's reflections:

"A good sleep except for the bloodhounds that wake me every four hours searching for something in my blood that will give them the know-how to administer it just right. . . . This is going to be a rich reward for the doctor when he sees the magic drug do its work. I love the little guy. He's so humble about everything. . . .

"They're changing the drug again tomorrow. I hope it doesn't hit me like the one on Tuesday, but I'm not going to worry. To my way of thinking I came in here with a death sentence hanging over me. The future looked black—in pain, crippled, no relief—*it* was slowly creeping into my spine. . . . Now all this has left me. I've stopped rebelling at my terrible fate and the future looks bright."

By July 22d Jack was able to write: "It's a shame to have to stay in here. I'm in good shape. Could walk out. I'm now convinced there's a conspiracy to keep me here longer. They brought a young lady in here, thirty-two years old, who had a fever of 103. I think it was inflammatory rheumatism. They borrowed four doses of ACTH from me. Gave her four, six hours apart. She started to move her arms. Got up, was walking and was so happy. I have no more details. This drug should be called 'Mickey Finn to cure all aches and pains.' "

Doctor Notes Improved Condition

When Shanahan left the hospital his doctor commented: "His attitude has changed, and the typical euphoria (a feeling of well-being that comes to people who take ACTH), increased appetite and increased muscular strength are now apparent. His sedimentation rate has become normal and his blood count has returned to normal."

The motion pictures taken after his treatment showed the marvelous improvement. He could walk, even run, and do difficult exercises. The results established that scientific medicine can now control rheumatoid arthritis!

Here's how it all began:

Back in 1938, Shanahan felt a sudden pain in his side that turned out to be pleurisy. The inflammation caused adhesions between the chest wall and the lungs. Shortly after the pleurisy he developed a painful and swollen ankle. The trouble had spread to his ankle joint. In August of that year he spent two weeks in the hospital, and in December the trouble came back and he took "wintergreen capsules." In February, 1939, he went to Tucson and

Before

Swollen Knees

"Before treatments," says Shanahan, "my knees were feverish and swollen twice their size"

Agony in Elbows

"It was difficult to raise my hands without suffering excruciating pains in my elbows"

Stiffened Legs

"I needed crutches to walk and the mere act of crossing my legs was a torturous effort"

A Struggle with PAIN

After

[illegible]

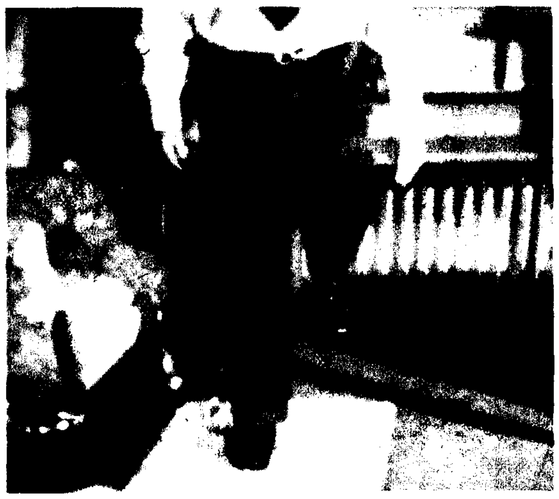
Home again, Shanahan could "stretch my arms like this—first time in almost six years"

Relaxation

"Resting in my favorite easy chair is something I can do with a great deal of comfort"

Full Use of Arms

"It was an exhilarating experience to bend and stretch my arms and elbows without pain"



Walking Is Easy

"Now I can get around and bend my knees, and I no longer suffer almost unbearable anguish"

[illegible]

"Where a handshake was agony before, I can do most anything with my fingers and hands"

[illegible]

"I can even do things some healthier folks aren't able to. I bend and touch my shoes"

returned home "cured," but a week later along came more pleurisy and then more arthritis. In April, 1940, an allergist gave him tests for sensitivities, but "it didn't help."

In June, 1940, Shanahan went for treatment to the arthritis clinic at the University of Michigan and for a while he was better. Then in January, 1941, he began getting the "shots"—vaccines, that is—and he was better again. But in September his right knee began to swell. From that time onward more and more joints became involved, as is the case with great numbers of people who have progressive rheumatoid arthritis. He got more and more crippled. He had to use crutches to get around. The pain was constant. In the morning when he got up he was so stiff he could hardly move and the pain was so severe that he had to take three or four aspirin tablets before he could get out of bed.

The record doesn't tell about all the treatments Shanahan tried between 1938 and 1949. When he first arrived at Wesley Hospital he heard about Walter Swanson, an industrialist, who had been in the hospital for about two months as the first ACTH guinea pig. Swanson had been traveling the same bitter road of the rheumatoid arthritics. The stories that these two men had to tell about the long search for a cure involved some curious treatments, but even intelligent people become so harassed by the effects of arthritis that they will try almost anything.

"Cures" That Brought No Relief

Of the two, Shanahan had gone through the more unusual experiences and I asked him to tell me some of the various treatments that he had before he received ACTH.

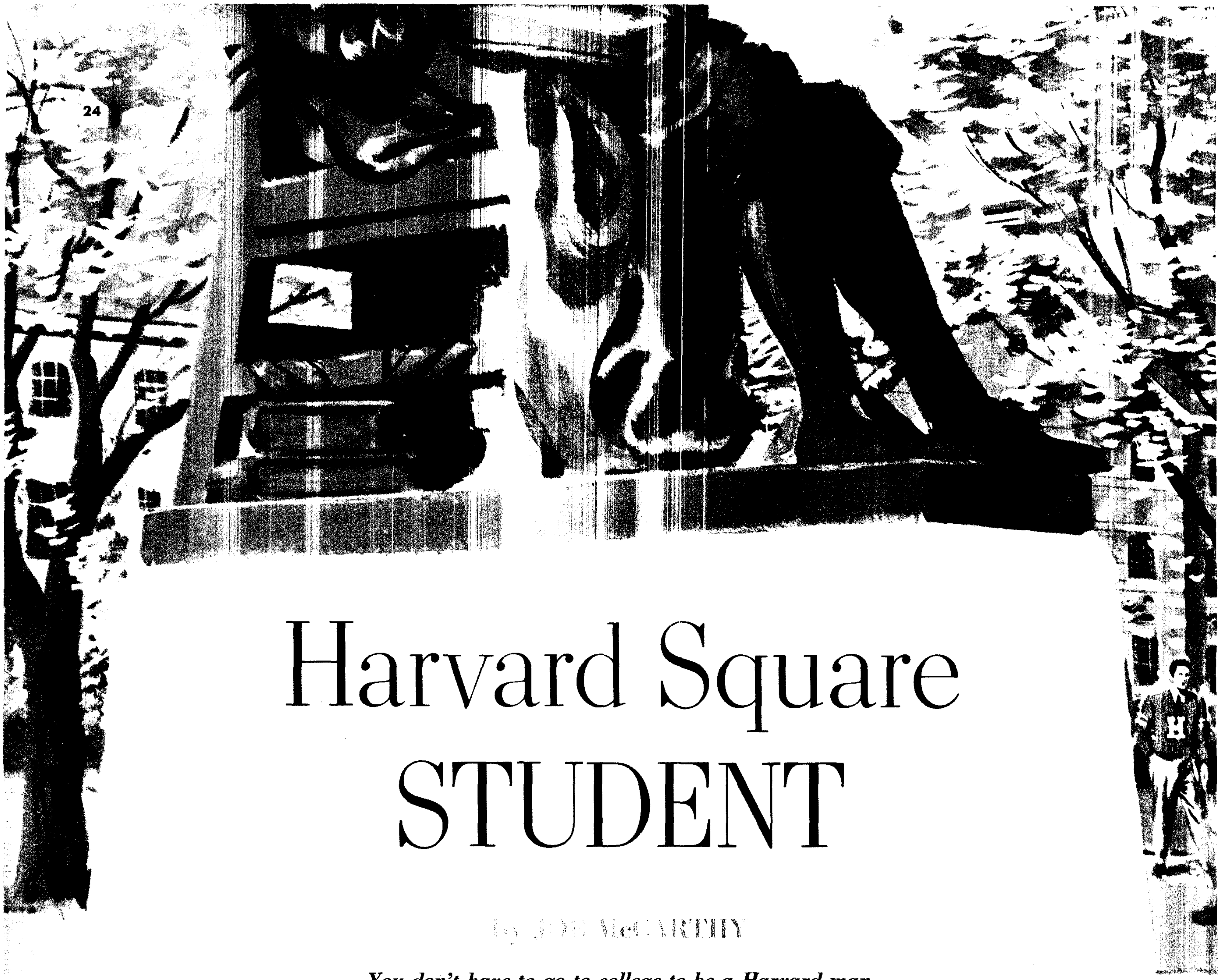
"Well," he said, "I tried ant juice and bee-sting poison. I carried buckeyes at one time and chestnuts at another in my back pockets. One quack loaded me up on garlic pills; another had me chewing seaweed. A newspaper health writer got me to drinking iodine in milk. A drug clerk induced me to rub myself with magic Indian oils that smelled good—but no relief.

"My family doctor prescribed aspirin tablets that relieved my pain. Besides, he told me to apply heat, which feels good while it's on but doesn't stop the arthritis. One orthopedic surgeon prescribed injections of gold salts; they shake you up plenty. Another gave me injections of vaccines—more shaking up. Then I took the fever cure—a nurse serves you hot tomato juice while you sweat between rubber blankets.

"I had some mechanical magic—copper wire bands wrapped around my wrists. Next came a zinc plate in the heel of my left shoe and a copper plate under the right heel—supposed to keep you full of electricity while you walk. I spent several weeks in an osteopathic sanatorium where I got two adjustments a week, some colonic flushings and a vegetable diet. No soap! I tried them all—the ones I've mentioned and a lot more. And I kept on getting no better fast!"

Swanson hadn't tried all the extremes, but diathermy, hot packs, vitamins, salicylates, diets with this and without that, artificial fevers, manipulations and adjustments, vapor baths, sulphur baths, and alternate hot and cold baths had at various times been part of his daily life. Swanson had just about made up his mind that he was doomed to a wheel chair and agony for the rest of his life.

He had come back from a short and disappointing stay at his hideaway hunting lodge on an island at Lake of the Woods in Ontario. El-Kar, he called it, after his wife, Eleanor, and his young daughter Karen. On April 3, 1949, he went into Wesley Hospital for a checkup. His doctor told him about the work that Drs. Edward *(Continued on page 36)*



Harvard Square STUDENT

by JOE McCARTHY

You don't have to go to college to be a Harvard man

SEVENTEEN years is a long time, but when Betsy Wade walked into that bar at Southampton, I recognized her right away. She was a junior at Radcliffe in 1933, which makes her thirty-seven or thirty-eight now. Still, her face looks the same. A minute later her married name came to me: Ellisont. Mrs. Raoul Ellisont. That is, if she is still married to the same guy.

Remembering Betsy Wade's husband's name was easy, because the morning I found the story of her engagement in the Sunday society section, Jack Morley and I talked about that name and spelled it out and wondered whether the guy was French or Spanish. The story said his family lived in New York and Glen Cove and he went to Princeton, but Jack and I decided a name like that must have been French or Spanish.

"No matter what he is, he's lucky," Jack said. We were sitting in his back yard after church on a Sunday morning. He looked at the paper again and handed it back to me. "Well," he said, "I guess that's that." His voice was choked up. I remember now he stood up and turned away from me and walked slowly into the house, with his head down and his hands in his pocket.

I noticed that Betsy was looking at me. There were two women with her—it was lunchtime—and they were talking, but Betsy wasn't listening to them. After a while, she called the bartender and talked to him quietly and the bartender took a quick look at me over his shoulder. She was asking him if he knew me, which was a laugh. I am well known to the bartenders in Lynbrook, where I catch the Long Island Railroad every morning, and to the bartenders in Penn Station, where I catch it every night. But Southampton is not in my league. Mary—she's my wife—and I had found a cottage in Hampton Bays for the month of August for three hundred dollars. Mary's aunt was minding the kids on this Saturday while we drove over to Southampton to have lunch and to see how the other half lives.

I ordered two more Daiquiris for Mary and myself and thought about saying something to her about Betsy. I decided to let it ride. It would have required a lot of explanation and Mary didn't seem to be in the mood for conversation. She was too busy taking in all the expensive summer dresses around her.

The proprietor of the place, an Irishman who is evidently regarded as a terrific character by the Southampton mob, came up to Betsy and her friends and convulsed them with a few witticisms and told them their table was ready. While the other women were paying the bar bill, Betsy walked right over to Mary and me and called me by my first name. I pretended to be surprised, but I don't think I convinced anyone.

"I knew Frank years ago," Betsy said to Mary. "I knew him back in Cambridge when he and Jack Morley were at Harvard."

I waited for Mary to say the wrong thing but she didn't. She never does. She just smiled and nodded.

There was some small talk about how many children she had and how many we had and how we lived in Lynbrook and how she lived in Sixty-fourth Street and Amagansett. Just before she left us, she asked me about Jack.

"I've lost track of him," I told her. "Somebody said he was in the Navy during the war, but I've lost track of him."

As she walked away to rejoin her friends in the dining room, Mary said she was nice. Mary said she had real class without being high-hat.

"But remember me?" Mary said. "I only happen to be your wife and the mother of your children. Who is this Betsy What's-her-name? And what went on between you two back there in those grand old days in Cambridge? When you went to Harvard, dear. I never knew you went to Harvard. I can hardly wait to tell the girls at the launderette the first thing Monday morning."

"All right," I said.

"All right nothing. You tell me what this is all about."

"Nothing went on *(Continued on page 81)*

Jack made a date with Betsy, and from then on he saw her almost every night. I don't know how he got away with it

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

The BABE I Knew

Continuing MY BASEBALL STORY • By EDWARD G. BARROW

With JAMES M. KAHN

In his time Ed Barrow has been called many things by many people, and none of them more accurate than the description: "The Man Who Built the Yankees." But his amazing front-office accomplishments for the New York American League club form only a part of his numerous contributions to the game in a great variety of key baseball jobs. Ed Barrow's story is really the whole history of organized baseball as we know it today. Typical of the influence of the man whom many believe to be the greatest executive the pastime has known is the way he influenced the career of Babe Ruth

IV

WHEN, as manager of the Boston Red Sox from 1918 through 1920, I changed Babe Ruth from a left-handed pitcher into a full-time outfielder, there were some people who remarked that I changed the entire course of baseball.

This, of course, is only partly true. I just put the Babe out there. He hit the home runs.

The first close contact I ever had with Ruth was in February of 1918. I had been president of the International League from December, 1910, until December, 1917, when I quit in a huff. Harry Frazee caught me on the rebound and signed me to manage the Red Sox.

Frazee had bought the Red Sox from Joseph J. Lannin a couple of years before, giving him some cash and a flock of notes, intending to pay him off out of the profits. Frazee's manager was Jack Barry, but in the winter of 1917-'18 a number of the Boston players had joined the colors to fight in World War I, and among them was Barry, who went into the Navy. Others who joined up were Duffy Lewis, Ernie Shore, Del Gainer, Mike McNally, Chick Shorten, Herb Pennock, Hal Janvrin, Jimmy Walsh and Fred Thomas. Dutch Leonard and Dick Hoblitzel enlisted soon after the season started. Frazee hired me when Barry went to war.

In Boston, Frazee is remembered, though not mourned, as the man who sold off his stars and plunged the Red Sox into a period of second-division despondency from which they didn't emerge until Tom Yawkey, their present owner, brought about their revival almost 20 years later. The late Burt Whitman of the Boston Herald referred to Harry's depredations as "The Rape of the Red Sox."

What is forgotten is that Frazee, baseball's most infamous seller, once was a buyer. That was during the winter when I took over and it was necessary to replace the players who had gone off to war.

We got pitcher Joe Bush, catcher Wally Schang and outfielder Amos Strunk from the Athletics, Frazee including in the deal a check for $60,000. Also, we got Stuffy McInnis, the first baseman in Connie Mack's onetime famous "$100,000 infield" of McInnis, Collins, Barry and Baker. When it came time to put McInnis' signature to a contract he was not easy to sign. Ruth also was kicking up and holding out. He had won 23 games in 1916, and 23 more in 1917, and the big fellow was feeling his oats. It was to settle their contract differences and to get them signed up for the new season that I called them both in, and thus had my initial meeting with Ruth.

The Babe Ruth of 1918 was a fine-looking athlete, trim-waisted, strong, fast, a remarkably skillful base runner, and altogether unlike the latter-day remembrances we have of the Babe as a round-waisted fellow of Billikenlike appearance. He was only twenty-three, but already a personality—wild, fun-loving and entirely without self-discipline or inhibitions. He had yet to emerge as a great national figure, but he already was the Babe, as I quickly found out. After McInnis and Ruth had agreed to terms—Ruth getting $7,500 and a promise of $10,000 the next year if he made good—and the signing ceremonies were over, I gave Larry Graver, Red Sox secretary, a $5 bill and told him to take them both out to lunch. Those were the days when you could still get some mileage out of a $5 bill.

Two hours later Graver came back and said: "You owe me $2.85."

I couldn't understand that, and I asked Graver how come.

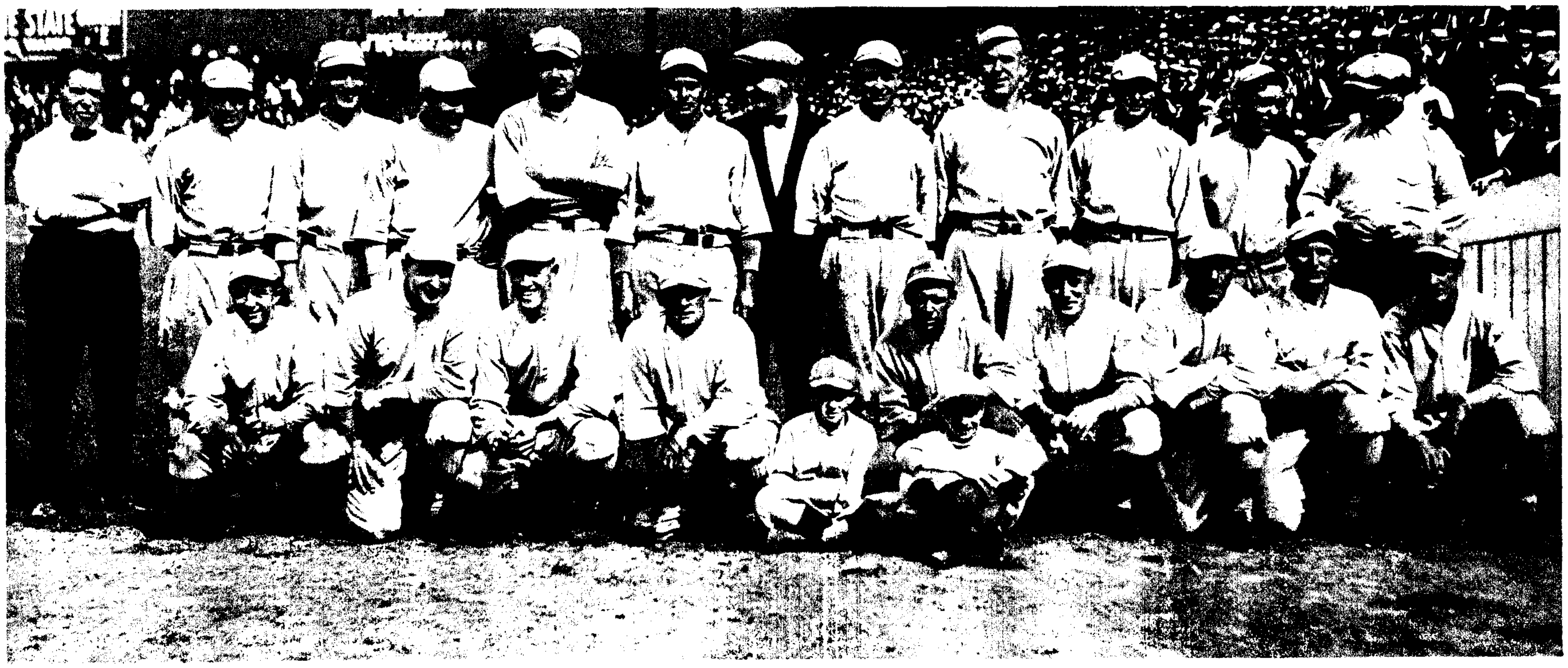
"Have you ever seen that big guy eat?" he asked, referring to Ruth. "He had a whole custard pie for dessert!"

That was the Babe.

I have another reminder of that first meeting with Ruth, a picture of the signing showing Frazee, McInnis, Babe and myself. It is principally interesting to me because I think it is the only time that Ruth was ever pictured signing a contract with another ballplayer. In the years to come Ruth never shared the publicity that attended his signings.

The Red Sox had won the pennant in 1915 and 1916 with Bill Carrigan at the helm, but had dropped to second in 1917 under Barry. We were to win again in 1918, and beat the Cubs in the World Series, but it was a patchwork club with which I had to tinker constantly because the roster was riddled by the war. Ruth was invaluable to me as we drove to my first big-league pennant, doubling as pitcher and outfielder and proving outstanding at each. But it was as much wartime necessity as it was my own inclination which made me use a 23-game winner and one of the greatest left-handers in baseball in the outfield as well as on the mound.

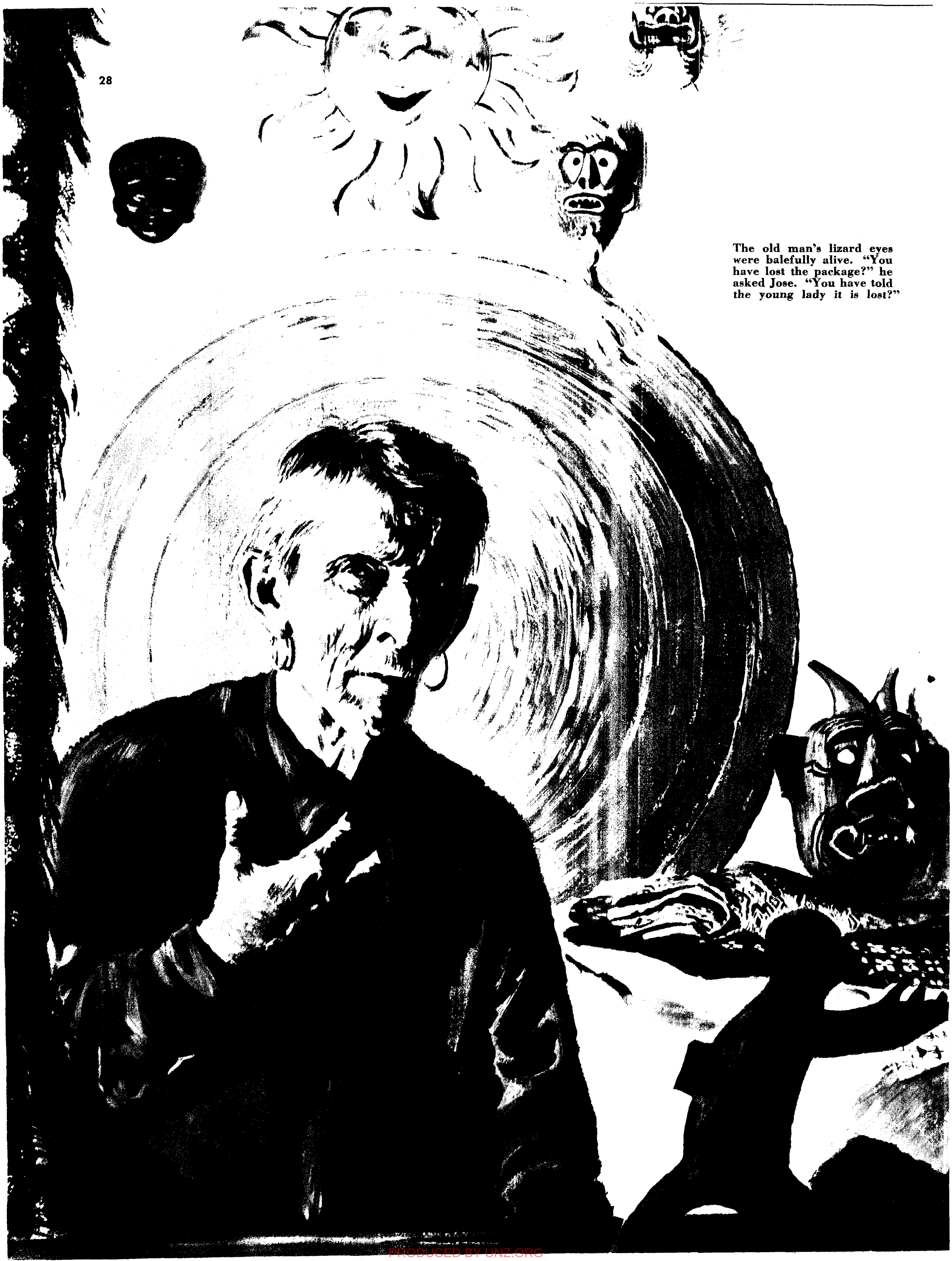
In my first year as manager of the Red Sox we trained in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and I hired Johnny Evers as a coach. I had always admired Johnny and still regard him as one of the finest second basemen I ever saw. But I had to let him go before the season started because he upset the ball club too much. He wanted to win every game, even the spring exhibition *(Continued on page 49)*



INTERNATIONAL

World champs: the 1918 Red Sox. That's Barrow standing at extreme right. Ruth is fifth from left, same row

Was Like This



The old man's lizard eyes were balefully alive. "You have lost the package?" he asked Jose. "You have told the young lady it is lost?"

The CANDY KID

By DOROTHY B. HUGHES

All Aragon knew was that the package held a cheap perfume. And yet someone was willing to lie, and steal—and kill—in order to get it

The Story: An innocent mistake led JOSE ARAGON into more danger than he'd ever known in his adventurous young life. He came into El Paso with a herd of cattle from his ranch near Santa Fe, and a blond stranger named DULCINDA FARRAR mistook him for a farm laborer. She asked him to pick up a package at a shop in Juárez, the border town across the Rio Grande. Jose knew, from his wartime experience, that the owner of the shop—one SEÑOR PRAXITELES, also known as EL GRECO—was a man of sinister reputation; but he agreed to undertake the mission, supposing that nothing more was involved than a bit of harmless smuggling.

With his cousin, BEACH ARAGON, and an amiable businessman from Santa Fe named ADAM ADAMSON, Jose went to Juárez, knowing that he was being shadowed by a big man whom he knew as "Mr. Tosteen," later identified as H. E. TUSTIN. Jose picked up the package—which obviously contained a cheap perfume—from Señor Praxiteles; but as he left the shop, a strange Mexican child named FRANCISCA snatched the package from him.

Jose bought another bottle of the same kind of perfume and gave it to Dulcinda when he met her in a Juárez night club with his cousin Beach; also present were Dulcinda's brother, TIM FARRAR, and a huge, brutish man named RAGS RAGSDALE.

Jose and Beach went back to the Chenoweth Hotel in El Paso—owned by LOU CHENOWETH, a pleasant middle-aged woman who was in love with Adam Adamson—and in the cab that was waiting for them when they left Juárez was the dead body of Tustin.

At Dulcinda's request, Jose sent Beach back to Santa Fe with a package of perfume, which Dulcinda presumed was the one Jose had picked up at the shop of Señor Praxiteles. Actually, it was a phony package; the original package was mysteriously restored to Jose, and he discovered that a small box of candy was secreted with the cheap perfume.

Jose was questioned by CAPTAIN OZZIE HARROD, a border patrolman, about his encounters with Tustin and with Señor Praxiteles. Jose kept silent about his errand for Dulcinda; but from Harrod he learned that there might be international complications to the entire affair, with some extremely shady characters involved.

Having been told that the Mexican child, Francisca, was the granddaughter of Señor Praxiteles, Jose went back to Juárez to find her. On a side street in the border town, he spied the child with some playmates. When he seized her, she struggled to get away.

IV

FRANCISCA's shoulder was too slippery. Jose moved his fingers down her firm arm for a tighter grip. "You call the police and I will tell them you are a thief," he replied.

"I am not a thief!" She began to whine in street-urchin fashion, "I swear by the Holy Mother I have never stolen nothing from you. Let go of me. I will scream for help."

He held on.

The gang she had been playing with didn't interfere. Unobtrusively they were moving the game as far away as possible. It was every man for himself. There were police who did not wear uniforms, the plain-clothes men. This must be a new one, sent to investigate their behavior. They'd be lucky if only one of their group was interrogated.

She screamed abuse on him, she spattered him with obscene argot, she damned his soul but he held on. "When you are tired of making that noise," he said calmly, "I will tell you what it is I want from you." This he repeated every time she was forced to pause and refill her lungs.

She would get tired. It took a little time but she did. She went limp suddenly; he'd been expecting it and he didn't relax his grasp, he tightened it. "What is it you want?" she muttered sullenly.

"I want some information. I will pay for it. Where can we talk this over?"

The suggestion of payment alerted her ears as he knew it would. She'd been pretending that she would fight him no more, waiting for the moment he dropped his guard. Now she stopped the fight. But she warned him, sullenly, "I will not go to your room."

"I don't have a room. I wish to talk now, here in Juárez. Anyplace you say. But it must be where no one else will be listening."

Either she had no ideas or she didn't understand. He shook her slightly. "Where? To the house of your *abuelo?*"

"No," she said quickly. Her eyes remained on his face, trying to understand what it was he wanted. They didn't find out.

"Come," she said, but not pleasantly. She led him toward the Avenida, his grasp still tight on her arm. She didn't go that far, only far enough to be away from the Plaza crowd. She gestured to the curbstone.

"My house is yours, señor," she mocked.

Together they sat down in the dust.

She was a quiet hostess. She said, "You can let go my arm. I will not run away."

"If you do, I will trip you."

He released her and took out his cigarettes.

She stopped rubbing her arm and held out her hand. "Gimme cigarette." It was automatic.

"You're too young to smoke."

She didn't understand. On the Plaza they smoked before they could talk. He lighted hers and his own. He was curious. "How old are you?"

She shrugged. "I don't know."

It could be true if you had El Greco for a grandfather. But he turned on her with a scowl. "I am going to ask you certain questions. You are going to answer them. If you lie, I will know you are lying. If you do not tell the truth, I will give you to the police for stealing."

"I have stolen nothing." She looked at him with hatred. "You have received what I took from you."

"And if I have?" he exaggerated the shrug. "It was nonetheless stolen. How do I know it is the same package which was returned to me? How do I know what was removed from the package while it was in the hands of a thief?"

Her thin body trembled. She found it hard to make words. They came out choked, "The package was not opened. It was put in a safe place until it could be delivered to you—"

"Who told you to take the package from me?"

She kept her eyes on him while she tried to think of an answer he would accept. Finally she said, "No one told me."

"Then why did you do it?"

"Because I hate him," she answered with venom.

"Hate who?"

"El Greco."

Jose snorted. "A *nieta* does not hate her *abuelito.*"

She was fierce. "I am no *nieta* of this devil."

"Then why do you live in his house?"

She turned her head and looked at him. "Each time I run away, he pays someone to find me."

"What's he got on you?" he asked bluntly. "If he isn't your *abuelito,* you don't have to go back to him. Why don't you go home? Or is it you like better the lights of Juárez?"

"I hate Juárez," she said. "My family it is in the country."

"Then why not go home to your family instead of living with that swine?"

"My family sold me to him."

His eyes stretched wide. She wasn't making it up; it was a simple and bitter statement of fact. "But—" He stammered. "But they can't do that. You can't sell human beings. It's against the law—of God and government."

"Many poor families sell their children."

"To him?"

"Sometimes to him."

Jose felt physically ill. He knew why. He didn't look at her. "How did you escape—them?" It wasn't because she was too young.

HER lips pulled away from her teeth. "I kick them. No one will pay money for me. They are afraid of me. He beat me and I hurt them more. Unless he kill me, I will always hurt them."

"Why didn't he kill you?"

"Perhaps it is because he pay much money for me. Now I must be a servant in his house." She made a sound that could have been laughter. "I have run away again."

"You haven't run far. Why don't you go home?"

"They would sell me again."

Jose took a breath of clean air before commencing again. "All right. You took the package because you wanted it. But what were you doing at the Café Herrera? You tried to stop me from going to El Greco. When you couldn't stop me, you ran out and waited for me. You can't expect me to believe that you did all this because you hate him. Somebody had to tell you that I'd be at the café and that I was planning to pick up that package. Somebody who knew these things."

Again there was the waiting period while she figured out what to say. "I will tell you how it is." She spoke resignedly. "I listen. Always I listen. While I am scrubbing his dirty floors. While I wash the filth of his clothes. I know there is an important package to be delivered. Always I know this. Because I listen, I know that the name of the one who will come for this package is Jose Aragon." She wasn't glib; she told it as if it were being pulled from her tongue, bit by bit. Lie by lie.

"One moment. How do you know the name? How is it you hear this?"

"It is in the afternoon," she remembered, lidding her eyes. "He is in the shop selling his stolen goods to turistas and the name is told to him."

"Who tells it to him? And what are you doing in the shop while you are scrubbing floors and washing clothes?"

She had to think a long time to dream up an answer to that. "I do not know who tells it to him. I am not in the shop. I am telling you the truth," she insisted. "I am in the *(Continued on page 64)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

hat a Character

By DWIGHT WHITNEY

You may be looking at a timid street peddler or a rogue in smart clothes, but in either case it's likely to be J. Carrol Naish, who's made 250 films

VOICING a point of view that has steadily become more prevalent in Hollywood, a shrewd movie producer recently said: "I put stars in my pictures to be sure people come *into* the theater. I put J. Carrol Naish in to be sure they don't walk out." J. Carrol Naish has been helping keep people in the theater for 20 years. During that time he has played in over 250 films.

One of the hardest-working actors in Hollywood, Naish is also the star of a hit radio show. Every Tuesday night his remarkable voice enthralls his audience as it lilts through the rich Italianisms of Life with Luigi.

A comparative newcomer to radio, Naish is a movie veteran of such experience he has lost count of how many pictures he has played in. At one time he was appearing in up to 30 a year, sometimes making three simultaneously. Seasoned moviegoers are no longer surprised to find that one half of a double bill features Naish as a kindly Italian street peddler and the other as a despoiler of old ladies and children.

Naish's success in Hollywood may be regarded as a hopeful sign. For the most part, movie acting is a rigidly stylized occupation, and the average star has little chance of breaking the mold in which he has been cast. Gary Cooper almost invariably plays the awkward country boy whose homely wit charms the madcap heiress. Bing Crosby is always seen in a variation of his own breezy, crooning self. Neither would make a convincing Hunchback of Notre Dame.

Naish, on the other hand, knows no such limitations. Not only would he make a memorable Quasimodo, but if necessary he could do a little crooning as well. He is that Hollywood rarity, an actor in the truest sense of the word, bringing to the screen an infinite variety of expression which has all but passed from its precincts.

There has yet to be devised the role which Naish might consider beneath his notice. His gallery of crime, for instance, includes as menacing an assortment of thieves, thugs, assassins, ghouls and underworld doctors as ever sealed up a body in the cellar. He has mixed it up professionally with such sundry master criminals and sleuths as Bulldog Drummond, Charlie Chan, Mr. Moto, Jekyll and Hyde, Arsene Lupin, Dr. Frankenstein and the Wolf Man. He has survived, among other enormities, encounters with Dr. Death, Mr. Dynamite and The Beast with Five Fingers.

Well-meaning friends are often appalled by the profusion of "cheap" pictures in which Naish allows himself to be cast. They wish he would concentrate instead on "prestige" roles like his award-winning fisherman in A Medal for Benny or his disillusioned Italian prisoner of war in Sahara. Naish pooh-poohs this idea because he holds that an actor's job is to act, and that silk purses frequently may be contrived from the crudest sow's ears.

Consequently he has permitted himself to be hustled into more wigs, putty noses and other

Naish, who has played almost every nationality except his own, Irish, is a tenderly appealing Italian on his hit radio show, Life with Luigi

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Actor!

standard accouterments of Acting in the Grand Manner than all the Barrymores put together. Someone once asked him why he played all those fly-by-night parts requiring the use of false hair, false teeth, false noses and false eyelashes. Naish's answer was brief and realistic. "For *real* money," he replied.

Naish's employers refer to him as an "audience pleaser." How an audience pleaser functions was forcefully demonstrated one day in 1941. Naish was making a quickie called Forced Landing for Pine-Thomas Productions, specialists in cut-rate action thrillers. At one point the script called for him to come upon the body of a Mexican child in a wood, take the corpse in his arms and deliver a short eulogy. Naish did this so movingly that the grips and electricians on the set wept. Naish thought them shoddy sentimentalists. But the next night, when the rushes of the shooting were run off, Naish wept too. The lights went on and there was a moment of embarrassed silence. "Gee," said Naish unself-consciously, "That little Mexican kid is a helluva actor, isn't he?"

Perhaps the most extraordinary of Naish's talents, however, is his mastery of linguistics. He speaks eight languages—English, French, German, Italian and Spanish fluently and has a smattering of Flemish, Russian and Chinese. He knows several dialects in each. "What dialects I don't know," adds Naish, "I improvise." He is so well-versed in Italian, Greek and Yiddish "sounds" that real Italians, Greeks and Jews sometimes are incensed when they learn that he is not a countryman at all.

His Yiddish Accent Was Too Good

This has given rise to some odd situations. He once got a job in the Yiddish Art Theatre by convincing Molly Picon that he was Yiddish. A rabbi dogged him for two weeks wanting to know why he didn't show up at the synagogue. Naish couldn't bear to tell him that the whole thing had been a pleasant masquerade which had got out of hand.

Because he makes a particularly persuasive Italian, Mexican, Spaniard, Greek, Chinese, Frenchman, Russian, German, Arab and Hindu on the screen, it is supremely ironical that the only nationality Naish has never played is his own. He springs from pure Irish stock and his family goes back in Irish history for 750 years. His full name is Joseph Patrick Carrol Naish (rhymes with "cash").

In 1210 A.D. his forebears obtained a land grant from King John of England in County Limerick. The great Naish estate of Ballycullen was built shortly thereafter, and was occupied by the family until recently. J. Carrol is the great-great-grandson of John Naish, attorney general and later Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Burke's Peerage lists the family coat-of-arms as three doves holding olive branches in their beaks, and the family motto as *Omnia Vincit Veritas* (Truth Conquers All).

The reason Naish cannot play Irishmen is that his swarthy complexion, heavy brows and dark flashing eyes seem, in the popular concept, anything but Irish. "People don't understand," says Naish sadly. "It all goes back to vaudeville where every Irishman had a red beard and a red nose, just the way every German had short pants and a potbelly. It has been that way ever since."

Naish works as hard at "creative acting" as anyone in Hollywood. He is, in other words, an expert at making something out of nothing. In 1938, for example, he signed a contract with the Paramount B-picture unit in which he, Lloyd Nolan, Lynne Overman and Akim Tamiroff comprised a sort of stock company which operated on the theory that any tired old story could be made to seem fresh if the acting were artful enough. The result was a series of melodramas in which one or all of the quartet appeared. Nolan as the hero beat up Naish as the heavy with the regularity of death and taxes.

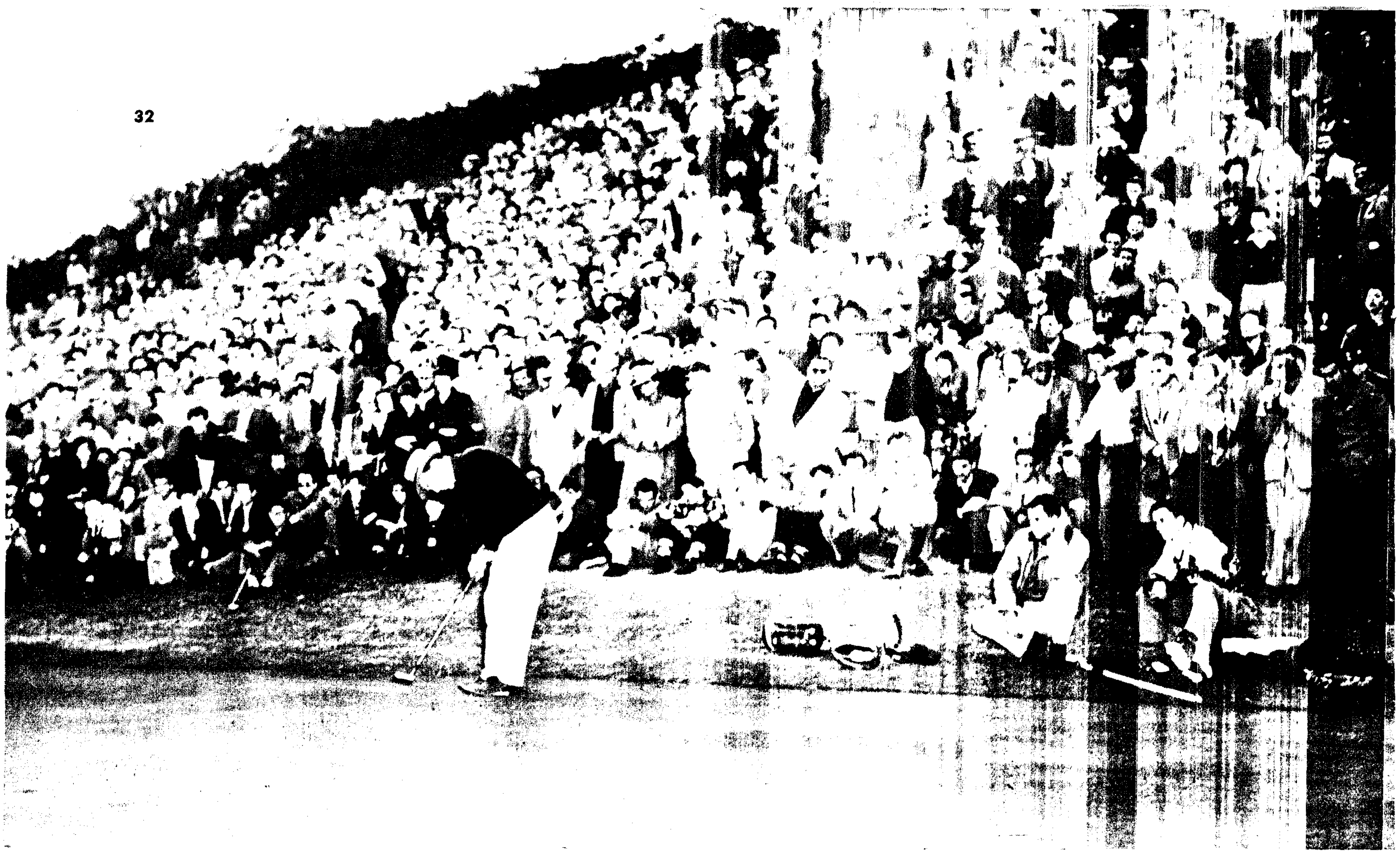
One of the especially

(Continued on page 56)

The versatile Naish (front row) as Chief Sitting Bull in Annie Get Your Gun

The Kissing Bandit starred Naish and noted character actress Mildred Natwick

"The Old Pro," as technicians on Hollywood's sets call him, in The Fugitive



ACME

Surrounded by the inevitable gang of fans, Snead sinks a 30-footer to tie with Ben Hogan at the Los Angeles Open

It's Crowded Where SAMMY Is

By BILL FAY

Slammin' Mr. Snead is golf's gallery god. This year again loyal fans will be rooting for him to take the National Open, because Sam'l is long, long overdue

DURING a locker-room session at the Masters golf tournament two months ago, slow-talking Dutch Harrison, the old pro from Little Rock, Arkansas, finally steered the conversation around to Sammy Snead's alleged distrust of checking accounts and safe-deposit boxes.

"Sam," Dutch inquired casually, "you ever get that new hired man for your place down in Hot Springs?"

"Not yet," Snead replied. "A good hired man's hard to find these days."

"You know,"—Harrison turned to Jimmy Demaret—"that's a job I'd like to have. Wouldn't mind doin' Sam's paintin' and weedin' if I could just dig around some in his garden. Sooner or later, I'd find those tomato cans he plants it away in."

Demaret nodded. "It'd beat working at Fort Knox."

"Sammy,"—Harrison turned back to Snead—"how many hundred-dollar bills can you stuff into one little tomato can?"

Snead grinned. "You wouldn't find nothin' in my garden, Dutch, 'cept weeds. Besides, the way my back feels, I'll be lucky to make caddie fees from here on in."

"You strain your back again?" Demaret asked.

"Not exactly, but that wind stiffened it up some."

"You shot a pretty stiff 71," Harrison argued.

"Luck," Snead explained. "My puttin' was awful."

"I can imagine," Demaret said. Three weeks before, Snead had finished 63-63-126 to edge out Demaret by one stroke for first place in the $10,000 Texas Open.

Harrison got up. "I'm goin' back to the hotel, Sam. I'll be in 708. You need some launderin' done or want some errands run, you call me, hear? I gotta make a few dollars some way."

Harrison was exaggerating only slightly; since Snead learned how to sink short putts, two winters ago, most other pros have not been getting much fun or money out of tournament life. Last season, Snead topped the money winners with $31,593.83, and also annexed the Harry Vardon scoring trophy, averaging 69.37 strokes through 73 competitive rounds. This season Sam has lowered his stroke-per-round average to 68.66, with a resultant heavy increase in profit taking.

Even though the pros still joke about Snead's inherent ability to accumulate currency, they are painfully aware that one of Sam's acquired characteristics—the amazing way he attracts crowds—is no laughing matter. Galleries swarm around Sam like ants at a picnic. The more Sam wins, the bigger the galleries; the bigger the galleries, the more Sam wins.

How this inflationary spiral operates to Snead's financial advantage was demonstrated at the Greensboro, North Carolina, Open three months ago. A mob of 17,000 Snead worshipers followed Sam for 36 holes on the final day—and Sam won going away with a record 269, 10 strokes better than runner-up Demaret.

Six times during those last 36 holes Snead caromed overlong approach shots off the spectators banked 20-deep behind the greens, and the balls bounced back within putting distance. When the pros convened for their locker-room post-mortem, ex-P.G.A. champion Jim Ferrier said:

"That gallery was worth six strokes to Snead today—it saved him that many chip shots."

"Uh-huh," agreed Cary Middlecoff, the National Open titleholder. "It helped him judge his distances, too. You can shoot better when there's a gallery around the green; it's like aiming at a bull's-eye."

"You have a gallery today?" Ferrier asked.

"A multitude." Middlecoff held up three fingers. "My caddie and two fellows I used to know in the Army."

Ferrier sighed. "Well, there's one sure way we can get those galleries back from Snead."

"What's that?"

"Just start hitting our tee shots 275 yards like Sam does."

Oddly enough, Snead has reached the top of his profession at an age when most champion athletes are beginning to disintegrate physically. Sam is thirty-eight, but he's relaxed and supple, almost double-jointed. Without bending his knees, he can reach down and pick up his ball from the cup—a feat none of his younger competitors can duplicate.

Sam also has learned how to relax mentally. There was a time when his noisiest remark was a nod, but now he chats with the spectators between shots, and spices his commentary with picturesque mountaineer idiom. At the North Fulton Open in Atlanta, after Sam dropped a beautiful explosion shot from deep sand within four feet of the cup, a fan asked, "How'd you ever do that?"

"Well,"—Sam thought a moment—"I just gave 'er a rake 'n' a scrape and up she come."

The confident, happy Snead of 1950 is a changed man from the despondent Snead who wanted to quit tournament competition after he blew the 1947 National Open by missing a 30½-inch putt. It was the second time Sam had kicked away the Open crown. The first time—at Philadelphia in 1939—he'd taken a horrendous eight on the final hole when even a bogie six would have clinched the championship.

The 1947 Open blowup revived persistent stories that Snead was strictly a front runner who couldn't putt under pressure. It was pointed out that Snead had never won an Open or a Masters; that his 10-year total of important victories—one P.G.A. title and one British Open championship—was suspiciously unimpressive for a player whose swing had been described by Bobby Jones as "the most perfect in the history of golf."

"I was sick and tired of tournaments then," Snead recalls, "but under the circumstances—with what people were sayin' about me—I couldn't quit. It was true I couldn't putt, but it wasn't pressure that was makin' me miss. I just couldn't find a putter that felt right—that gave me confidence."

Authentic Tale of Quest for Putter

Here is Sam Snead's story of how Sam Snead finally found the right putter.

"For almost two years, I experimented with all types of putters. Sometimes I'd have as many as a dozen rattlin' around in the back of my car. Finally, at the '49 Phoenix Open, a Chicago pro named Stan Kertes left a putter in my locker. It was a straight-faced job with a center shaft. I tried it—and it felt good. Kertes never asked for it back, so I just held onto it.

"I began to have confidence in that stick—and puttin' is 90 per cent confidence. Once I got some confidence, I quit jabbin' at the ball. I simply figured out my line and speed—held my head steady—and concentrated on strokin' the ball smoothly the *first three inches*. I figured if I could get that ball rollin' right those *first three inches*, it'd go the rest of the way itself. And, pretty soon, they started droppin' in the hole."

Sam used Kertes' old putter for the first time in March, 1949, at the Greensboro Open. There was no stopping him after that. He placed among the first three in 12 consecutive tournaments, winning six of them, including the Masters, the P.G.A. and the Western Open, and he missed out on his old nemesis, the National Open, by only one stroke. In the Masters, he closed with a five-under-par 67, which required only 30 putts. He also came from behind, putting brilliantly, to whip Johnny Palmer in the P.G.A. finale.

Sam's first remark after beating Palmer was: "Who says I cain't putt?"

Although Snead has experimented with more than 250 putters during his 13 years on the pro circuit, he has used only one driver. Oddly enough, the driver is a cast-off club, too. Henry Picard threw it away a few days before the 1937 Oakland Open, and Snead—whose bank roll totaled less than $100 at the time—picked it up.

"I figured," Sam remembers, "I could sell it for a few bucks even if I couldn't use it."

At that time, Sam was swinging an extremely whippy driver and spraying his shots all over California. Johnny Bulla, another rookie pro who had journeyed to the West Coast in Sam's fourth-hand flivver, decided to call off their agreement to split their combined tournament winnings. "You're on your own," Bulla told Sam.

The Picard driver—a heavy, rigid-shafted club—straightened out Snead's tee shots in a hurry. He blazed through the Oakland Open 10 strokes under par, 69-65-69-67-270 for his first major-tournament victory.

"Picard really did me a favor," Sam admits. "I've won more'n $5,000 with that club in drivin' contests alone."

There are competent golf critics who contend that Snead puts on his greatest show on the practice fairway. Sam usually starts to warm up an hour before tee time. He slaps about 50 shots with his pitching wedge, works methodically down through his irons, from No. 9 to No. 1, and then slams 20 booming drives for the customers. However, it is Sam's booming No. 1 irons which fascinate his professional contemporaries.

The shaft of Sam's No. 1 iron has been lengthened one inch to accommodate his unusually long arms.

Sam is five feet 10¾ inches, but his arms would be standard equipment on a man six feet two. When those extra-long arms whiplash that extra-long No. 1 iron, the results are sometimes incredible.

"Last year," Middlecoff testifies, "Sam and I played the No. 4 hole at Riviera. It's about 240 yards. I used a driver and was short. Sam took his No. 1 and was five feet past the cup."

Big Clayton Haefner backs up Middlecoff. "Sam'll get more distance with his No. 1 iron than most pros get with a brassie—especially against the wind, because he can keep the ball low. At Pinehurst, he used that No. 1 on a 230-yard hole. Jes' pecked at the ball, seemed to me, but it went right on the green."

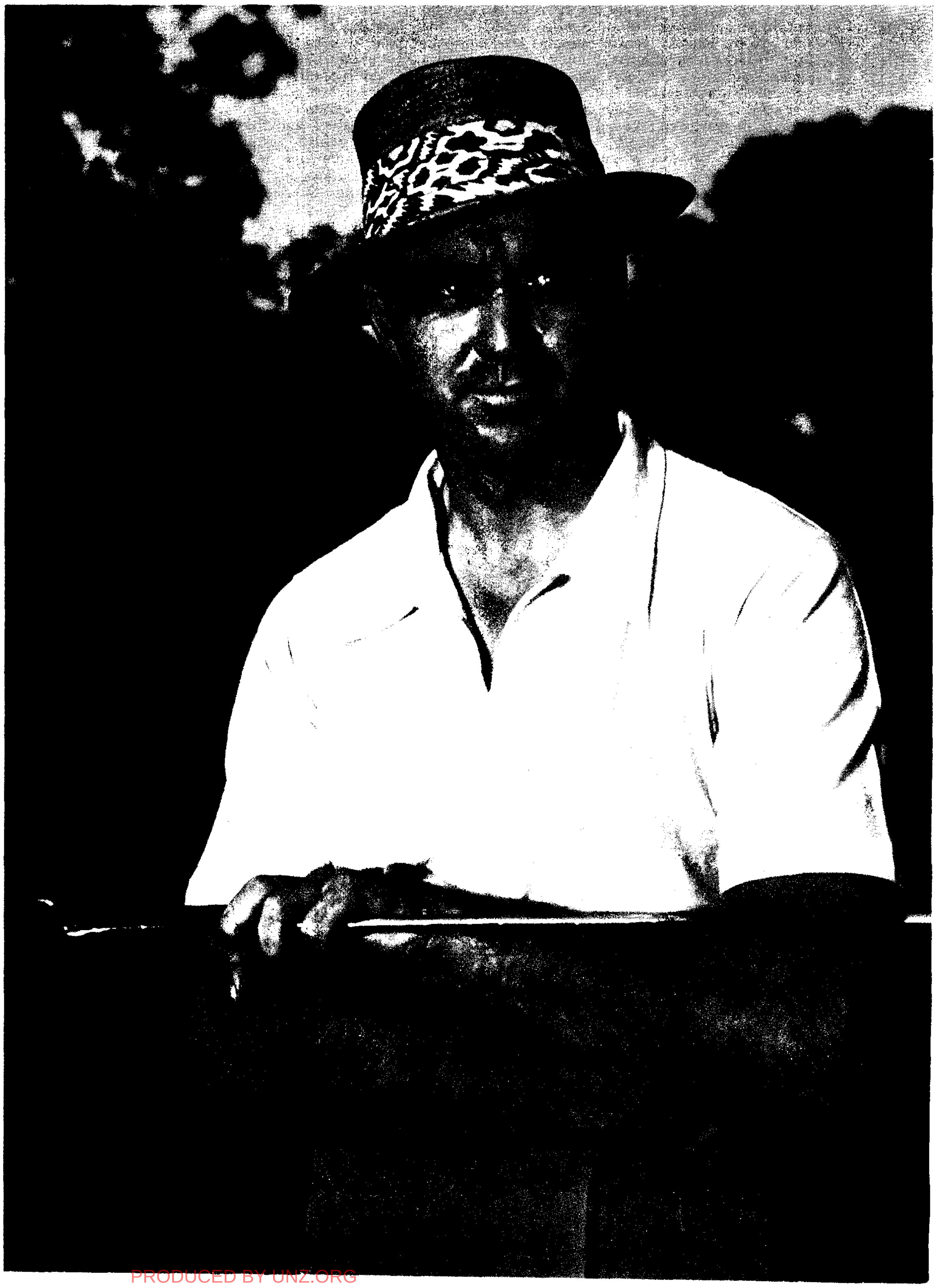
Because Snead gets such extraordinary distance with the No. 1 iron, he carries only two wood clubs—a spoon and Picard's old driver. Most pros carry four wood clubs.

"Some holes," Sam explains, "you only want about 250 yards off the tee. I can get that with the spoon. Course, when I need distance, I switch to the driver."

Snead's definition of "distance" is anything from 260 yards on up. During an exhibition at the Selma, Alabama, Country Club, *(Continued on page 42)*

"Puttin' is 90 per cent confidence," says Snead. "Concentrate on those first three inches"

ACME



The Man Whose Name Was Lost

By HOWARD MAIER

The unforgettable story of a gentle giant

HIS last name was lost, along with his meager baggage, at Ellis Island. A harassed and pressed immigration official simply wrote down the name "Frederick" on his papers and waved him toward the ferry. From that moment on he was known as Frederick Frederick and his wife as Ilse Frederick.

The only reference anyone ever heard Frederick make to his native land was that he was born in the *Schwarzwald* and that by merely placing his hand in his village stream he could momentarily halt the flow of the Rhine. He was the most German-looking of Germans, blond and blue-eyed, a giant of a man, quiet, with shoulders like a bull and a chest as round as a rain barrel. But when he spoke, it was in a meek and timid voice, as if it were too much to ask the world to take heed; as if he were a peasant standing cap in hand.

Ilse was a slight woman who touched every child's head in passing and was herself childless. When he talked, she watched her husband's lips with the intentness of a priestess before the oracle; she walked always to his left and a half step behind him; she hovered over him night and day, pressing food on him at all times, her sole gesture of love. She lived and breathed only for Frederick.

When they stepped off the ferry from Ellis Island at the turn of the century, they possessed the clothes they stood in and five marks, ten pfennigs. The one hundred and twenty American dollars, so laboriously saved through the years, had been stolen along with their luggage. Between them they had not one word of English.

They had never seen anything like the traffic along South Street and it frightened them. With Ilse tightly gripping his elbow, Frederick fought his way between the horse-drawn drays and the cracking whips and the curses of the truckmen. The ferry whistle sounded, and Ilse halted and cast a long glance in its direction. Frederick never even turned around. Resolutely putting his back to the Atlantic Ocean, he started walking northward.

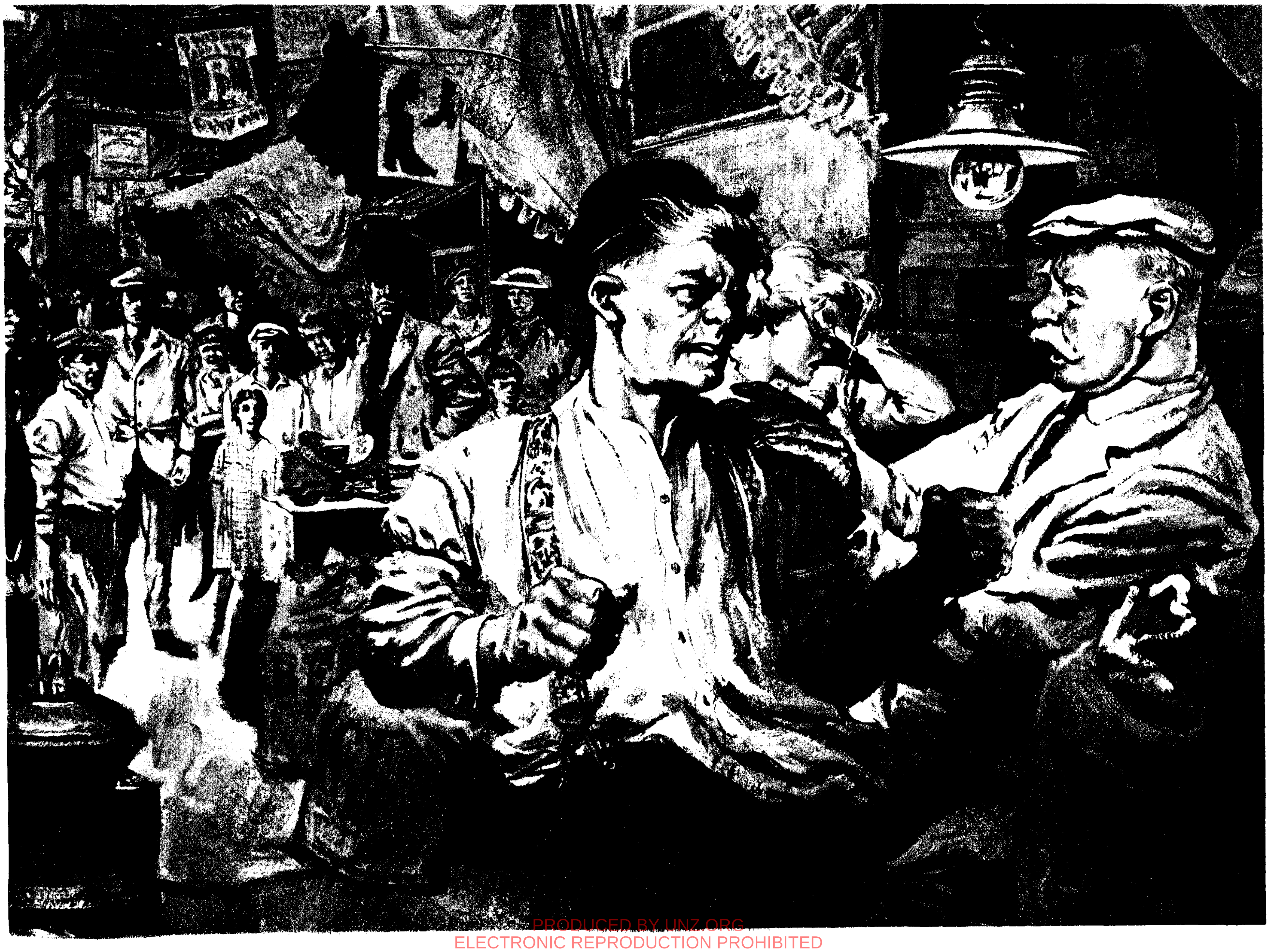
At every butcher shop Frederick stopped, entered, waited until the proprietor took notice of them, and asked, *"Sprechen sie Deutsche?"* At the uncomprehending shake of the proprietor's head, he would politely apologize in German and leave. In this manner the Fredericks slowly worked their way up through the Yiddish, Italian and Polish East Side and came at last in late afternoon to the great Irish district. Here, unbeknownst to them, flourished the German butcher shops. Entering the first of these, Frederick put the usual question. At the proprietor's *"Ja, ich spreche Deutsche,"* Ilse broke into tears. With his hand on her shoulder Frederick made excuses for the frailty of women and asked for a job.

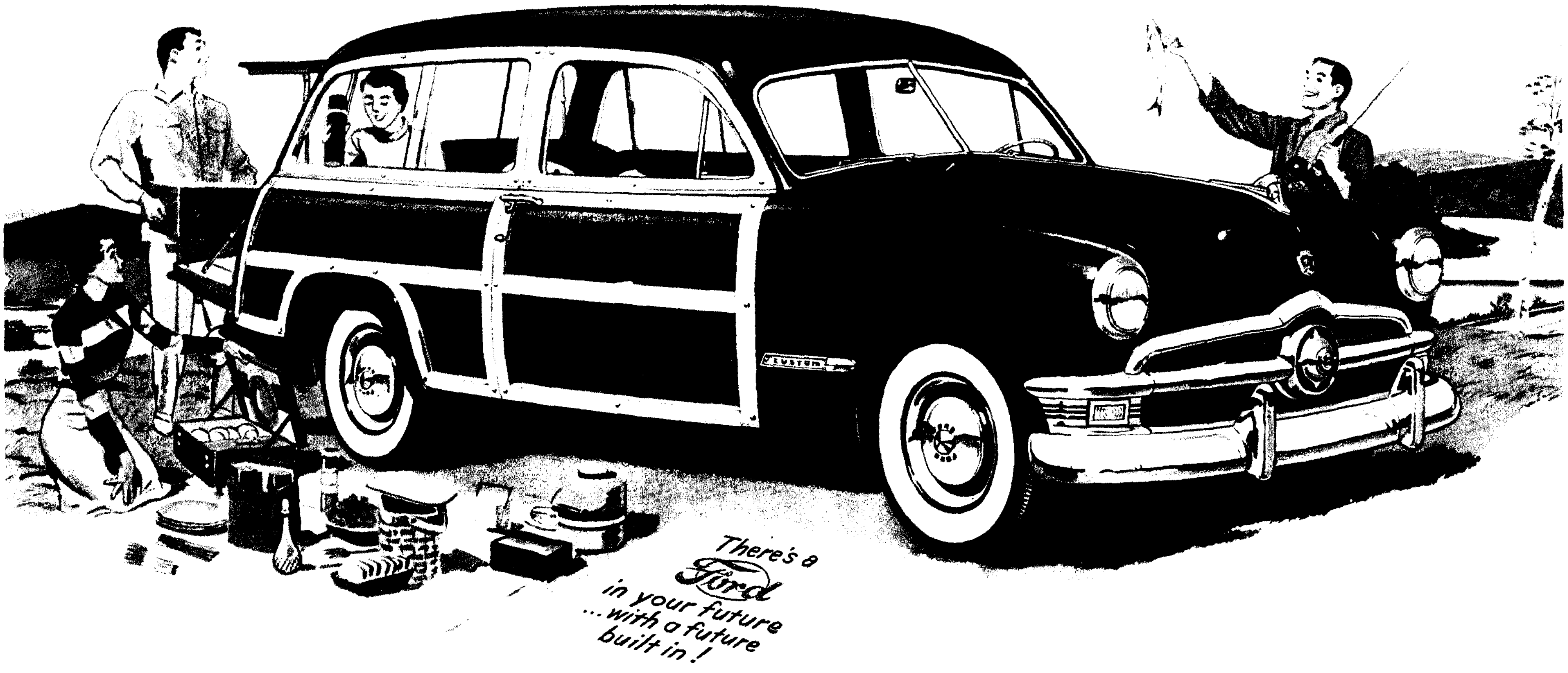
The proprietor pointed to a hindquarter of beef hanging from a hook and asked him to cut it down. Without waiting for the proffered apron, Frederick picked up the knife, cut into the exactly right part of the shin, worked the knife down along the bone edge, slit a hole for a

(Continued on page 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

One day Frederick came upon Young Malone slapping his wife around on a street corner

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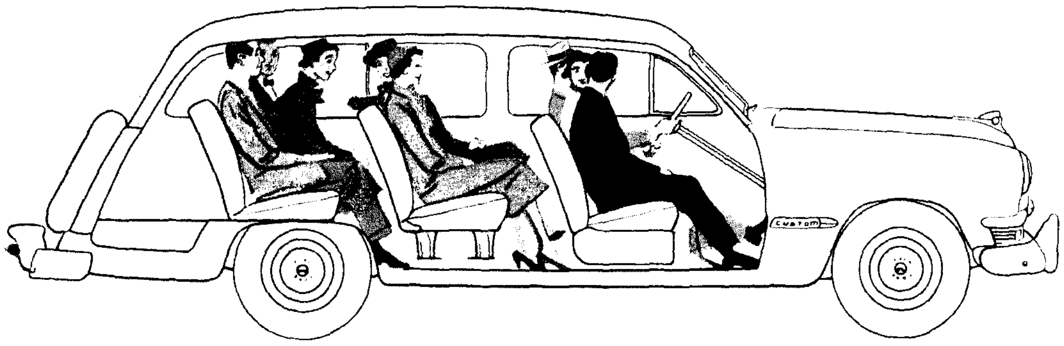

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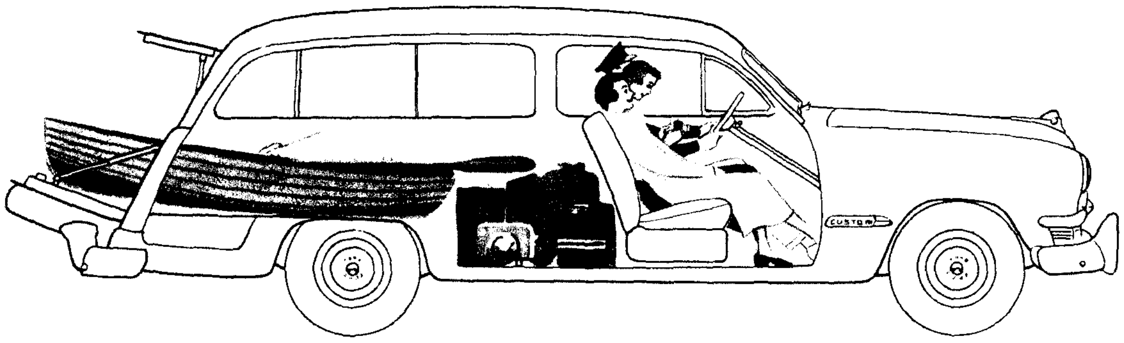

or a cargo carrier with the rear seats removed

You'll put it to work for everything under the sun. It's a beach wagon, passenger car, taxi, business cargo carrier—but you'll be making up your own list of uses when you see it and "Test Drive" it.

The fashion-styled Ford Station Wagon is built for double duty. It travels eight full-grown people in roominess and comfort. With the rear seats out of the way, it has more load-carrying space than any other station wagon in its class.

There's a heavy-gauge all-steel "Lifeguard" Body beneath its sleek mahogany-finished paneling! The King-Size Brakes work with 35% less effort. And you get high compression performance from regular gas, thanks to "Power Dome" combustion chambers in both the 100 h.p. V-8 and its companion in quality, the 95 h.p. "Six".

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"Test Drive" the '50 FORD

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"Yes, there's so much room!"
1950

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Model AW 352 illustrated

"G-E makes my clothes sparkle... washes them piece-by-piece"

"Individual washing helps me breeze through washday—and I have a *heavy* laundry every week."

"I don't have to waste time re-doing badly soiled things that don't come clean. Every piece is bright and clean and sweet-smelling. And washing's over so soon! They certainly are right when they call this General Electric Washer the 'quick-clean' way to wash."

"It's such a handy washer to operate —with the One-control Wringer and Adjustable Timer. I'm hardly tired at all after doing a *big* wash. And to think I got a washer with General Electric quality and dependability for such a low price!"* *General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.*

*Typical comments of General Electric users.

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G-E Activator® Washing Action guides clothes through three washing zones—*light, medium, vigorous.* Each piece gets gentle, thorough cleaning.

One-control Wringer — a marvelous worksaver! One control starts, stops, reverses, releases. Handy knob regulates correct pressure for every fabric.

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No Oiling Needed—Permadrive mechanism—a feature *husbands* appreciate—means no exposed machinery. Only four moving parts.

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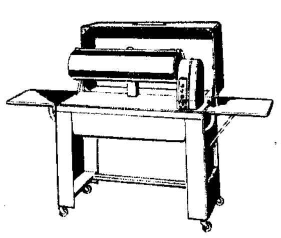


It's so much faster, so much *easier* to iron when you can sit in comfort with this G-E Rotary Ironer.

The large ironing roll takes the biggest pieces in your laundry. Automatic operation . . . adjustable ironing temperatures. Slow and fast speeds. Model AR 70 illustrated.

Iron in comfort with ROTARY IRONERS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Guinea Pig for ACTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Kendall, Philip Hench and Charles Slocumb were doing at the Mayo Clinic with compound E and suggested that he see Drs. Smith Freeman and David E. Markson who wanted to test ACTH.

The product was new, the doctors explained. Animal tests had been made and some tests were being started on humans. You couldn't have it unless you were willing to co-operate by going through all the necessary examinations and controls. So Walter E. Swanson made an extremely important decision.

"I never wanted to be a 'proper' arthritic case so much in my life," he says. "At 6:00 A.M. on May 21, 1949, the needle jabbed home. This was the first of the shots that were to continue every six hours until we found out: (1) Could I take it? (2) Would it harm me? (3) Would it help me?"

Swanson had terrific pains in his knee and ankle, but he could use his hands enough to write. He got some yellow ruled paper, put down the date, numbered the lines for each hour and, just as Shanahan was to do several weeks later, he settled down to write the news, good or bad.

After the Eighteenth Shot

With Swanson the news had not been too good at first. For a while he noted bowel movements, pallor, flushed face and hot flashes after almost every hypodermic. But then he wrote, "After the eighteenth shot we got a new vial of the white, fluffy ACTH which looks like powdered aspirin."

Then came hypo number 19.

Swanson says, "I waited to make some more entries. Nothing happened. I waited another hour. Then with elation, I penciled: 'No reaction!'

"Something important, I felt, was happening. It was. It dawned upon me with sudden disbelief. I had no pain, none whatsoever! Thanks to a lot of hog pituitaries and hard-working research men and doctors, a miracle had happened to me. Christmas came to me in May with a gift of good health. Well, at least a promise of it.

"There were no reactions from shot number 20; nor from 21 and 22. The doctors beamed. We learned that the first experimental lot of ACTH tried on me hadn't been quite pure enough. That was why there had been bad reactions.

"I was eating like a horse and was gaining weight. Soon the swelling, too, was gone. I could bend my knee and wiggle my ankle. Everything was better by the hour. But the glorious thing was that I was happy. I was glad to be alive. I liked people and wanted to see my friends again. And I wanted every arthritic to know there was hope. I felt like an evangelist.

"Then they let me take a few steps. It was slow work, but there was no pain. On June 1st—and remember, I began the treatment on May 21st—I had company. The press came to visit and learn the amazing story of ACTH and to see me throw my cane away. Not only that, but I walked up and down stairs for the science writers.

"I was one of the fortunate few to be selected as a guinea pig. ACTH has given me new hope, a new lease on life.

"I have been a rugged customer for the hormone. I tested it harshly. Soon after I got out of Wesley Memorial Hospital last July, I had a man drive me to Canada where my family awaited. I took a nurse along to give me the shots.

"Last fall I shot ducks in all kinds of weather. I pushed ACTH to the limit. It hasn't failed. I paddled a canoe some 500 yards when I spotted a black bear near the lodge. I got him, too, alone. No one had to assist me. He weighed a neat 370 pounds.

"And at the end of last October, it was I, the onetime cripple, who drove the car all the way back to Chicago—some 800 miles.

"ACTH left me, as I said, with a new outlook on life. But it also left me with a feeling of obligation to my fellow sufferers, and to the men of research who have made this great scientific advance possible."

* * *

Walter Swanson and Jack Shanahan are pioneers in this period of medicine, a period which doubtless will be called the era of the endocrines. The endocrines are the glands of internal secretion. They pour the chemical substances that they develop directly into the blood.

The number one gland involved in the process of controlling arthritis is the adrenal, located near the kidney. But the adrenocorticotropic hormone comes from the pituitary gland which is at the base of the brain. However, the pituitary gland sends a substance into the blood that stimulates the outer portion or cortex of the adrenal gland to secrete its hormones, among which is cortisone, formerly called compound E.

Dr. Morris Fishbein enjoys a unique position in the field of medicine. He's had long, successful experience writing about medical subjects for his colleagues and the public. Formerly editor of the Journal of the American Medical Assn., he is currently a contributing editor to the journal Postgraduate Medicine. In connection with this article, Dr. Fishbein wishes to emphasize the following points: Despite all-out effort by manufacturers to boost production as quickly as possible, the supply of ACTH is short of the demand right now. Thus, victims of diseases which ACTH relieves cannot always expect to get the drug. They must, however, seek early diagnosis and prompt treatment through available methods. Meantime, we can help support the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, and we can have faith that the scientists working on ACTH are insuring a healthier and happier future for all sufferers.

The scientists didn't learn all at once about the relationship of the adrenal gland to arthritis or about the way in which the pituitary influences the adrenal. As is usually the case in medical progress, thousands of little steps led to the final hunch that resulted in this magnificent discovery.

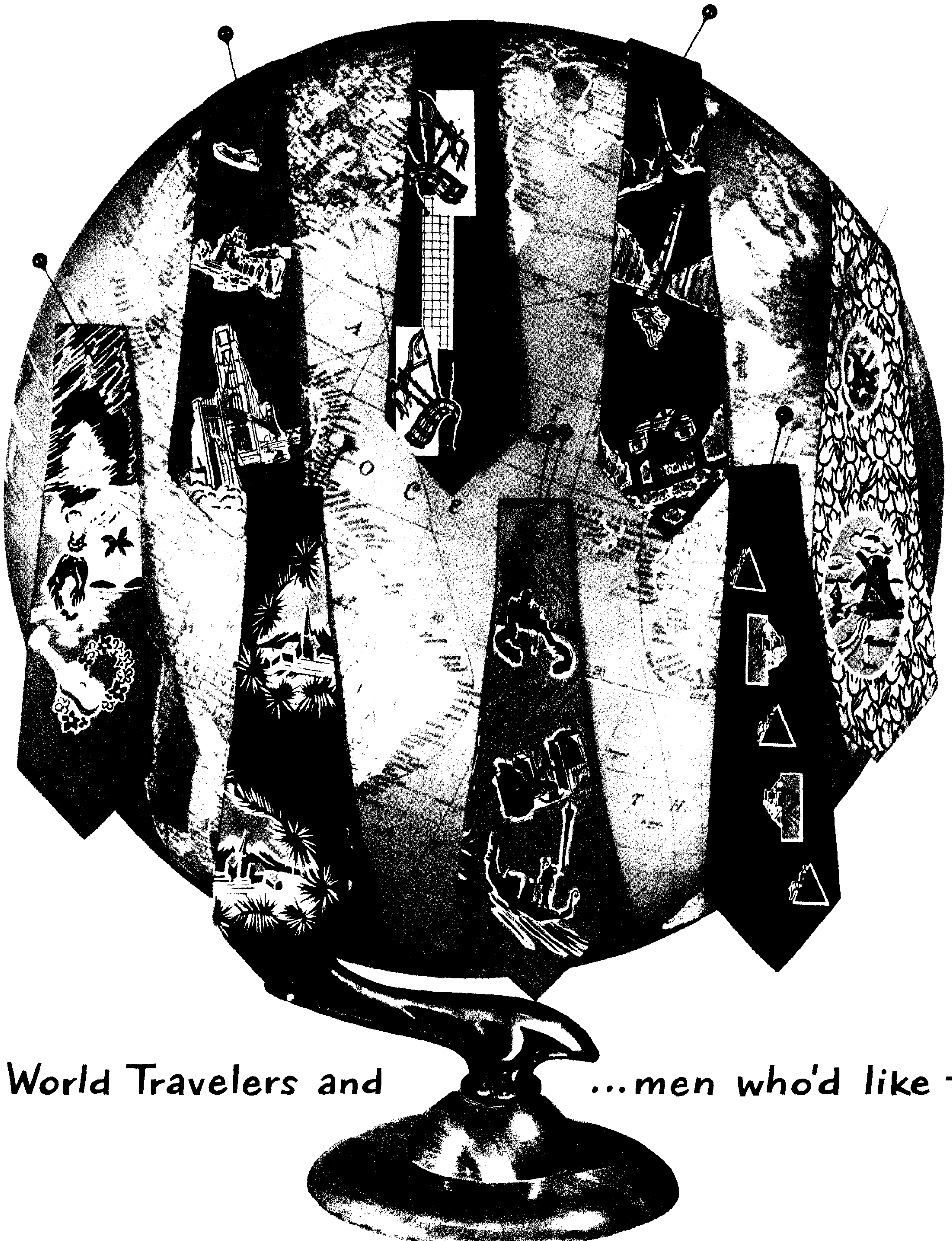
More than 19 years ago Edward C. Kendall of the Mayo Foundation, a scientist who had already done notable work in isolating the active principle of the thyroid gland, tried to find active principles in the outer portion of the adrenal glands, little structures that lie near the kidney. The glands were ground so that they looked like soft hamburger. By treating this mass with a variety of chemicals, a process called fractionation, small amounts of pure white crystals were obtained.

Six different compounds were thus found, and four of these were shown to have effects on the body. *Out of a thousand pounds of the adrenal glands from cattle the amount of compound A obtained was about the size of one aspirin tablet.*

Investigators all over the world were looking for these hormones, but the research was not intensive or exciting until 1941. Then came a rumor that the Germans were buying all the adrenal glands they could get from the Argentine slaughterhouses and making extracts for the pilots of the *Luftwaffe.* With the aid of this drug, German airmen were said to be able to fly and fight without difficulty at altitudes of 40,000 feet.

Like many another rumor that came out of Germany during the war this one turned out to be false. But it caused the National Research Council in Washington to get busy looking for these extracts.

Kendall of Mayo found an easier way to



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wake the adrenal compound, and Merck & Company prepared a large sample. The stuff protected animals against poisons and cold but didn't do much for human beings whose adrenal glands had been destroyed by disease. Then Kendall went to work on compound E or cortisone.

Merck & Company spent several hundred thousands of dollars to make about a pound and a half of cortisone. This product helped in cases where there was a deficiency of action of the adrenal glands. Meanwhile, more and more evidence was accumulating of some relationship between the adrenal gland and arthritis.

Professor Hans Selye of the University of Montreal had found that the adrenal gland enlarges and increases its function when the body is submitted to stresses, like cold, burns, poisons, infections, fatigue, severe exercise, even severe emotional reactions. The wear and tear on the body's protein are excessive under the same conditions. The biochemists found that the vitamin C of the body is put under severe drain under similar conditions. These facts all tie together, because vitamin C is vital to the adrenal, and protein is the substance needed by tissues both of growth and repair.

A long time ago the investigators proved that the pituitary gland puts out the hormone that stimulates the adrenal gland to enlarge and give out more of its own hormones. The biochemists went to work to isolate this pituitary substance, ACTH, the adrenocorticotropic hormone.

The Armour Company of Chicago took on the job of making pure ACTH. Armour has excellent laboratories located in the stockyards near a constant supply of hogs. The hog pituitary is the material from which ACTH is made. You can get one pound of anterior pituitary gland from 1,200 hogs, but ACTH is just a small part of the mass. For a pound of ACTH you need the anterior pituitary from 400,000 hogs.

The laboratory has to be near the source of supply because the living tissue of the pituitary begins to deteriorate the moment it is removed from the body. The glands, following removal, are immediately covered with dry ice and kept under complete cold-freezing temperature until processed. The processing is begun right away and, once started, complete sterility is maintained. Freedom from germs is assured by ultraviolet sterilization of air and the kind of cleanliness that prevails in the operating room of a hospital.

Right now Armour is producing enough ACTH to treat about 10,000 people simultaneously for a year. The Wilson Laboratories, division of Wilson & Company, Inc., of Chicago, a second major meat packer, has started production of ACTH. Wilson & Company has made rapid progress and they hope to produce enough ACTH to treat continuously about 5,000 people annually in the near future. The costs are terrific but everything possible is being done to bring them down quickly.

Meanwhile, both companies are pushing research, hoping that within a few years some synthetic process can be worked out.

Chemists Report Progress

The chemists are burning the midnight oil to produce more and more better and better ACTH. Already, chemists at the University of California report that they have broken up the complex ACTH molecule into its peptide components, and they report that these peptides have the same beneficial effects on rheumatoid arthritis. Peptides are easier to synthesize than either cortisone or ACTH. Dr. Choh Li of California is working right now with Tiselius of Sweden, winner of a Nobel prize, and this team seems near to an ACTH synthesized from six amino acids.

The practicing doctors and the research workers in the hospitals are testing ACTH in a variety of diseases other than rheumatoid arthritis. Some cases of gouty arthritis —gout—have responded dramatically with complete relief. Good effects have already been observed in cases of severe mental depression, even in schizophrenia or dementia praecox. Cases of chorioiditis and uveitis with serious inflammations of the eyes are said to improve promptly with ACTH. Eye specialists are using ACTH and cortisone to treat iritis, retinitis, optic neuritis and chorioretinitis. It has been highly beneficial to most cases.

ACTH has been very successfully used in treating delirium tremens and it has apparently cured myasthenia gravis, a progressive condition of weakness of the muscles formerly partially controllable with Prostigmin. The results with relation to diabetes have been startling. One patient got rid of her arthritis but developed diabetes-like symptoms when she received ACTH. The drug was stopped, the symptoms disappeared and the arthritis came back! There's a relationship between the pituitary and the adrenal and the pancreas, which is the deficient organ in diabetes.

In October, 1949, scientists from all over the United States and Canada came to Chicago for a conference. They talked about the effects of ACTH on the infant before birth, about its possibilities in postponing and controlling the breakdown of the aged. They considered its use in gout. They wanted to find out what it would do for high blood pressure and for kidney damage.

Exploring Other Fields

Then, too, there were questions about possible use in rheumatic fever, in some skin diseases of unknown origin, even in allergies, in cancer and in ulcerative colitis. This is work in progress—in an early experimental stage—but most important because the results already achieved are so promising. The 52 reports covering this research have been published in a single volume, Proceedings of the First Clinical ACTH Conference.

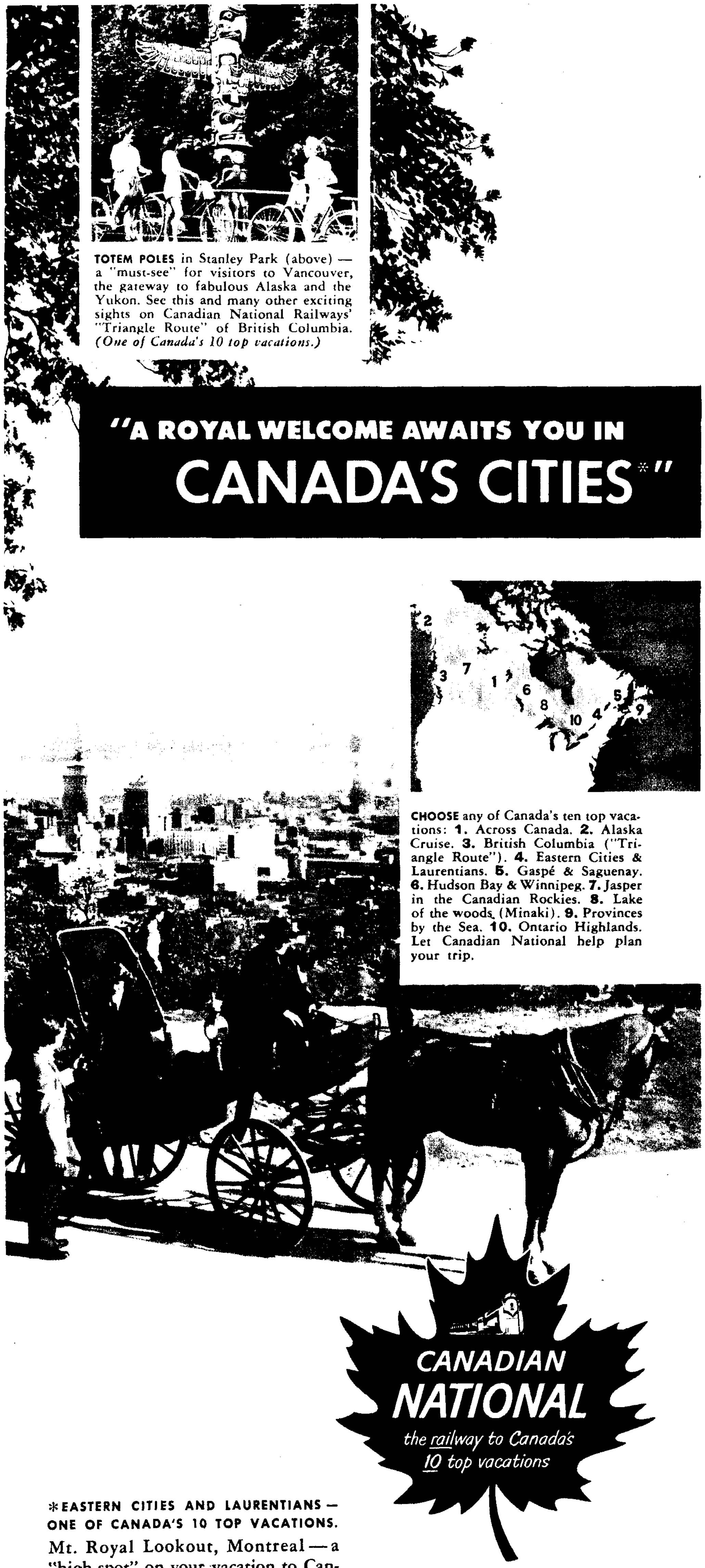
As might be expected, the rewards for finding substitutes for ACTH and for cortisone are tremendous. The drugs are really worth their weight in precious metals. Almost daily there is some report of another drug or process, but in every instance thus far there has been disappointment.

A few charlatans have been trying to make their own ACTH—selling it for as much as $250 for a single dose. But making this product and keeping it free from contaminating proteins and from the agents of the posterior pituitary is a costly process, demanding all the meticulous care that is given to the manufacture of products like penicillin and streptomycin and insulin and vitamin B_{12}.

The research on patients goes on. Too much ACTH can stimulate the production of other hormones, and then come the side effects that doctors have learned to fear. A woman with severe arthritis was treated with ACTH and developed the signs of virilism that are typical of overacting adrenals —hair on her face, a deep voice and ruddy discoloration of the skin.

In other instances the drug has caused a peculiar obesity, high blood pressure and the symptoms of diabetes. These same conditions are sometimes seen with tumors of the pituitary or of the adrenal gland. However, the symptoms usually disappear when the treatment is stopped or the dosages are greatly reduced. Now every case is really an experiment. But the results that can be obtained with right dosage and careful handling are still a miracle.

Jack Shanahan has, with the aid of his doctor, got himself down to dosages way below those that he started with. There's no use trying to tell him about "side effects"; he still remembers those dreadful awakenings in the morning; the depression of fighting hopelessly against a continuously progressing disease; the crutches and the disability. Jack has little china pigs with the letters ACTH painted on them which he keeps on his desk for inspiration; and last Christmas he put little pigs on his Christmas cards. Jack was an ACTH guinea pig and he's mighty proud and mighty thankful. Besides, he helped to open a new era in medicine. THE END


TOTEM POLES in Stanley Park (above) — a "must-see" for visitors to Vancouver, the gateway to fabulous Alaska and the Yukon. See this and many other exciting sights on Canadian National Railways' "Triangle Route" of British Columbia. *(One of Canada's 10 top vacations.)*

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The Man Whose Name Was Lost

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

finger grip, ripped the butt down, took up the saw and severed the backbone in just the right place and with an expert flip tossed the loin to the bench. He was hired on the spot. And he was to work there in that very shop and at that very bench from that day to the day he died at the age of sixty-four.

Despite the difficulty of language, Frederick's eagerness to serve drew the customers like a magnet. Within a month of his coming there were women who would patiently wait their turn with the new man. He was an expert butcher. To watch him perform that most difficult of all feats, the boning of a chicken, was to watch an artist at work. He liked nothing better than the preparation of a crown roast for some fussy matron of Gramercy Park. And when at the end he would place a pink-paper bonnet on each of the curving ribs that made up the diadem of the crown, he would step back and stare at what he had created and exclaim, *"Ach, sehr schön, sehr schön."*

DURING the first year, as he worked at his block, the last in the row, something happened to Frederick. The meekness went out of his voice. The air of perpetual subservience disappeared. He learned to laugh and joke in his broken English with his customers. In some mysterious fashion the New World had taken the cap out of the hand of the peasant. . . .

In the next twenty years Frederick became a legend in the neighborhood. Most of the legends centered about his strength. There are three stories that I remember now; there were many more. How on the wager of a nickel schooner of beer he had taken two ungainly hindquarters of beef (a total weight of 380 pounds) one on each shoulder and dogtrotted this load down to the corner and back.

The second was his involvement in what was the neighborhood scandal. It was a tough neighborhood, home of the Gashouse gang. Every cold-water tenement housed at least one pugilistic hope. Little fight clubs dotted the area. A preliminary boy called Young Malone, with almost a hundred fights to his credit, had the habit of getting drunk and staying drunk in the intervals between fights. During these periods he would invariably beat up his wife.

One day Frederick came upon Young Malone slapping his wife around on a street corner. He grasped the boxer firmly by the shoulder and said, "Shame, not nice, not nice." Young Malone whirled about, swung a left hook and Frederick dropped to the pavement.

Hurt and bewildered, Frederick struggled to his feet. Young Malone launched another left. Frederick caught it like a baseball in his two huge hands, toughened by decades of immersion in corned-beef brine. Malone could not withdraw his hand. He threw right after right at the side of Frederick's head, and they hurt as only the blows of a professional fighter can hurt. But Frederick stood like a rock, the fighter's left hand tight within his. Suddenly, Malone screamed with pain and dropped to the ground. The bones in three fingers of his left hand were broken. It was Frederick who took him to the doctor.

The third story of the legend had more to do with heart than strength, although it was his awesome strength that enabled Frederick to carry it off. Every Thursday morning, long before dawn, the butcher wagons would battle for loading positions in the great Gansevoort Market. It was a scene out of Bedlam: the flares sputtering through the darkness, the heavy dray horses slipping and sliding on the ice-covered cobblestones.

On one such morning, Frederick watched an old horse slip in the shafts and go down. Its driver jumped from his seat and began to whip savagely at the horse's head. Frederick ran over, snatched the whip from the man's hand and broke it in two. He removed the harness, took it from the shafts and coaxed the old horse to its feet. Then taking the horse collar he forced it around the driver's neck, lashed him between the shafts with his own harness and made him stand like that, amid the coarse jeering of his fellows, for an hour. . . .

Frederick was already a legend when, as a boy of seven, I brought my first dog to him. For years Frederick had run sort of an animal hospital. His packing-case stalls lined the back yard of the butcher shop. At home he had another six such pens to which he took those animals in need of greater care. The women of the neighborhood brought him their sick cats, the men and boys their dogs.

My dog's name was Sandy. He had run a nail into his front paw and neither I nor anyone else dared touch it. With tears in my eyes and Sandy in my arms I walked into the butcher shop and up to Frederick's block. Without a word he took the dog from me and carried him to the rear of the store. I followed him. Gently he placed Sandy on his side. Quivering, the dog lay there, raising his head occasionally to listen to the stream of soft German that neither he nor I could understand. When Frederick touched the injured paw, Sandy's skin shivered all over; and then, to my astonishment, he raised his head and licked at the butcher's huge red hands.

"Turn away, boy," Frederick said to me, and I obeyed. Then I heard Sandy scream and I screamed with him. When I turned around, Frederick had the nail in his fingers. Sandy still lay quivering on his side, and all through the application of the mysterious unguent and the bandaging he licked away at Frederick's hands.

AND so the Fredericks lived among us, part of our life, yet apart from it. They had no friends, close or otherwise, no pleasures, no recreations. No one ever visited them. They joined no clubs, attended no church. Ilse appeared only for her early-morning marketing, and then the door of the railroad flat would close on her frail back for the rest of the day. Frederick worked from five each morning to seven each night, to midnight on Saturdays. Sunday mornings we boys would sit on the back fence and watch while, stripped to the waist no matter what the weather, he washed down the horse and polished the bright red butcher wagon until it sparkled in the sunlight. And all the time the dogs in their hospital pens would whine and bark at him to attract his attention.

Only once did the Fredericks step out of the grayness of their grim and toilsome existence; but when they did, they split the district into two partisan groups. Around seven on Saturday nights the bums from the lower Bowery would start drifting uptown, begging from the shopping crowds, panhandling in each store. With the boss's consent, Frederick would take a breast of lamb (which sold for 2 cents a pound at the time) wrap a piece of paper around it and hand it to each bum that entered the store. Later, on his way home, Frederick would find the breasts of lamb littering the gutters for blocks around. The bums were not partial to uncooked meat.

One Saturday, late in the afternoon, Ilse suddenly appeared at the shop. She brought a market bag filled with loaves of rough dark bread she had baked herself; she made repeated trips, each time with more bread. Five ash cans, perforated with holes, were set up in a row in the back yard. Between sales Frederick would split the wood and tend the roaring fires in the ash cans. Pound after pound of breast of lamb he chopped and placed in the kettles; Ilse added water and the vegetables given to her by the neighborhood grocers. From seven to twelve the stew bubbled and frothed in the five big black kettles.

At midnight it began. Each bum would receive a tin plate filled to the brim with stew and two hunks of black bread. They would eat sitting on the ground or leaning against the fences. The word spread like wildfire. The line leading to the back door stretched up the avenue and halfway round the block, a long line of shuffling, muttering, half-frozen, half-drunken men stumbling inch by inch toward their one meal of the week.

Every Saturday, almost till dawn, the fires flickered in the darkness. Fights would break out on the line. Against these all Frederick's strength was useless, for these were men beyond strength, beyond fear, almost beyond hope. Only when little spare Ilse ran up and down the line saying over and over again, *"Bitte, kinder, bitte!"* did the quarreling subside.

There never was enough stew to go around. And as the last of it came into sight, a swirling knot of angry frustrated men struggled round the kettles. Curses would ring out against the windows of the surrounding tenements. Blood would flow. They fought as savagely as wolves. And the excited barking of the dogs in the pens only added to the turmoil.

It was this last—the noise—that split the neighborhood. There were some who stood for the Fredericks, and some who said "they have no right to disturb honest men's sleep." Often the cops were called out to keep order. The whole question of feeding "no-good bums who don't appreciate it anyway" became a neighborhood issue. In the end the parish priests decided it. They decided for the Fredericks.

Two cops were assigned permanently to keep the line in order. The novelty of it soon faded; it became part of Saturday nights. In the next six years or so Frederick and Ilse must have fed every bum that ever hit the Bowery.

THEN one day early in the spring (I remember because we kids were playing stick-ball) a woman came flying out of the Fredericks' house and ran for the avenue. In a few minutes Frederick, still in his white gown and apron, came up the center of the street on a dead run. We stopped the game and waited. In about fifteen minutes he came down his steps carrying Ilse in his arms. She had her face buried in his chest and her fingers kept plucking at his sleeve. He walked up the block toward Second Avenue and we trooped after him. He took her into the doctor's office. We waited on the stoop outside.

In a little while Frederick came out and he had her in his arms, but now she was very still, and he walked down the street and across the avenue like a blind man. He took her into the undertaker's.

The rest of that day, all that night and all the next day, Frederick sat in a chair beside the coffin. We could see him through the window. He never went to eat, he didn't smoke, he hardly moved—he just sat there. When people went in to talk to him, he never answered, never so much as moved his head. Finally, respecting the right of a man to grieve in his own fashion, they left him alone. No one was invited to the funeral. There was a hearse and one carriage. Frederick sat alone in the back seat.

After the strange funeral, Frederick carried on alone. Every morning he opened the store; every Saturday night he fed the line of bums. The women still brought him their cats, the boys their dogs. But the times were slowly changing. One by one the horsecars disappeared. The pushcarts were banned from the upper avenue. The red butcher wagon was replaced by a red truck.

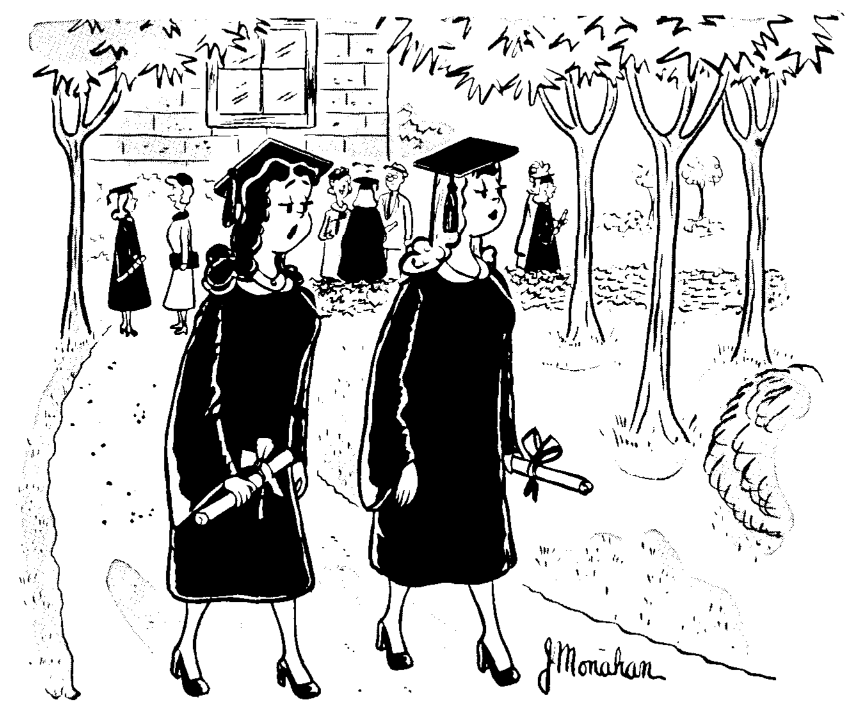
Frederick could still handle a hindquarter as if it were a matchstick, but he no longer carried one on each shoulder. We never thought of him as aging. But the mustache was suddenly gray, the hair white under the old straw hat. Day in and day out he stood there behind his block, immaculate in white apron and gown, with straw cuffs on his wrists and a smile for everyone who entered.

Strangely enough, no one missed him until the three sick dogs he had in the pens in his flat set up such a howling that the neighbors investigated. They found him slumped over the kitchen table. The doctor said he had probably suffered two heart attacks, first a light one and then the one that killed him. For in between he must have written the note they found in his hand. It was in his childlike scrawl, and it read:

> "The Roberts dog can go home. Is well. Should have only milk warm for week. The leg of Grierson dog is well also. Mrs. Grierson touch not bandage three day more no matter how dirty. Little Jacky O'Brien's dog not get better. Must go for gas. Somebody please to stay with Jacky while happens. There is so much pain in world. Children no understand it."

There were thirty-two coaches in Frederick's funeral cortege. I know, because I rode in the last one.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Gosh, I do hope I learned something or my folks will be simply furious!" JEFFREY MONAHAN

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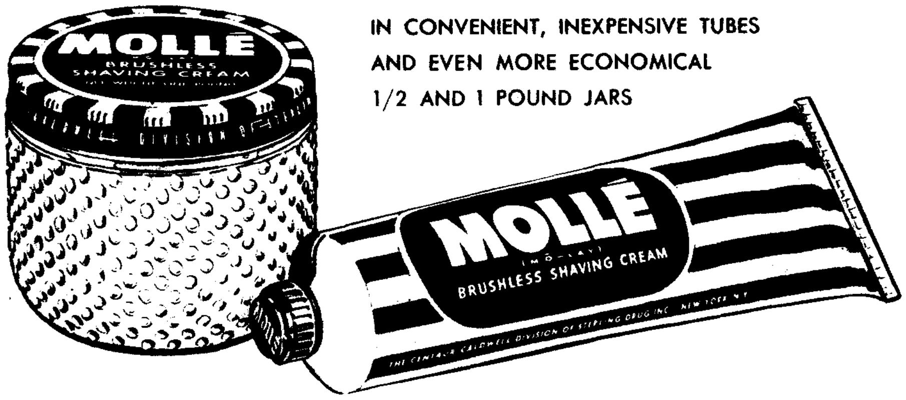


*Return empty tube to The Centaur-Caldwell Division, P. O. Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

It's Crowded Where Sammy Is

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

the gallery marshal announced that Mr. Snead would hit two tee shots on the 290-yard 11th hole. "The first will be Mr. Snead's regular drive," the marshal explained. "The second—in response to numerous requests from club members—will be an attempt to drive the green."

Favored by a moderate wind, Snead slammed his first drive into the short grass 10 yards *beyond* the green. "Doggone it, marshal," Sam complained, "looks like I'll have to use that second shot to chip back."

Nice Money for Exhibitions

Snead's minimum fee for exhibitions is $500. There also is a sliding scale, based on attendance, in his contract which occasionally raises his share to $1,500. Sam likes to sandwich at least two exhibitions around his weekly tournament commitment. Consequently, due to the extra travel involved, he seldom reaches the next tournament stopover in time to play a practice round.

More often than not, Sam arrives late on tournament eve, his pockets bulging with exhibition dollars. Checks may be considered a convenience by some people, but Sam prefers to collect straight from the box-office till.

Recently, Demaret encountered Snead in the lobby of a Southern hotel around midnight. Sam had just come in from another profitable exhibition. As he waddled toward the elevator, Demaret cracked:

"That boy's either loaded with money, or he's wearing five suits of underwear."

When Sam was breaking into tournament golf, he ate hamburgers and lived in dollar-a-night tourist cabins. Now that he has encountered prosperity, he lives in the best hotels, dresses well in conservative grays and blues, and drives the biggest and most expensive car on the market.

The extent of Snead's current prosperity can be gauged from the fact that his 1949 income tax was several thousand dollars *more* than his total tournament winnings. His gross income—swollen by lush exhibition fees, endorsements, royalties on his signature clubs, and syndicated articles—was about $75,000.

Sam doesn't pretend to be a writer, but he employs two par-busting literary accomplices. Asked to explain the secret of his success at a story conference, Sam revealed, "I just hit that ball the most simplest way there is." His ghost writers subsequently expanded this basic premise into three books, a series of syndicated golf lessons for newspapers and ten oral lessons which Sam recorded in album form last winter. Now, golf filberts can learn to play by ear, thanks to Snead.

It is doubtful, however, whether Snead or his writers, ever will be able to teach anybody a reasonable facsimile of the classic Snead swing. Nobody taught Sam. As a boy, he made his own clubs from the shafts of his dad's buggy whips. When golf balls were scarce, he whacked walnuts. He didn't even own a full bag of clubs when he signed on as pro at the Greenbrier club in White Sulphur Springs in 1936. But one year later, he was the favorite in his first National Open.

"Almost won it, too," Sam recalls wistfully. "On the last hole I hit the best wood shot I've ever hit. From a close lie, I socked a 235-yard spoon shot onto the green and the ball had so much backspin it jerked back six feet toward the cup after it landed. I sank an eight-footer for an eagle three and you should've heard that clubhouse gallery yell.

"Ralph Guldahl was down on the eighth green when that yell went up. He was lining up a 40-foot putt, and his partner, Harry Cooper, said, 'Looks like Sam's in.'

"'Yeah,' Guldahl said, 'it sure does.' Then he sank that 40-footer for an eagle. Next hole, he puts his tee shot 10 feet from the cup, and runs down his putt for a deuce. That made him even with me starting the back nine, and he came in scramblin' like a goat and puttin' like a fool. Finished up with the second lowest score in the history of the Open and beat me two strokes."

Guldahl was in the gallery at the 1939 Open at Spring Mill in Philadelphia when Snead came up to the final hole—a comparatively easy par five. Sam had been reaching the green in two shots throughout the tournament. He held a two-stroke lead over his closest pursuers—Denny Shute, Craig Wood and Byron Nelson—but he decided to go all out for a finishing birdie four rather than play safe for a par ("Didn't want anybody comin' in late like Guldahl did to beat me out.").

Sam's drive hooked into the rough. His second shot (brassie) rolled short of the green to the lip of a trap. His third shot (No. 8 iron) caught the top of a bunker and the backspin took it back into rutted turf, six inches from the sand.

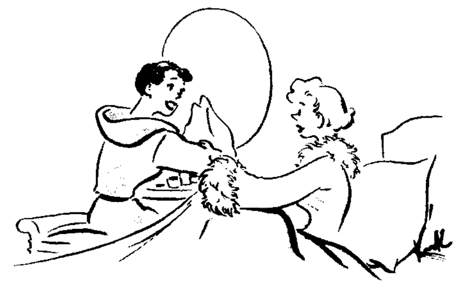
Typical Fortunes of Golf

Sam straddled the trap and took a baseball swing. His fourth shot (another No. 8 iron) spun wildly into a trap to the left of the green. Then he blasted onto the green and three-putted for the ruinous eight.

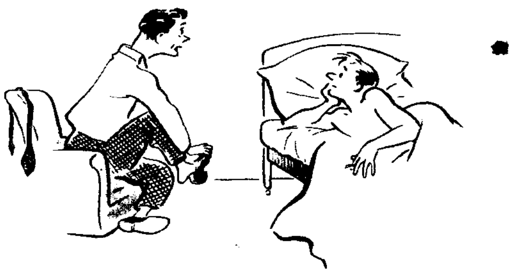
"That's the end of Snead," Guldahl commented. "He'll never win the Open after an experience like that."

So far, Guldahl's prophecy has stood up. Snead has won every major tournament *except* the Open.

But this is another year, the Open is back at Philadelphia again—this time at Merion Cricket Club—and Sammy Snead is long, long overdue. THE END



"He doesn't know it yet but he's as good as married this minute"



"Gee Al, do you suppose she'd ever fall for a guy like me?"

COLLIER'S KIRK

Vienna's Crimson Shadows

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Curtain and would talk against the Russians. That's called 'defensive' intelligence."

The Russians have long memories and they never forget anyone they suspect of taking part in anti-Soviet action or passing on information about them. Beautiful, talented Margarete Ottilinger was a victim of this Soviet vengeance.

Only twenty-nine years old and a top official in the Austrian Ministry of Economic Planning, Margarete fell in love with a Soviet officer in 1946. He deserted and fled to the West. Margarete became a marked woman. Driving through the Soviet zone last year and technically entitled to immunity because of her official position, she was nevertheless arrested by an armed Russian patrol.

In reply to Austrian government protests, Colonel General Alexis Zheltov, the deputy Red Army commander in Vienna, coldly retorted: "Fräulein Ottilinger has been sentenced to 25 years by a Soviet court for having influenced an officer to desert."

The Russians didn't stop at Margarete Ottilinger in settling old scores with Austrian officials.

Take Paul Katscher, who spent seven years in Nazi jails after a brilliant career as a railway expert. When he was liberated, he returned to work repairing his country's shattered rail system. He had to travel around the Soviet zone and the Russians were convinced—wrongly—that he reported their troop movements to the Western Powers. They also wanted him to help rehabilitate their railway network in central and eastern Europe.

Two years ago, Katscher was sent by the Austrian government to attend an international conference in Switzerland. He went on the Arlberg Express—the same train on which American Naval Captain Eugene Karpe was killed in a mysterious accident last winter. At the last Russian check post before the entrance to the American zone, three Russian officers hauled Katscher from the train. According to confidential sources, Katscher died recently in a Soviet prison camp at Lwów, formerly in Poland and now Russian territory.

A Man Who Knew too Much

Then there was Anton Marek, for more than 30 years an Austrian police official. Marek headed an internal security division which had more dope on what the Russians were doing in Austria than perhaps any of the Western Powers. Marek's men, as Austrians, could move freely into the Soviet zone.

On a summer afternoon in 1948, Marek got a telephone call. He told his secretary, "Colonel Karandashov and the boys at the Kommandatura want to see me."

There seemed nothing ominous about this. Marek often served as go-between for the Russians and the Western Allies on police matters.

He walked a half block from his office. A sedan pulled up alongside of him and he was forced into the car.

In a terse communiqué, four days later, the Russians announced that Marek had been guilty of conspiring against the Soviet. He was last reported in the MGB prison on Elisabethstrasse in Baden.

The Russians occasionally rely on a pretty girl as bait in an abduction job. Early this year, Gisella Sell, a twenty-four-year-old Berliner who had followed a Soviet officer to Austria when he was transferred, wanted to get official authorization to visit her home.

Gisella, a shapely brunette, had employed her boudoir talents with the Russian element in Austria after her lover, Lieutenant Alexander Yelenevsky, was sent home. She also had compiled a string of aliases so she could perform black market errands for her Russian friends. When she asked MGB Captain Orlov for documents to get her to Berlin, he told her she would first have to do the Russians a favor.

They wanted a Russian DP, Viktor Morejev, who was working as a handy man in an American billet at Steyr, a town near Linz. Orlov organized a kidnaping party of two DPs and Gisella. She made a reconnaissance trip to Steyr, using false credentials for entering the American zone and the code name "Nina" to get by the Russians. It wasn't hard for Gisella to strike up a cozy friendship with Morejev.

Kidnap Plot Gets Under Way

She returned to the Russian zone and reported to Orlov, who outlined the abduction plan. One of the DPs would drive Gisella to Steyr and the car would be used to haul Morejev to the Russian zone. Orlov gave Gisella a jar of ether and cherry brandy doped with Veronal to use on the victim. She also had a weighted suitcase which she was to leave at the railroad station for Morejev to fetch. Morejev could be seized by the driver when he emerged from the station.

The plan might have worked except for a sharp-eyed buddy of Morejev who heard Gisella say that she had just arrived by train. Morejev's friend had seen her driving into town. He told Morejev to stall until he notified the CIC. American agents then trailed Morejev to the station, where they picked up Gisella and the driver and rescued the quaking Morejev.

Now in American custody, Gisella talks freely of her associations with the Russians—while being treated for tertiary syphilis.

Other Russian DPs tabbed for abduction didn't have Morejev's luck. Adi Altmann, a member of Benno Blum's gang, went to Salzburg and convinced Nikolai Ageyev, an ex-Russian, that he could have a cushy job driving a black market truck. Ageyev, tempted by an advance of 2,000 schillings (about $80) agreed to accompany Altmann and two other members of the gang back to the Soviet zone. Altmann stopped every 20 miles and insisted on treating Ageyev to wine. The hapless DP soon fell into a drunken stupor.

At the last American check post, Altmann flashed his papers and smiled significantly at Ageyev. But as the car started to roll over the Enns River bridge separating the American and Russian zones, Ageyev suddenly came to and thrashed out at the driver. The car swerved into a bridge stanchion. Ageyev stumbled out and began to weave back toward the American side. But from the other side of the bridge the Soviet sentry, apparently alerted for the abduction, raised his rifle and fired. Startled, the DP tripped and fell.

Quickly, the sentry helped Altmann and the two other members of the gang drag him away as Austrian police looked on helplessly from the American check post.

Ageyev has been reported dying of tuberculosis in the crumbling pile of gray masonry the Russians use for an MGB prison at Ploesslgasse 8, in their sector of Vienna.

Now and then a victim escapes under unorthodox circumstances. Last year the Russians sought an Austrian whom we shall call Johann Kuper, but they asked the Austrian police to make the arrest. They explained he was wanted for murder. Actually, they suspected him of being a Western agent.

Every morning Kuper rode a white horse named Silver through the Prater, the big park in Vienna's Russian sector. The Austrian police, at Soviet insistence, sent two cops out on bicycles to arrest him. They found him on the bridle path and told him to follow them. Kuper quickly sized up the situation, turned Silver's head in the opposite direction and galloped for a bridge leading to the British sector.

While the Austrians pedaled furiously

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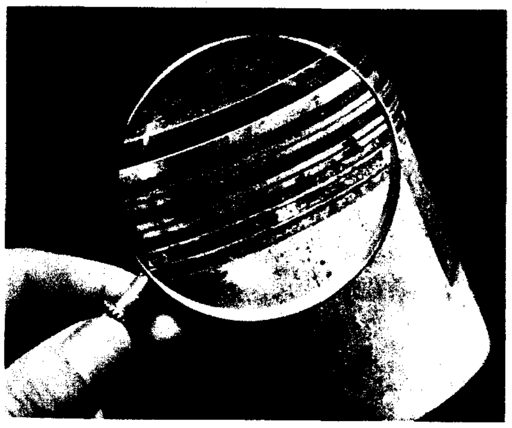

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Whiskey
86
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BOTTLED BY
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in pursuit, Kuper reached the bridge, cantered across and asked the British military police for protection.

Kuper's luck was matched last summer when Professor Karl Sondermann escaped from a Russian jeep because Viennese bystanders heard his cries and blocked traffic to help him flee. But breaks are rare in this grim business. There are even times when our plans to thwart a kidnaping misfire with embarrassing consequences.

A Viennese girl who was employed as a receptionist in an American intelligence branch lived in the Soviet sector with her family. The Russians approached her two years ago and demanded that she spy for them. If she refused, they threatened, her people would suffer. The girl informed her American superiors, and they supplied her with phony stories to pass on to the Russians. But in time they became suspicious. One day she was told to keep a rendezvous with two of them beside the statue of Prince Schwarzenberg near the Allied Council Building.

Our officers promptly assigned a CIC agent and a British MP to watch her and arrest the Russians—since the meeting place was at the time under British jurisdiction.

About ten o'clock in the evening, a car pulled up near the statue and two Russians in civilian clothes stepped out. As they grabbed the girl, the MP and the American agent drew up in a jeep and arrested the Russians at gun point. The girl was told to head for the American sector. The Russians were piled into the open jeep under the American's guard while the MP took the wheel.

Scarcely had they pulled away from the statue when a truckload of Soviet soldiers passed them. The Russians in the jeep shouted at the truck, as the MP stepped on the gas and sped to the nearest Austrian police station. There the prisoners were hustled into the station house and swiftly stripped of their documents, which the CIC man hid in another room.

A moment later, the truckload of Russians burst in, tommy guns in hand, rescued their own men and hauled away the American agent.

For the next 24 hours telephones jangled in both U.S. and Soviet headquarters. Finally a deal was arranged. The Russians said they would return our man in exchange for their papers, which showed that one of the two arrested Russians was a top MGB official. We agreed to the terms.

Many GIs in Soviet Hands

Luring our soldiers into the Soviet zone is another favorite Russian technique. Some GIs have been in Russian hands for as long as two years, mostly soldiers who went A.W.O.L. and feared to return and face the consequences.

Just how many are still held is a military secret, but there are many.

American intelligence officers got an insight into Soviet Lorelei methods not long ago when a couple of GIs at Linz went out on a week-end pass and picked up two Austrian girls. After a few drinks, the girls took them to a hotel and kept feeding them liquor until their passes expired. Then, when the soldiers became worried about what would happen when they returned to their units, the girls slyly suggested they'd be better off hiding out in the Russian zone. They offered to help the men get across the border.

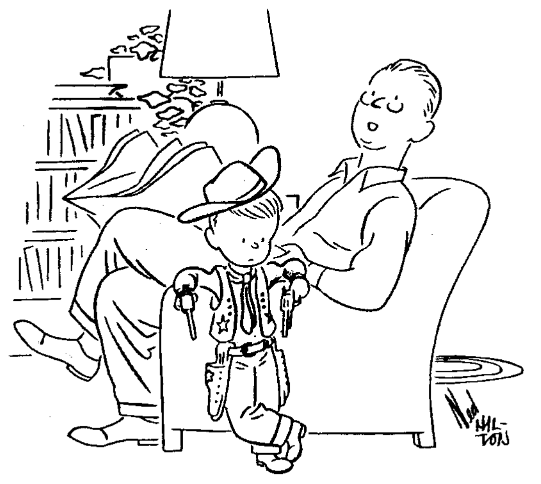
Instead of taking the advice, one of the GIs tipped off the CIC by telephone. He was told to agree to the flight into the Soviet zone. That evening, the girls took them down to a wooded bank of the Danube. Two men—DPs on the Russian payroll—came over in a boat. The CIC was waiting for them.

Russian agents have it softest when, as the recent Frankey-Abel case proved, they can recruit GIs to do their dirty work. The reprehensible role of these two young Americans in an abduction showed how the tentacles of the black market sometimes suck our own troops into Soviet hands.

Tough, squat Corporal Paul Abel, a bright but hard-drinking twenty-six-year-old from Bolivar, Missouri, had scored high on Army intelligence tests—high enough to make him eligible for officer candidate school. Instead, he preferred petty thievery and the company of an Austrian woman, Frau Antonia Koestbauer, a blowzy blonde once convicted of using her own daughter as prostitution bait.

Corporal Ensnared by Women

Abel went steady with mother and daughter. To keep them well-heeled and also to finance his drinking bouts, he used Antonia to sell his pilfered Army supplies on the black market. Deep in debt, Abel finally lifted a $1,700 radio out of an Army tank. Frau Koestbauer took one look at the radio and introduced the corporal to a black market operator.



"Let me tell you about William S. Hart. Strong, fearless, the soul of honor, and he *never made a sound*"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

"This is small stuff," the operator told Abel. "How'd you like to cut in on some real money?"

The sheaf of Austrian schillings in the operator's hands convinced Abel. A few days later, the black marketeer appeared with two Russians in civilian clothes. One, introduced as "John," spoke fluent English. The other stood by watchfully.

"Some of my friends are anxious to get hold of a group of Russian soldiers who deserted and are hiding in the American zone," the American corporal was told by "John." His friends, he added with a friendly smile, would pay extremely well for the delivery of these men—alive.

Subsequent investigation showed that the Russians knew everything about Abel's habits, his favorite night clubs and his debts. They were responsible for buying all his black market loot.

Egged on by Antonia, Abel met "John" several times over a wine-stained table in the sordid cellar café called the Papageno. Abel's first assignment, it soon developed, would need two men. So the corporal looked for a confederate among the men of his own 796th Military Police Battalion. He told more than 100 of the 600 soldiers in his outfit what was up. Although all of them refused to join him, it is significant that not one ever gave a hint to his superior officers that the Russians had found an agent among the MPs.

But finally, a tall, handsome sergeant—twenty-nine-year-old John Frankey—of New York City, succumbed to Abel's promise of easy money. Next day at the Papageno, Abel collected an advance of 2,000 schillings, and learned that he and Frankey were to kidnap an Austrian citizen named Oswald Eder, whose career, like thousands in this city, was checkered with odd jobs for several intelligence services.

The two amateurs were really amateurs. At the first rendezvous fixed for the abduction, Abel turned up drunk and Frankey got cold feet. Money, however, was a compulsive factor. A week later they drove boldly up to Eder's house in a borrowed Army jeep and told the Austrian that an American officer wanted to see him.

The Americans drove Eder to an abandoned factory just off the highway a mile out of town. "John" and four other Russians were waiting there. They seized Eder, slapped him around, dragged him to the factory, and paid off Abel with $320 in Austrian schillings. Eder has never been heard from since.

Frankey spent his half of the take quietly, but Abel went on a wild spree and was broke in a week. So he contacted "John," took an $80 advance on the "next job," and went off to Italy for a vacation.

When he got back, "John" had news of the next job. It was to kidnap an American—a CIC agent in Linz. The price was $800. But Abel protested. Snatching an American, he pointed out, would be difficult.

"John" agreed. "You may have to bang him over the head," he said.

"That's pretty tough," Abel demurred.

"It's been done before," was "John's" cold reply.

Abel was in too deep now to back out. He talked over the job with Frankey, who insisted it was too risky. That night, Frankey went to a cabaret to think things over and ran into an American CIC agent he knew.

At the bar Frankey suddenly folded.

"I've been contacted by the Russians for a kidnaping job," he blurted to the agent. "Let's get out of here, and I'll tell you all about it."

The two GIs were arrested, tried by court-martial at American headquarters in Salzburg. Frankey was sentenced to 15 years in prison and Abel twenty.

Frankey and Abel were two of the 796th MPs caught and convicted, but there are others currently under suspicion. It is common gossip that many of the men in this outfit are corrupt. The seamy bars and shabby hotels around the MP billets on Mariahilferstrasse are nesting grounds for Soviet agents and their stooges in the black market. Easy money is a constant temptation for these soldiers, many of them fresh from the States and still in their teens.

Green Hands at the Spy Game

This helps point up one of our biggest handicaps in the undercover war—we just don't have enough of the right personnel for the job. While American intelligence techniques have improved, the CIC agents who must apply them are rarely trained operatives. Most are inexperienced GIs, issued plain clothes and given a badge and a gun after little more than a four-week course in basic German and intelligence procedures. These youngsters are playing spy in a game whose stakes are high and against opponents who in many cases are veteran Comintern agents with years of experience in the Red underworlds of Europe.

And, worse, almost every time an agent has spent a couple of years on the job, and has acquired the valuable training he needs to beat the Russians at their own game, he's transferred out and replaced by another newcomer.

Our intelligence directors in Austria are beset by other problems as well. First of all, they say, Americans are never conscious of what security really means.

"Our troops," these intelligence officers told us, "figure that so long as they don't know the secret of the hydrogen bomb they don't have any information that the Russians could want. They couldn't be more wrong. The Soviets are interested in everything we're up to, and they often find out with no effort at all. Our own people talk too damn' much."

Then, too, we have to bear the brunt of intelligence operations, for our two Western Allies—the British and French—must function on limited budgets.

That leaves the Americans in the key spot, face to face with a tough, competent Soviet intelligence network that's getting smarter and more ruthless all the time. Patiently and painstakingly, the Russians are studying our habits, appraising our strength and learning to exploit our weaknesses. For they plan to be in Vienna a long time. Make no mistake about that. This listening post at the crossroads of the Western and Eastern worlds is just as important to them as it is to us.

A Visit to the Tass Office

Before leaving Vienna, we paid a social call on the Vienna correspondent for Tass, the Soviet news agency. He's an amiable young man who happens to double as an MGB agent. But you'd never know it, as he politely offers you a long Russian cigarette in his paneled office.

"Ah, it is quite dull in Vienna these days," he sighed between puffs. "All is so quiet. It is hard to find news to write about."

We asked him about Benno Blum, who'd been shot to death the night before. Our host waved his hand impatiently.

"We had nothing to do with this Blum," he said. "Nothing whatsoever. Those are American lies."

There seemed to be nothing more to say. We finished our cigarettes and made a luncheon date which we knew he wouldn't keep, and walked over to the gaunt brown building that houses the Soviet Kommandatura on the Ringstrasse. In Hitler's time that building housed the Gestapo.

A huge red star that lights up at night graced the building's façade. Red wooden barriers at either end of the block barred pedestrians from the sidewalk beneath the building.

Austrians don't need the barriers to make them give the building a wide berth. It was only last summer that Fritz Boehm, a Kommandatura chauffeur, leaped from Colonel Karandashov's fourth-floor office to that sidewalk.

Boehm had been arrested by his Russian employers when they suspected him of helping a young Soviet lieutenant to desert. Austrian passers-by had seen him half carried into the building. Others had seen him hurtle down a few minutes later; they'd heard him, bleeding but still conscious, scream his name before Russian sentries dragged his body back through the building's high wooden doors.

We walked through those same brown doors. Inside, a sentry with fixed bayonet barred our way and waved us to a small office at one side of the entrance corridor. A Soviet officer, in blue breeches and a brown tunic with gold epaulets, snapped a question at us in Russian.

We replied in German that we were Americans, that we would like to see Colonel Karandashov.

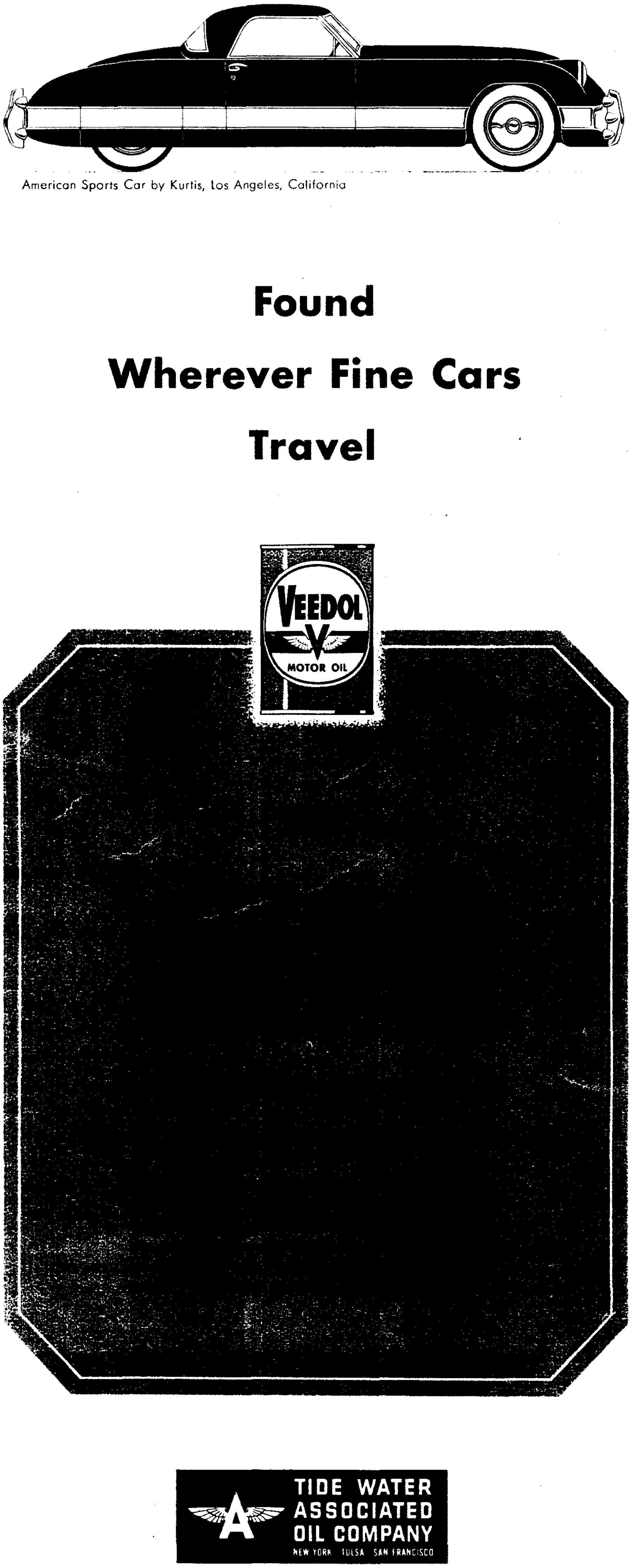
The officer gave us a cold stare and pressed a button. A moment later an attractive blonde came in, demurely dressed and smiling. She spoke excellent English. What did we want? We repeated our request and she relayed it to the officer.

There was a long, searching pause. Then the officer spoke rapidly and at length. We caught only one word—*"Nyet."*

The girl turned to us. "But there is no Colonel Karandashov," she said. "Who told you he was here? We have never heard of such a man."

The officer pointed to the door and we walked out quickly. We stopped for a moment outside in the sunshine to stare up at a fourth-floor window, the window of Colonel Karandashov's office—the window of the man the Russians never heard of.

Yes, everything is peaceful and lovely in colorful old Vienna these days. About as peaceful as a charge of TNT. THE END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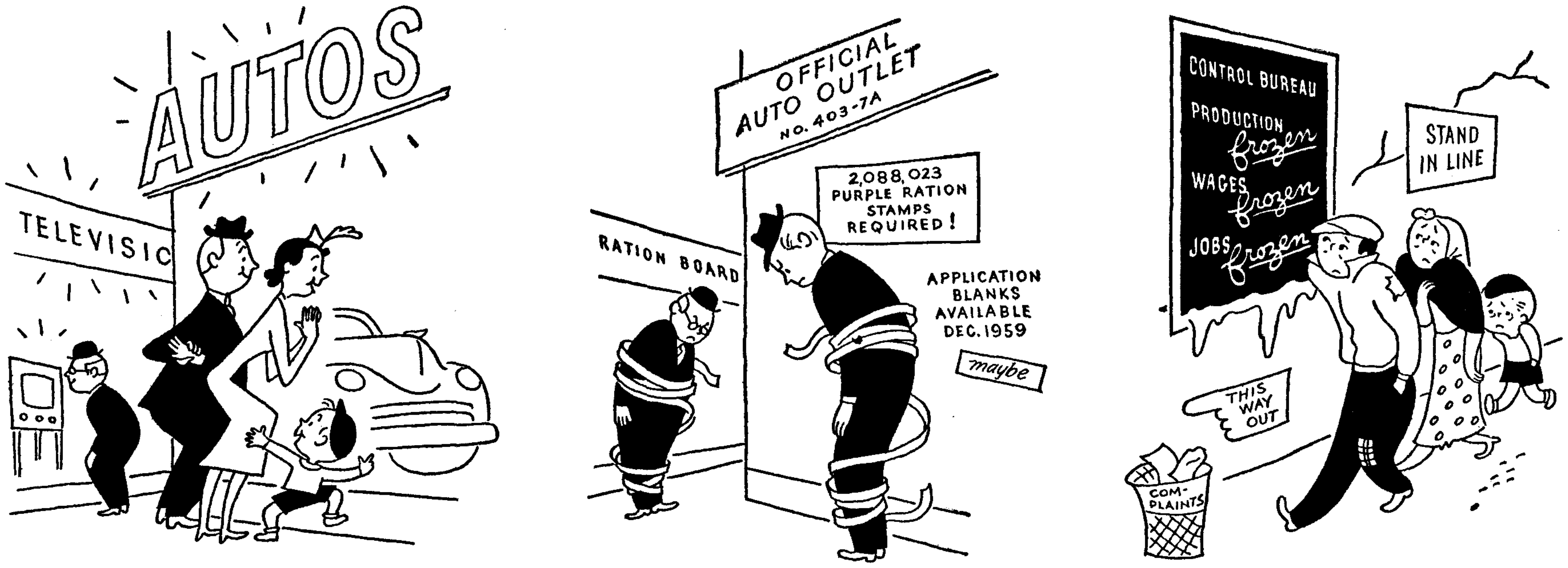
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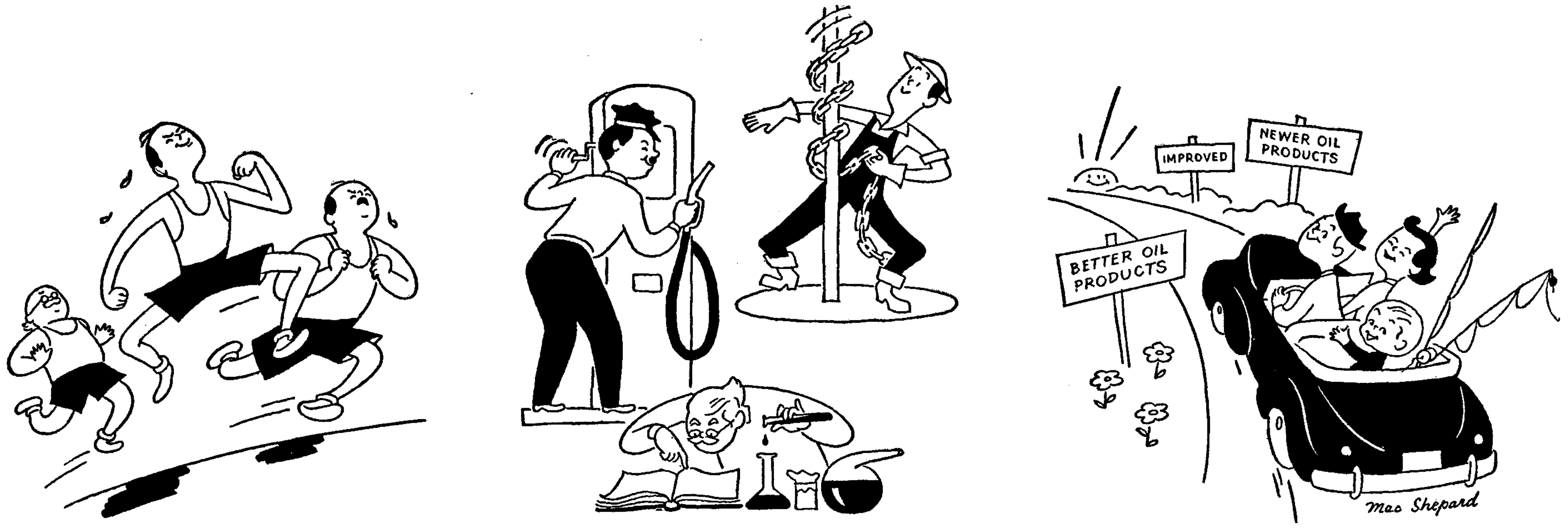
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The Babe I Knew Was Like This

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

games. He picked on Dutch Leonard particularly, because Dutch was having trouble with his control in those early spring games. He would get furious at me if I let a pitcher stay in the box when he was being hit hard, even though Johnny knew as well as I that the main purpose was to give the pitcher work, and winning a preseason ball game was secondary.

I appreciated Evers' fiery winning spirit, but I had a pretty good temper myself. Before I let it get away from me I let Johnny out the day before the season opened and hired Heinie Wagner as coach. I roomed Wagner with Ruth, and told him it was part of his job to see that the Babe was in on time and obeyed training rules. I discovered early that a special eye had to be kept on my big left-hander.

As a replacement for Jack Barry at second base I got Dave Shean from the Cincinnati Reds. For left field, which had been left vacant by the enlistment of Duffy Lewis, one of the great outfielders of all time, I reached up into Toronto for George Whiteman, who had failed to make the big leagues in an earlier try with the Yankees. Whiteman was no Duffy Lewis, as few who came after ever were, but he was a good honest workman who gave the best that was in him at all times. I always admired George for that.

Also, I resurrected Sam Jones from a place behind the water cooler. When Tris Speaker was traded from the Red Sox to Cleveland in 1916, the Indians threw Jones in as "a little something extra," and for the next couple of years hardly anyone had known he was on the club. He rarely got into a game, and then only when it was hopelessly lost. But I quickly saw during spring training that he had a baffling delivery and a lot of stuff, so I made him one of my starting pitchers.

Cast-Off Pitcher Makes Good

Sam rewarded me by winning 16 games that season, and went on to be one of the right-handed stars of the league, pitching in the majors for 21 years—five of which later were with the Yankees—and winning 230 games.

The 1918 season was a short one, ending on Labor Day in accordance with Secretary of War Newton D. Baker's "work or fight" order—which meant men had to be engaged in employment connected with the war effort, or in uniform. However, even in a war-curtailed year we made a creditable showing. We won the pennant over the Cleveland Indians by three and a half games, and were in first place from the Fourth of July on.

In their way, I think those 1918 Red Sox were an extraordinary club. We were one of the best defensive teams ever put together, and I would say that we won the pennant, and subsequently the World Series, because we were tough to score on. Certainly it wasn't because of our hitting. We were seventh in batting in the league that year, with a team average of .249!

I had McInnis on first, Shean on second and little Deacon Scott at short, but I never did have a regular third baseman. At one time I had played McInnis there, and at other times Fred Thomas, Jack Stansbury, George Cochran and Jack Coffey, now the graduate manager of Athletics at Fordham University, his alma mater. Little Scottie once said, "Just when I get to know the third baseman well enough to call him by his first name, Barrow has another one."

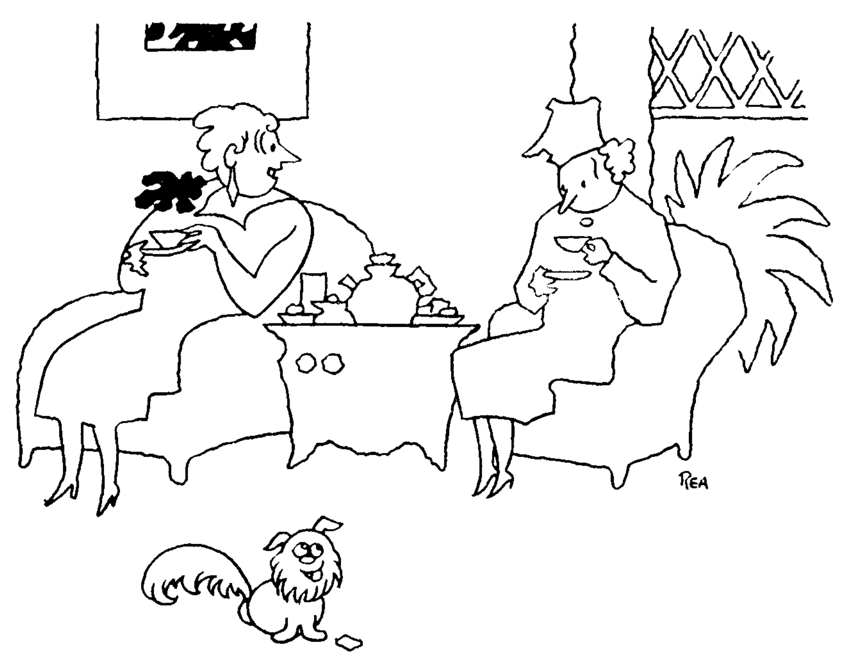
Whiteman in left was only a .270 hitter. He was a right-handed batsman, and it was in order to get more wallop into my line-up that I began to alternate him with Ruth, using the Babe against right-handed pitchers and Whiteman against southpaws. Imagine alternating the Babe against left- and right-handed pitching!

But Ruth was always willing. He loved to play ball and never complained. When he pitched, recognizing his unusual talents at the plate, I frequently used him in the cleanup spot in the batting order. He didn't let me down on the field, though I frequently had my disciplinary difficulties with him off. He played in 95 games as an outfielder, hitting an even .300 and getting 26 two-baggers, 11 triples, and 11 home runs. And as a pitcher in 20 games he still came up with 13 victories!

With the "work or fight" order in effect, there was some question whether the World Series would be played that fall. But Garry Herrmann, chairman of baseball's National Commission, took a chance and wrote to the Secretary of War, offering to donate a percentage of the World Series receipts to war charities. He received in reply a telegram from General Enoch Crowder, in charge of the draft for World War I. It read:

"The request contained in your letter, asking for the extension of the application of the work-or-fight order to professional ballplayers of the National and American Leagues, is granted by the Secretary of War. The period of extension will be until September 16th."

We beat Chicago in the Series, four games to two, Ruth starting the first game and beating Big Jim Vaughan of the Cubs, 1 to 0, and also pitching and winning the fourth game, 3 to 2. I wanted to let Ruth finish that fourth game, but I couldn't. After he walked the first two men in the ninth, with the score tied at 2-2, I had to take him out and put in Bullet Joe Bush—though I still kept the Babe in the game by moving him to left field. Bush got out of the jam and we scored a run off Shufflin' Phil Douglas in our own half of the ninth to win.



"Of course, we never *win* anything at the dog shows, but we have fun entering him in all the different breeds"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

But until the Cubs scored two runs off Ruth in the eighth inning, he had pitched 29 innings of scoreless ball in the World Series—going back to the second game of the 1916 Series he played under Carrigan. It is a record, which stands to this day, for scoreless pitching in a World Series. The Babe was always as proud of that, if not prouder, than he was of his record of 60 home runs in one season.

The pitching throughout the entire Series was remarkable, the scores of the six games being 1-0, 3-1, 2-1, 3-2, 3-0 and 2-1. And the fielding of the Red Sox was outstanding. My team made only one error in the six games for a fielding average of .996. I have been at almost all of the World Series since the first one in 1903, but I think the fielding of the 1918 Red Sox is the best I have ever seen.

The transition of Ruth from pitcher and part-time outfielder to full-time outfielder and the home-run king of the big leagues was made complete in the 1919 season. I had thought much about it during the winter, and that spring, during an exhibition game with the Giants at the Fair Grounds in Tampa, Ruth just about made up my mind for me. He hit the longest home run he ever poled in his life—and, as you know, he hit more than 700 of them.

Batting against Columbia George Smith, with one man out and one on in the first inning, Ruth hit a ball far over Ross Youngs's head in right center field. I don't think there is a ball park in either major league that that blow of Ruth's wouldn't have cleared completely. Those who saw that homer were awestruck. After the game Youngs marked as nearly as he could the spot where the ball had landed. Melvin Webb, baseball writer for the Boston Globe, got a surveyor's tape and measured it. The distance was 579 feet!

Altogether, that was quite a training trip. Ruth's sensational work of the year before had made him a great drawing card. That, plus the fact that we were world champions, induced John McGraw to propose to me that the Giants and Red Sox play their barnstorming games northward together. I always liked John and thought the series would be a good conditioner. As things turned out, it was the roughest spring series I have ever seen, and would have ruined both ball clubs before we ever started the season if we hadn't called a halt to the rough stuff.

There were fights every day. Laughing Larry Doyle, who was a delightful fellow otherwise, was a particular villain, and after he almost broke Mike McNally's neck in a collision at second base I went to McGraw's room at the hotel that night and said:

"John, you'll have to make your players quit that stuff or someone is going to get seriously hurt. My boys are pretty sore, and, as a matter of fact, so am I."

McGraw agreed with me, and from the next day on we had no further trouble.

I thought for a while I was going to have quite a ball club in my second year as Red Sox manager. With the war ended many of the old stars returned and I had an abundance of good material. But Frazee, feeling he could trim the payroll and pick up a little extra cash to boot, traded off three of my returned stars, pitchers Ernie Shore and Dutch Leonard and outfielder Duffy Lewis, to the Yankees—getting, among other things, a check for $50,000 from the rich New York owners, Colonel Jacob Ruppert and Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston.

Nevertheless, even though I didn't have all I thought I was going to have when the season opened, I decided to go ahead with my plan to make Ruth a full-time outfielder. Through the first month of the season I pitched Ruth in his regular turn, playing him frequently at other times in the outfield. One day the Babe complained of being weary.

I looked at him, a big, strapping fellow, full of youth and energy.

"Tired!" I barked. "Of course you're tired. But if you stopped your carousing at night and took better care of yourself you could play every day and never feel it."

Deciding Ruth's Future

A few weeks later I put it up to him. I wanted him to have a say in the matter of which way his career would go. I have always felt that if Ruth had stuck to pitching he would have been one of the greatest left-handers of all time. But I also believed that he had a greater future as a hitter. The Babe agreed with me, and he became my regular right fielder. He played in 130 games that year, batted .322 and hit 29 home runs—a new record. People said no man ever would hit that many home runs again.

The most serious disagreement I ever had with the Babe—though we had 15 years together later on with the Yankees—took place that year.

I always made it a practice when on the road to stay up until I knew all my players were in the hotel. But one night, sitting up in the Raleigh Hotel in Washington, the Babe was a little too much for me. I waited until 4:00 A.M. and then went to bed.

The next night I gave the porter a couple of dollars to notify me when Ruth came in.

"I don't care what time it is," I said, "come to my room and tell me."

The next morning, at 6:00 A.M., there was a knock on my door. It was the porter.

"That fellow just came in," he said.

My room was just down the hall from that of Ruth and Dan Howley, whom I had hired as a coach that spring and made Ruth's "keeper."

"Don't worry, Manager," Howley had said to me at the time. "I'll take care of that guy if I have to put a ring through his nose."

I need hardly add that Howley was never any more successful at putting a ring through the Babe's nose than anyone else ever was.

I put on my dressing gown and slippers and went down the hall. There was a light showing through the transom of Ruth's room and I could hear voices inside. I knocked on the door and the light went out and the voices stopped. I tried the knob. The door was unlocked and I walked in.

The Babe was in bed, smoking a pipe, with the covers pulled up under his neck. Howley was nowhere in sight. He had ducked into the bathroom.

"Do you always smoke a pipe at this time of the morning?" I asked Ruth.

"Oh, sure," he said. "It's very relaxing."

I walked over to the bed, grabbed the covers and pulled them down. Ruth was fully clothed, even to his shoes and socks!

"I'll see you two at the ball park!" I said, and went out.

When I reached the clubhouse that afternoon the players were dressing for the game, Ruth among them. I locked the door

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and then proceeded to read the riot act about the violation of training rules, directing most of my remarks to Ruth. The Babe took it for a while, and then spoke back, threatening to punch me in the nose. A hush fell over the clubhouse.

"All you fellows finish dressing and get out of here," I said, "all except Ruth. You stay here, Babe, and I'll give you a chance to see if you can punch me in the nose."

Dave Shean and Harry Hooper came over to talk me out of it, but I was too mad. The players finished dressing and started out of the room. Ruth wasn't first out. I would say he was about fifth. That was the closest the Babe and I ever came to blows.

Left Out of the Line-Up

When I got out to the bench, Ruth was in the outfield shagging flies. As the time approached for the game to begin he came in and stood at the dugout steps staring down at me. I didn't look up, though I knew he was there, and kept writing the line-up on the card which is given to the umpires.

Finally the Babe spoke up:

"Am I playing today, Manager?" he asked.

"Go in and take off your uniform," I said. "You're suspended."

That night we left Washington to return to Boston. About the time we were passing Trenton the buzzer in my drawing room sounded. It was the Babe.

If there ever was a big shamefaced kid with a guilty conscience trying to get off the hook, that was the Babe as he stood framed in the doorway.

"Will you speak to me, Manager?" he asked.

I told him to come in.

We had quite a talk that night, the Babe and I, and I think I learned as much about him then as I ever did. He told me all about his boyhood and the tough going he had had as a kid. My heart went out to this big, overgrown boy, and I understood him better. Most of all he didn't want to be suspended. That was the greatest punishment I could have given him, because he loved to play ball.

"Manager," he said, "if I leave a note in your box every night when I come in, and tell you what time I got home, will you let me play?"

I couldn't say no, and thereafter, for the rest of the time Ruth was on the Red Sox, he would leave a note in my box, addressed to "Dear Eddie" or "Dear Manager," and tell me what time he had got in. I don't know whether he ever lied to me or not. I never checked up on him. I took his word.

In July, I lost my best right-hander, Carl Mays, of the submarine delivery. Mays was a peculiar fellow, moody and irascible and not very popular with his teammates, but he could pitch. He had won 21 games for me the year before. He wasn't going so well in 1919 and felt some of the fellows behind him were lying down when he was pitching. This was nonsense, of course, but that is what Carl thought.

Pitching against the White Sox in Comiskey Park on July 13th, Mays finished up the fifth inning and walked through the dugout and into the dressing room in a huff, saying, "I'll never pitch for this ball club again." Wally Schang, our catcher, trying to get a man at second, had hit Mays in the head with the ball, and I thought he was sore about that, but I paid little attention to him.

When we had finished our turn at bat and Mays hadn't reappeared I sent Sam Jones into the clubhouse to tell him we were waiting for him. Jones found Mays dressing and couldn't persuade him to come back. What I hadn't believed possible was true. Mays didn't pitch for the Red Sox again.

That night Frazee called me on the phone.

"Don't suspend this fellow," he said. "The Yankees want him and I can get a lot of money for him."

Two weeks later Mays was sold to the Yankees for $40,000.

The deal created a terrific furor, and, as it turned out, marked the turning point in Ban Johnson's career as a power in baseball. Ban wouldn't approve the deal, insisting that Mays should have been suspended. It was necessary for the Yankees to go into court to get title to Mays. The fight split the American League into two factions, Yankee owners Ruppert and Huston, Charley Comiskey of the White Sox, and Frazee forming the "insurrectionists," and Navin of Detroit, Griffith of Washington, Mack and Shibe of Philadelphia, Dunn of Cleveland and Ball of St. Louis, the "loyal five." In 1920 these same "insurrectionists" joined with the National League in electing Kenesaw M. Landis Commissioner of Baseball over Johnson's head, which was the beginning of the end for Ban.

Despite the heavy hitting of Ruth and his 29 home runs, we had a bad year, finishing sixth. It was a terrific disappointment to me after the year before, but it was nothing compared to the blow Frazee handed me that winter.

I was living in New York, at 644 Riverside Drive, when I got a call one Sunday morning from Frazee. I was taking a shower and I answered the phone with a towel wrapped around me. Frazee said he wanted to see me, and made a date for six o'clock that evening to meet me in the Hotel Knickerbocker, at Forty-second Street and Broadway.

I had a hunch right then and there what he wanted to see me about, and when I got to the Knickerbocker my worst fears were quickly confirmed. Frazee was sitting in the café with Frank McIntyre, the actor. He got to the point immediately.

"Simon," he said, "I'm going to sell Ruth to the Yankees."

"I thought as much," I said. "I could feel it in my bones. But you ought to know that you're making a mistake."

"Maybe I am," Frazee said, "but I can't help it. Lannin is after me to make good on my notes. And my shows aren't going so good. Ruppert and Huston will give me $100,000 for Ruth and they've also agreed to lend me $350,000. I can't turn that down. But don't worry. I'll get you some ballplayers, too."

"Listen," I said, "losing Ruth is bad enough, but don't make it tougher for me by making me show off a lot of ten-cent ballplayers that we got in exchange for him. There's nobody on that ball club that I want. This has to be a straight cash deal, and you'll have to announce it that way."

That is the way it was, and the way it was announced.

As might be expected, the Ruth-less Red Sox of 1920 were no ball of fire, though we did manage to finish a little higher than the year before—in fifth place. I made some deals with Detroit, Washington and Cleveland, but they were minor ones and didn't add much to the club. In addition, the fans were still sore at Frazee over the Ruth deal, and were constantly being reminded of it as the Babe went along hitting home runs in a Yankee uniform at an even dizzier pace than he had in Boston, clouting 54 of them and rolling up a batting average of .376.

I was glad when the season was over.

An Unexpected Phone Call

I returned to my home in New York and began to get ready for a hunting trip. It was about a week after the season ended, and I was packing one day when the phone rang. It was Frazee.

"Simon," he said, "Cap Huston of the Yankees is over in Roosevelt Hospital and wants to talk to you. He isn't seriously sick and you can go right in. I'd advise you to see him. Anything you do is all right with me."

No matter what else Harry Frazee did, he was always more than fair with me, and it was more than generous that he should direct me to the part owner of the Yankees. At the time Frazee was in terrible shape financially. He was heavily in debt and about to step up his player-selling spree to a point unequaled in baseball history, and which didn't end until he got out of the Red Sox and baseball altogether a couple of years later. He knew bad times were ahead.

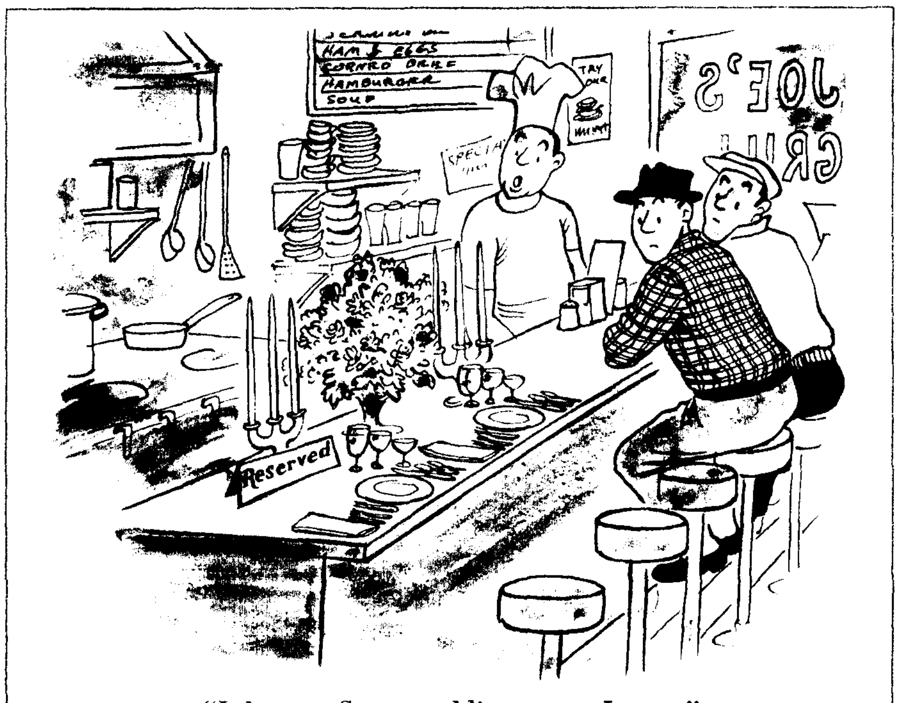
Harry Sparrow, who had been business manager of the Yankees since Ruppert and Huston bought the club in 1915, had died during the year, and when the matter of his successor came up, Frazee recommended me to the Yankee colonels.

I went over to see Huston and he offered me the job.

"What do you say, Simon?" said the Cap, picking up Frazee's pet name for me. "Is it a deal?"

It was not a hard decision to make. The Yankee colonels were the richest owners in baseball and they were building. They had Ruth. I knew further that this time I would be on the receiving instead of the losing end of Frazee's deals. And it was New York.

It had been a long trail—Wheeling, Paterson, Toronto, Detroit, Indianapolis, Montreal and Boston. But this was the last stop. I moved into the front office of the New York Yankees on October 29, 1920, and I stayed there for twenty-five years.



COLLIER'S "I dunno. Some wedding party, I guess" CORKA

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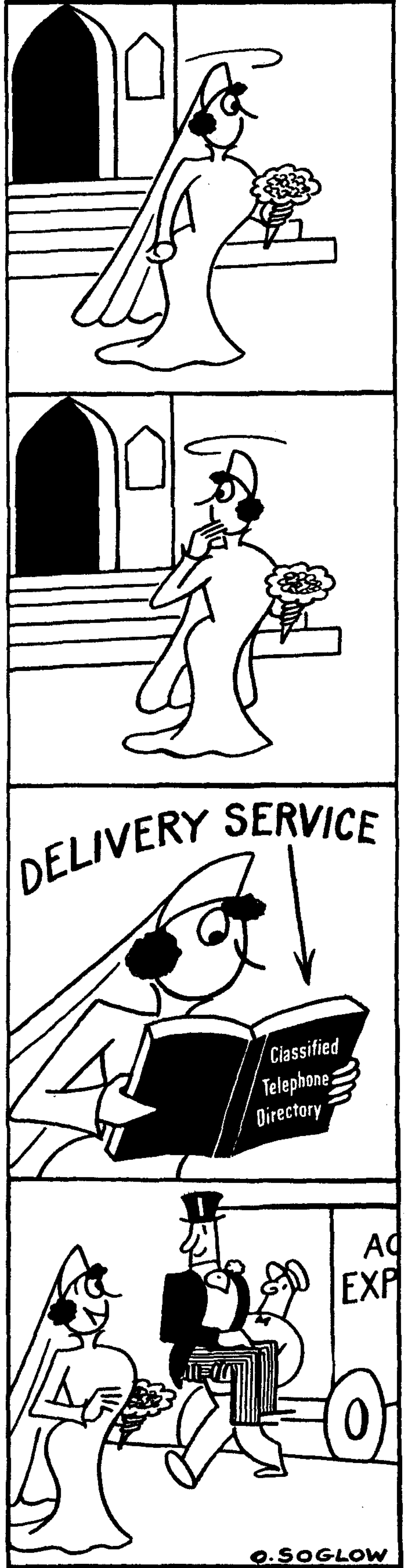

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Well Done, Sir

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

giant May Department Stores Company and Gregory J. Nooney, leading St. Louis realtor, are typical.

The earliest classes he taught were at night school. Commerce & Finance didn't start day classes until 1920. Many of his students came from large families or homes of limited means and had to use the daylight hours for paying work. Peet, Wieck and Nooney were among these.

Wieck remembers Klausner's "Sunday school." The professor held it so regularly that it was just about curricular and Wieck, who had not been fortunate enough to get Klausner as a regular instructor, snapped up the chance to attend on his own on week ends. He got into trouble with his own teacher who, jealous of the Klausner enterprise, started his own Sunday meetings and expected Wieck to patronize them. Wieck stuck to Klausner.

Cecil Muellerleile, who represented the alumni at the testimonial dinner speakers' table, will not forget Klausner's help. Muellerleile, a big jovial man, was miserable on his first day in St. Louis, a dank one, dark with soft-coal smoke then permitted in St. Louis. He'd just come down from crisp and clear Wisconsin, intending to study under the Jesuits, and had been hit hard by the lack of friends and pleasant skies.

The professor came along, stopped Cecil in the hall, extended his hand, introduced himself, asked the homesick boy how he was and bade him welcome to the school. But he couldn't be cheery enough to strike a smile from the sulking Muellerleile face.

"Why, I'm surprised," the professor finally said, stepping back and craning his neck to look the giant over. "A big strapping boy like you should find this a great adventure. Get out on that football field and you won't be lonesome long."

Muellerleile took the advice and went on to become one of the school's football greats. He served as the university's head coach for 10 years after that and still later became a successful businessman. He's now city manager in St. Louis for an oil company.

The professor learned about loneliness the hard way, living in New York and unable to speak English. The move had been born of desperation; the desperation was born of Russian pogroms under the czar. In the old country Klausner had had a good job as a representative for a woolen firm, but a bad scare he got when he returned from a business trip to Siberia decided him on throwing over a well-established life and starting over again in another country.

On reaching his home in Kiev, he found that his family was all right only through a miracle. Just in time Anna, his wife, their daughter, Rae, and their son, Eli, had been spirited out of the city and into the relative safety of the farm country by hiding under a farmer's load of hay. The friend who rescued them—a Catholic—was soon to lose his own life at the hands of the terrorist Russian police.

Eli, now a prosperous St. Louis dentist with a family of his own, can still remember peeking out from under that load of hay to see Cossacks riding through Kiev's streets with drawn sabers.

Anna Klausner did not readily fall in with her husband's idea of moving to the United States. She and Gus were cousins who had met for the first time as students at the University of Kiev, where he was taking a degree in business and she was studying medicine. Gus won out over medicine and was thereafter so grateful that he seldom was insistent about his own wishes when his beloved Anna disagreed. But now, for the first of three times in their life together, he put his foot down on a major issue and made it stick.

He went on ahead, alone, to New York, where the best he could do economically was a janitor's job in a factory. After four months of that he sought help in a letter to Anna's uncle in St. Louis, a Dr. Moses DeVorkin.

"Come here," Doctor DeVorkin replied. "We'll fix you up."

In St. Louis the rise in the Klausner fortunes was not immediately perceptible. Gustave landed a job as a stock boy with a clothing firm headed by Walter Marx, a friend of the doctor's. But Gus was smart, Marx was interested in him and he soon was head of the stock department. He sent for his family in 1909 and one day, a year after that, read Father Davis' notice in a newspaper that a new commerce school would soon be started at St. Louis University.

Gustave showed the announcement to Anna and said he wanted to go to night school. She was incredulous.

"You're thirty-six, dear," she said. "You don't want to go to school now."

Down came Gustave's foot a second time.

Father Davis was of Anna's mind at first. He was Klausner's age himself and considered it too old. He had been given a new and challenging assignment and felt he could do without having to teach one of his first students English as well as the rudiments of business.

Klausner was persistent.

"But, Mr. Davis," he pleaded, "should I lose my ambition because I am too old?"

The priest had to admit that was a point.

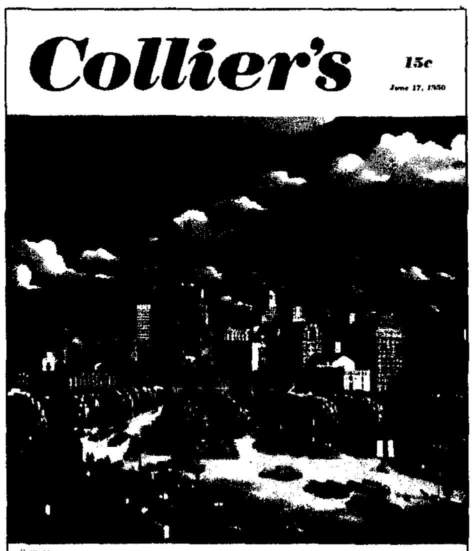
"Without more education I can go no further," Klausner continued. Father Davis spotted the exaggeration here but he admired the try.

"Well, sir," he said, "I can hardly turn down a man with your enthusiasm. But if you don't mind, I'm usually called 'Father' and not 'Mister.' "

Out of hundreds of applicants, 42 were selected for the first class, including Klausner. Of the 42, 10 were graduated, including Klausner.

No one at the university envied Father Davis his job. He was well trained in the arts and sciences; he was an extremely effective orator whose prowess is still talked of on the campus; he was a dexterous fellow

NEXT WEEK



FREE THE ATOM—By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

The Article of the Year–The Key to the Future with unruly students, held the honor of being the first quarterback in St. Louis University football history, and once had turned down a major-league pitching post with the Cincinnati Reds; he knew the classics like the back of his hand. But he was a babe in the woods in the business field of education.

Klausner, already well educated at Kiev, turned out to be a gold mine that could be tapped easily with a little enterprise from the English department. The bread Father Davis had thrown on the water by admitting Klausner came back cake. And Klausner found he had fallen in love with education among the Jesuits when he tried to return his interest wholly to Walter Marx's clothing business.

"Mama," he said, pressing his foot down firmly for the third time, "I'm going to teach."

Anna didn't object much. She was getting used to her new Gustave.

Father Davis agreed, after a little thought.

But Walter Marx's amazement was profound. He tried to dissuade the would-be scholar.

"I've heard of a lot of people going from teaching to business, but never from business to teaching," he said.

"I like teaching much better than making money," Gus told him.

That was in 1915. In a letter this spring from California where he is in retirement, Walter Marx told the professor:

"Since your association with the university has been so outstandingly successful how grievous a blunder it would have been if my judgment had prevailed," he wrote.

Lost All Track of Time

Some persons are entranced by books. Others live for music. In the same way Professor Klausner could lose himself in teaching, becoming so engrossed with his own lectures that he wouldn't hear the bell. And when he was reminded, he would try to hold on to the spell by saying, "Wait a minute, I'll only be a second." He is well remembered for that.

When the commerce school was still confined to the basement of the university's administration building, the professor had the classroom directly under the chapel. And often when the Jesuits were at their litany, the contemplative quiet would be shattered suddenly by the professor's enthusiasm under the ancient pine floor.

He might be shouting, "Where did the profits go?" or, "Let's put Mr. Cash in the bank!" And Father Davis, raising his eyes to the high vaulted windows, would ask himself, "What kind of a sound must that make in Heaven?"

Gustave Klausner learned as readily as he taught. Long after he had ceased to be a student under Father Davis in the formal sense, he would sit listening into the wee small hours while the regent and his staff kicked ideas and suggestions around. It was here more than anywhere else that he learned the American way of life.

The freshmen took a hand in teaching him, too, and their shenanigans eventually led him into his only quarrel with the regent. They would set his desk so close to the edge of its dais that a slight push from him during the corralling of a trial balance would send it crashing over on its side. They would have a field day carrying the "patient" out of the room when a husky classmate would suddenly "faint." And they would set his watch 15 minutes ahead and get out that much earlier by assuring the professor that he indeed had not heard the bell.

Taken to Task by the Regent

These early departures became so frequent that Father Davis felt called upon to take steps. He bounded out of his office one day and confronted a surprised Professor Klausner in his classroom doorway just after a noisy exodus on the part of the class.

"Klausner," he boomed, "how many times have I told you not to dismiss this early?"

"But it's eleven o'clock," the professor protested, looking at his pocket watch.

"It is ten forty-five. Your watch is wrong again," the priest said coldly. "I'll have to ask you to keep your students in until proper bell time."

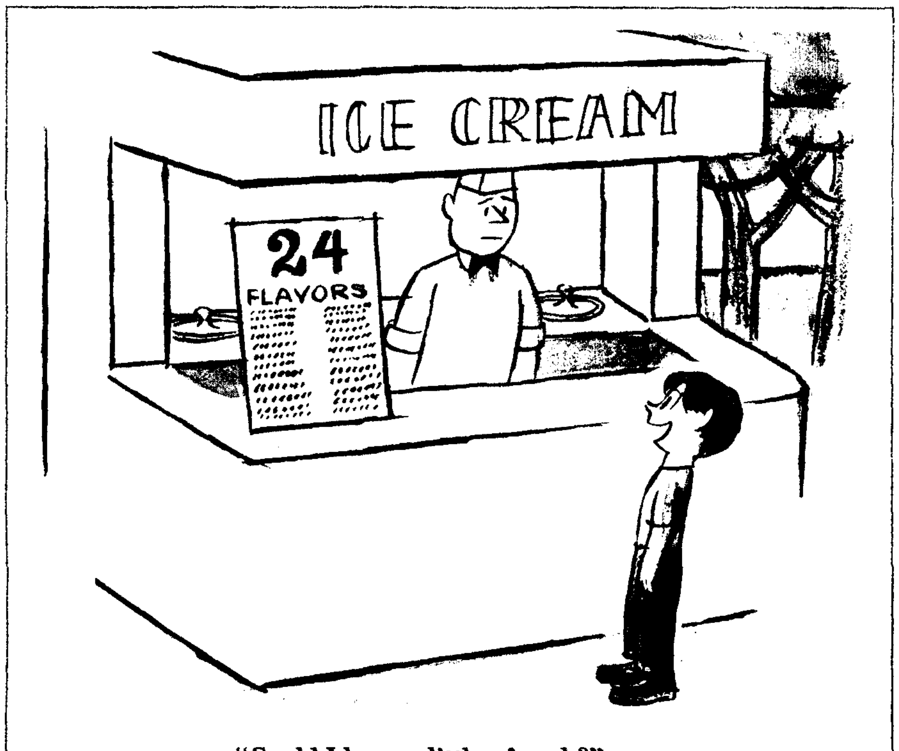
The professor reddened under his bushy hair and behind his trim mustache. Then he ran from the room shouting, "All right, then, I quit, I quit."

He didn't, of course. But his classes, appalled at this suggestion of calamity, pulled their punches for a while.

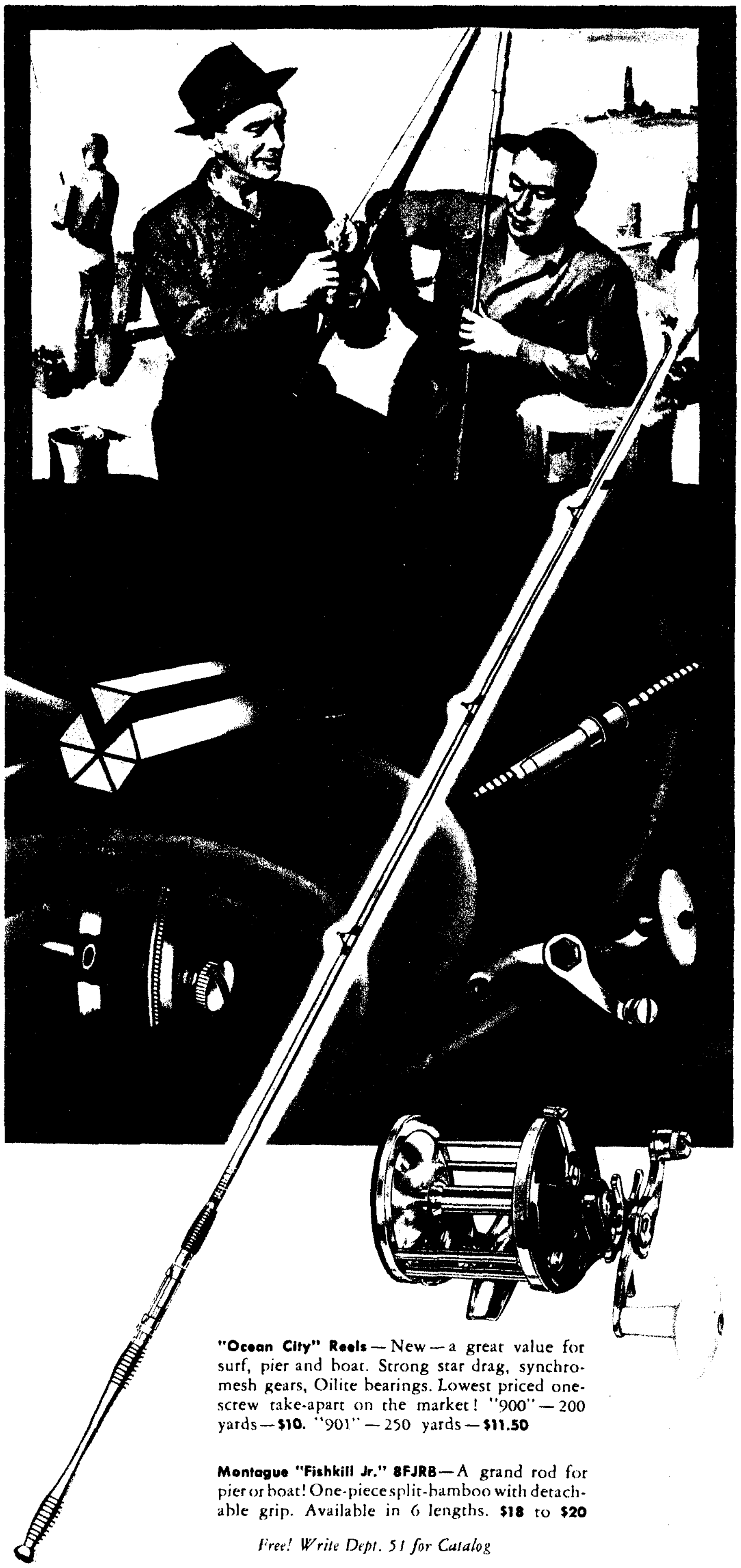
The pranks were not important. What was important was Professor Klausner's popularity as a teacher. It bespoke his excellence, and he knew it. His classes were so energetically sought that in turning applicants aside Father Davis would have to say, "Professor Klausner can't teach you all. You'll have to go where you're assigned."

Once, when the professor was hit by a streetcar and laid up several weeks, he was welcomed back to his classes with a great demonstration of spontaneous clapping and cheering.

The commerce school grew. Day classes began in 1920 under the impetus of a Veterans Bureau training program for the dis-



COLLIER'S "Could I have a little of each?" MISCHA RICHTER



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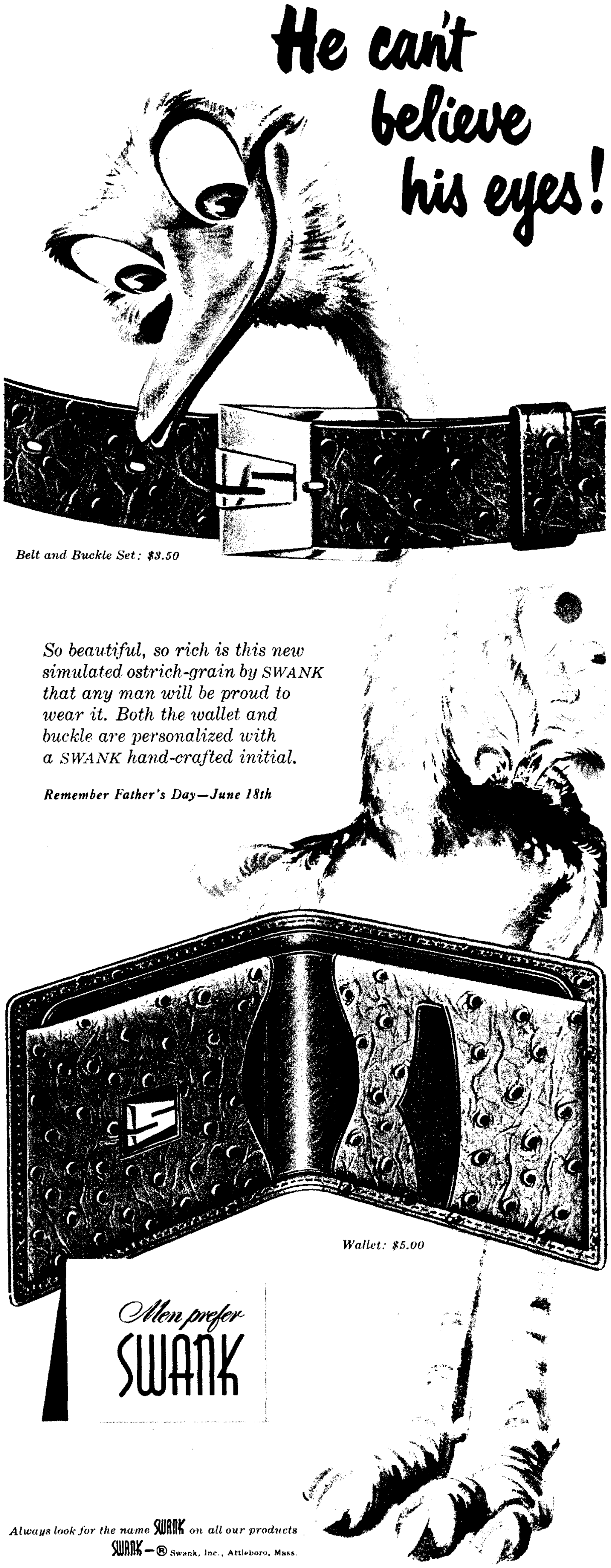
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abled of World War I. Eleven years later Commerce & Finance graduated into its own building—the beautiful, four-story Davis-Shaughnessy Hall.

The curriculum increased. Today there are six departments of instruction: accounting, finance, business administration, business law, economics and marketing. Because he's always had a way with beginners who needed thorough grounding, Professor Klausner has concentrated on freshman and sophomore accounting and business administration, although he has taught nearly everything else, too.

Building businessmen didn't absorb all the professor's time and energy. Until late at night he would hop around the city, sometimes accompanied by Anna, working for the commerce-school alumni association, which he built almost singlehanded, and contributing his energies to Zionism, to the Orthodox Old Folks Home, the Jewish Board of Education or the Jewish National Fund.

He has been a fervid Zionist all his life. The professor believes that no man—Jew, Catholic or Protestant—should falter in his religion.

"Go to Mass," he would urge his predominantly Catholic classes, "or you'll all turn out to be Bolshevists."

Good-by to a Beloved Friend

The professor lost his dear friend, Father Davis, in 1939.

"Don't grieve, Gus," the priest said when the professor went to his side for the last time. "Just look out that hard work doesn't get you as it's got me."

Father Davis was far more cheerful than his visitor.

"I want to ask you something, Gus," the priest said gently to his grief-stricken friend. "When you told me you wanted to teach, Walter Marx sent someone to see me and ask me not to take you away from his company. I refused. Was I right?"

Choked with emotion, the professor could only squeeze the dying regent's hand.

Anna, too, died just before Christmas in 1947. She had been a strong and healthy woman who always worried more about Gustave than about herself. After his streetcar accident she used to ride to work with him and call for him at night after school to be sure it didn't happen again.

The end began at the annual alumni-student Christmas party the professor himself had first organized years before. On their way there from dinner downtown she told Gustave she felt ill, but she refused to go home until he had received his usual Christmas present.

John Lang, the commerce school's director of accounting and a close friend, drove them home. In the car Anna said, "Papa, I'm dying. I don't know what's the matter but I'm going to leave you."

By ten minutes after midnight she was dead, victim of a heart attack.

Radio announcer Bob Lurie of radio station KXLW went to his microphone in the morning:

"To every man worthy of a name, life's most precious possession is the memory of the warmth, loving kindness and gracious self-sacrifice of his mother. All the stature and decency of which he is possessed comes from her devotion, her loyalty and her understanding care. That's how most of us who were blessed in knowing her felt about Mrs. Gustave Klausner, who was taken into God's care early this morning."

The old professor was shattered by the loss, and the Jesuits took to watching him anxiously. They hurried with the laurels they considered long overdue.

In 1948 he was presented with the university's fleur-de-lis, a large gold medallion —the second man ever to receive it.

The endowed professorship and the honorary doctorate, and the dinner last December at which they were announced, crowned his career of service.

On the afternoon before the dinner he had met President Reinert in a commerce-school corridor. Father Reinert asked him about his speech. Professor Klausner said it would be short, that he was tremendously grateful to the university, that he was a little tired and anxious to get at the book he is writing on accounting.

He remembered this as he stood up to give that short speech and he thought quickly of what he would say. He looked up and down the speakers' table, at Father Reinert, Father Knapp and the mayor, and he remembered an old Arab saying.

He told them about it. He said that an Arab donkey knows best how big it is when it walks under a mountain. Standing there at the head table in the great hall before all his friends, he said, he felt like the donkey walking under the mountain.

Then he sat down.

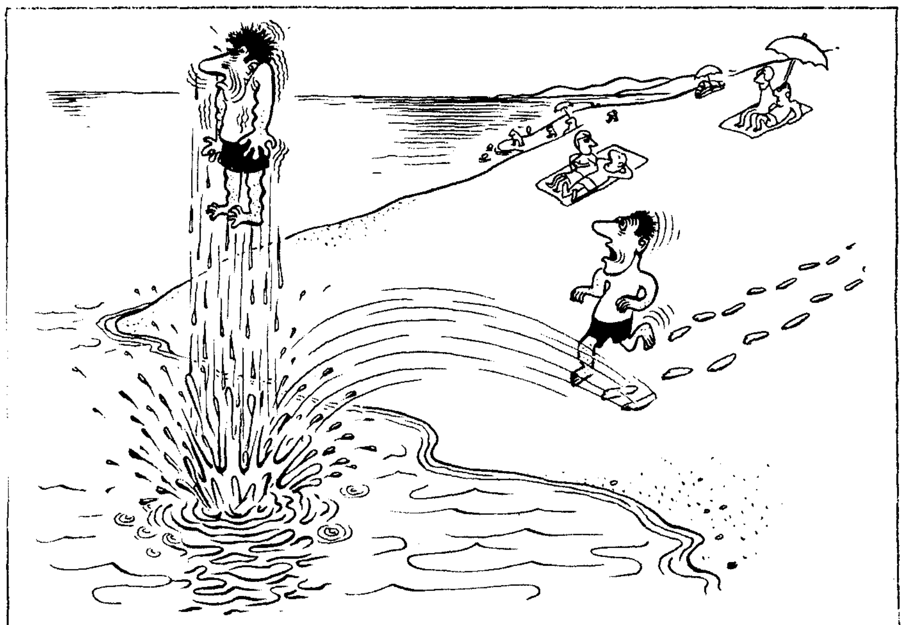
Later, as he turned to leave, Gertrude Haffner, who had been Anna's close friend, kissed him.

"If only *she* could have seen it," he said to her, and walked out alone.

On the streetcar he pulled a letter from his pocket and read it again. It was from the Reverend Alphonse Schwitalla, dean emeritus of the university's medical school and Father Davis' closest friend outside of the professor himself. Ailing, Father Schwitalla couldn't attend the dinner, but he wrote:

"The omniscience of God Himself alone can adequately encompass an understanding of what you have done. May the Lord's generosity be commensurate with His knowledge of your services. When He calls you to Himself, He will know, as He alone can know, how to compensate you adequately for a lifetime of unselfish service."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Is it *that* cold?" VIRGIL PARTCH

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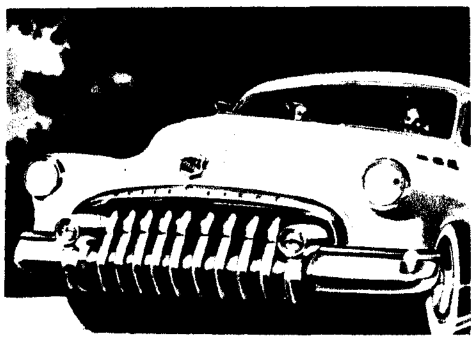

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What a Character Actor!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

memorable epics they did was King of Alcatraz. In it Naish played a Caponelike beer baron incarcerated at the Rock. There was a twist, for this time Naish beat up hero Nolan and escaped to San Francisco. The problem then became one of how to get Naish past the vigilant cops and out of the city. The producer and director scratched their heads in vain; all the logical escape methods had been used in previous pictures. Finally Naish suggested that he turn the trick by dressing as a woman.

The director laughed in his face, but finally suggested that they stay for lunch to think it over.

When the company reassembled an hour later, Naish was missing. But seated behind the camera was a little old lady who kept weaving and bobbing as if better to see what was going on. The director, in a burst of cordiality, took her arm and said gently, “Mother, can I put you up closer?” To which “Mother” roared in reply, “Put me up closer, hell! Put me up in front of the camera and we'll shoot the escape.”

A Motorman and a Scholar

Naish was born in New York City on January 21, 1900. He was the second child in a family of seven. His parents had come to this country in the nineties. His father, a scholar, began life in America as a streetcar motorman and ended up in a life insurance company.

Young Carrol's energies were well taken up in the urgent battle for survival which constantly raged in the area between Yorkville and Harlem, and to it he attributes the numerous cuts, bruises and broken bones incurred in his youth. Paradoxically, he possessed an angelic soprano voice. Whenever he was on the verge of expulsion from St. Cecilia's Academy for tossing a fellow student in the East River, his pre-eminence as a singer saved him from being drummed out in disgrace.

A great store was put on St. Cecilia's minstrel, graduation and Holy Name shows in those days, with the climax always the annual Grand Ball. A spot on this bill was tantamount to a vaudevillian playing his first engagement at the Palace. At age ten Carrol tried out for it, but failed when he drew a piano player who could play in only one key which, by cruel chance, was not Naish's. But his sister wangled him an invitation to the party given afterward for the participants. Again, Carrol was asked to sing. This time he had better luck with his accompanist.

When he sang Where the River Shannon Flows and ended up on a high C, they carried him out on their shoulders. Carrol was a fixture in all the shows after that. He next attended Commerce High School. But at fourteen his career was interrupted when he tossed one classmate too many into the river.

Carrol's father finagled him a position at the insurance company. His business career was of equally short duration. He kicked over a pot of glue on the boss's Oriental rug. When the boss's secretary bawled him out, he accused her of being in love with the boss. This caused him to be fired.

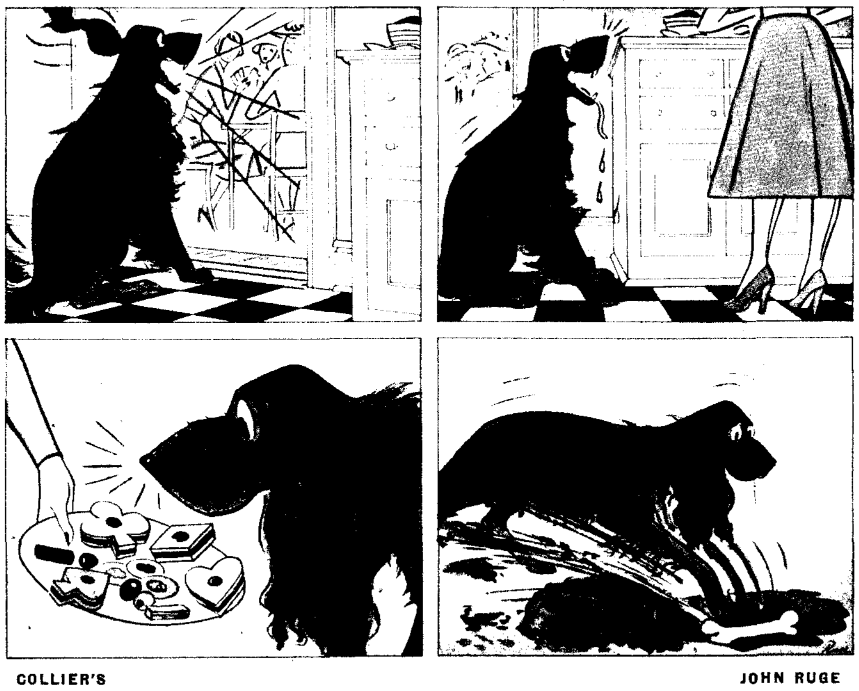
Because he could sing (soprano by then sliding toward baritone), he bravely took a walk down Tin Pan Alley and became a song plugger for Irving Berlin. His job was to make the rounds of the night clubs and booking offices to induce leading entertainers to sing Berlin songs. He was accompanied by a piano player named Jack Egan, who later became well known in his own right, and together they would pull out the stops on Hannah Play That Pianah, or Pray for Sunshine but Always Be Prepared for Rain.

On the side Naish appeared in several Gus Edwards kid acts. Then, on the day war was declared in 1917, he enlisted and was shipped to Newport as a Navy yeoman. He had barely arrived when he got into a brawl concerning his right to cross the street, and landed in the brig. Again, his musical talent was his salvation. The chaplain came around looking for someone who could sing Easter Mass. Carrol's delivery made a hit. The padre arranged for Naish to be transferred to Pensacola to become a Navy flier.

Everything went smoothly in Florida until the fifth week of his six-week course. He fell asleep while having a haircut and awoke 15 minutes later to find his coiffure the merest shadow of its former resplendent self. He bopped the barber lustily and was thrown in the brig for his trouble. Hauled up for deck court-martial, he sassed the presiding officer and was thrown back in the brig to await general court-martial. At three o'clock the morning he was to undergo the ordeal, he was awakened to be told he was being sent overseas.

When the S.S. New York arrived in France, everyone was assigned to a unit except Naish; his records had been care-

CLANCY



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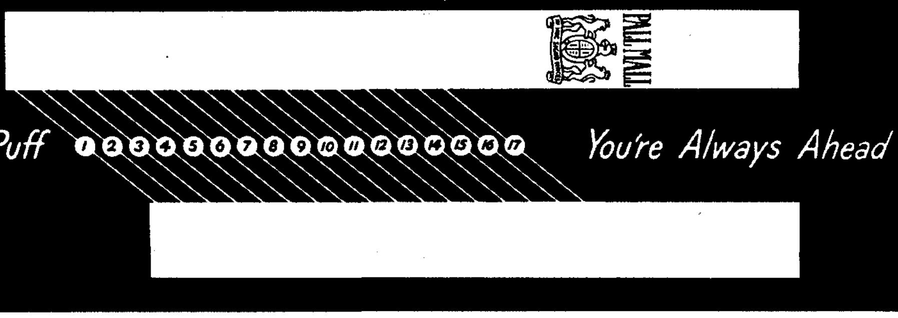

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Puff by Puff
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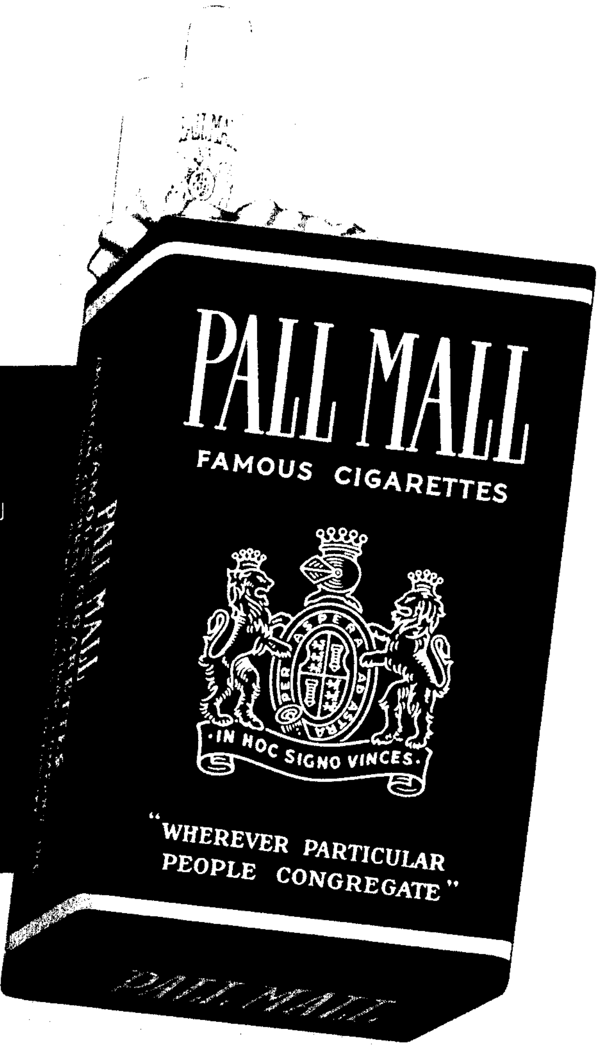
You're Always Ahead



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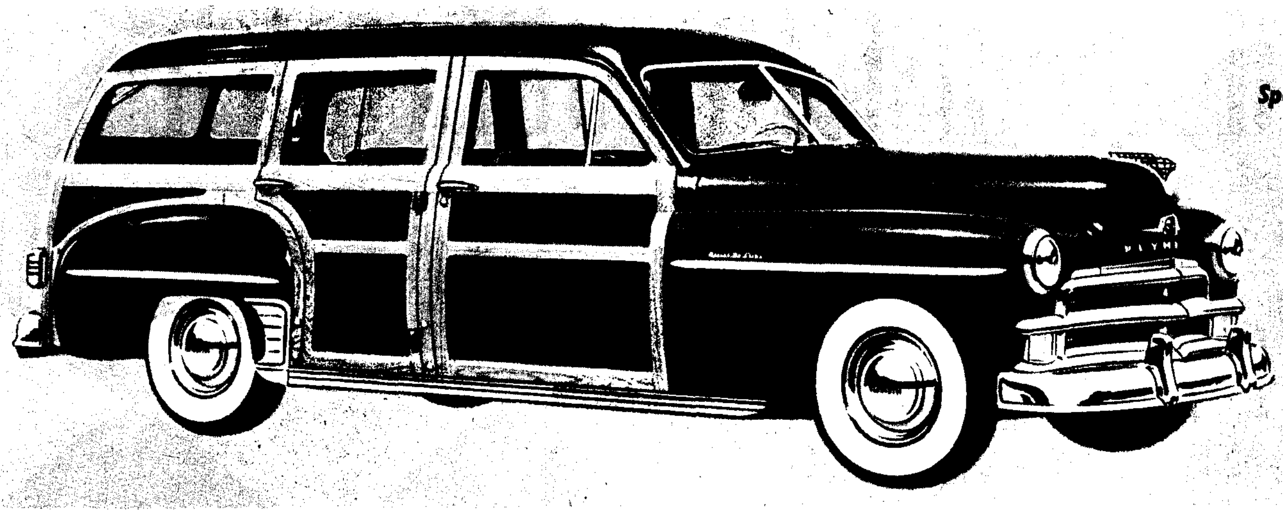

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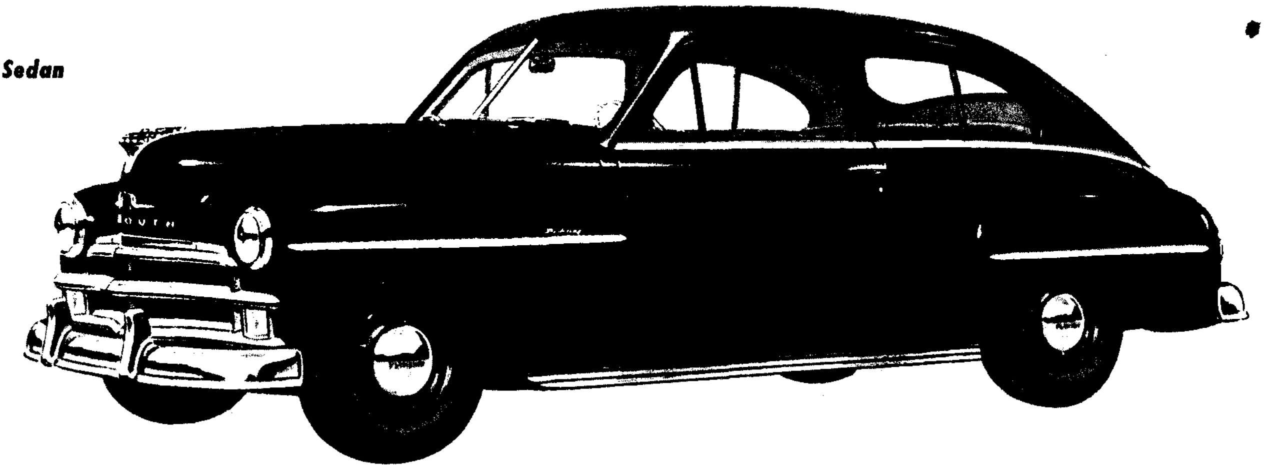

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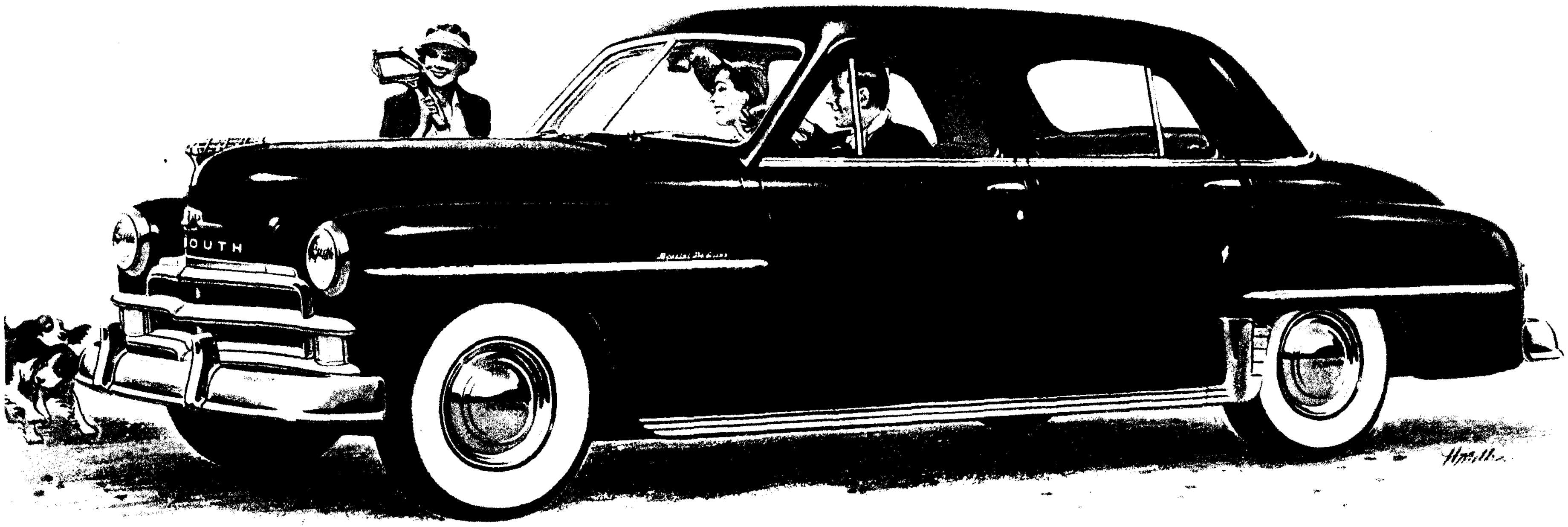
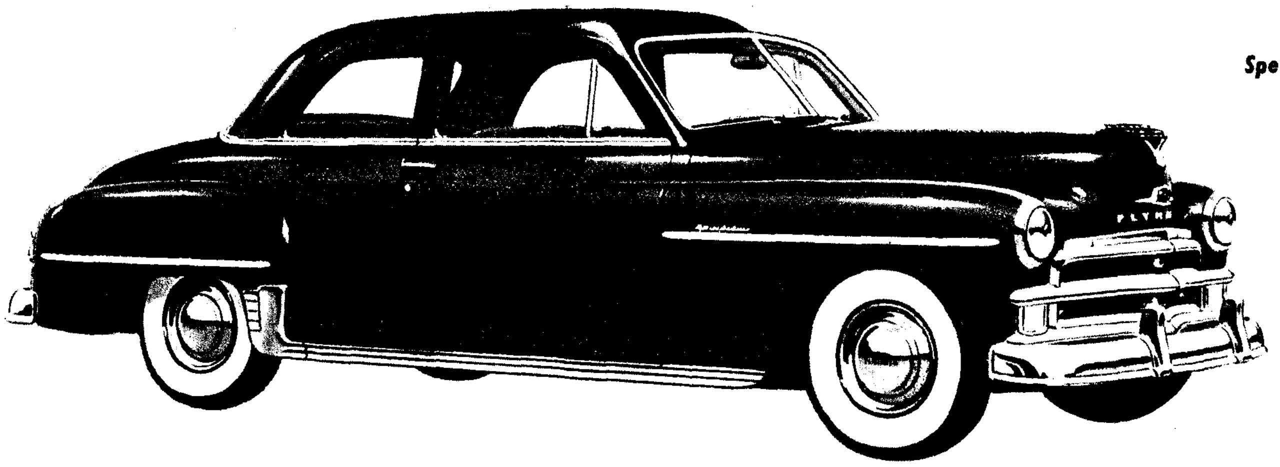
Actually three Plymouths in one! Rides like a fine sedan—serves as a station wagon—quickly and easily converts to use as a cargo carrier. All-metal, available in 10 striking colors. Luxurious interior.





Special De Luxe Club Coupe

Doors open extra-wide and the back of the front seat swings inward as it tilts forward, making it easy to get in and out of the rear seat. Everybody rides in this comfort-styled club coupe with plenty of room to spare!

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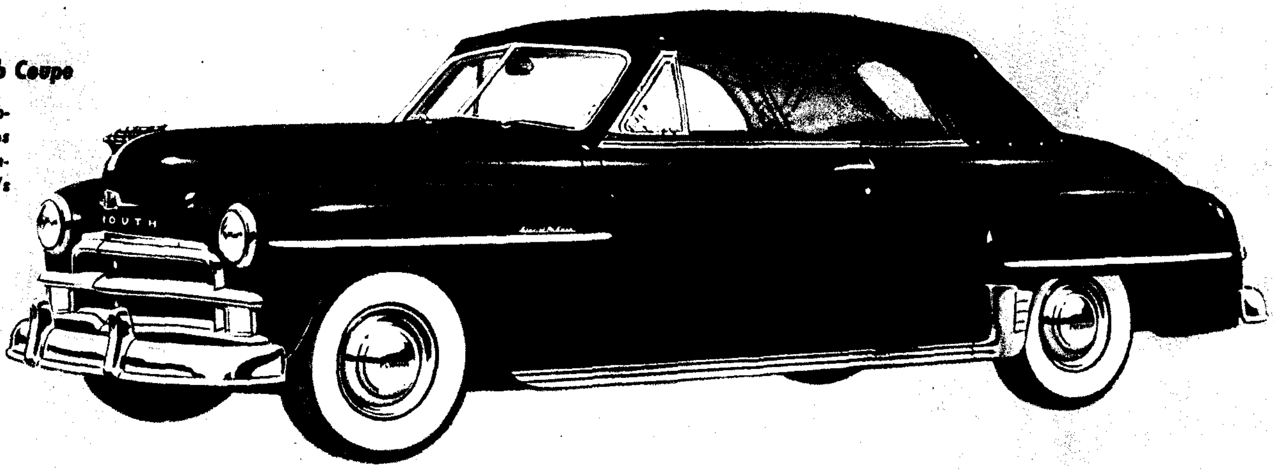

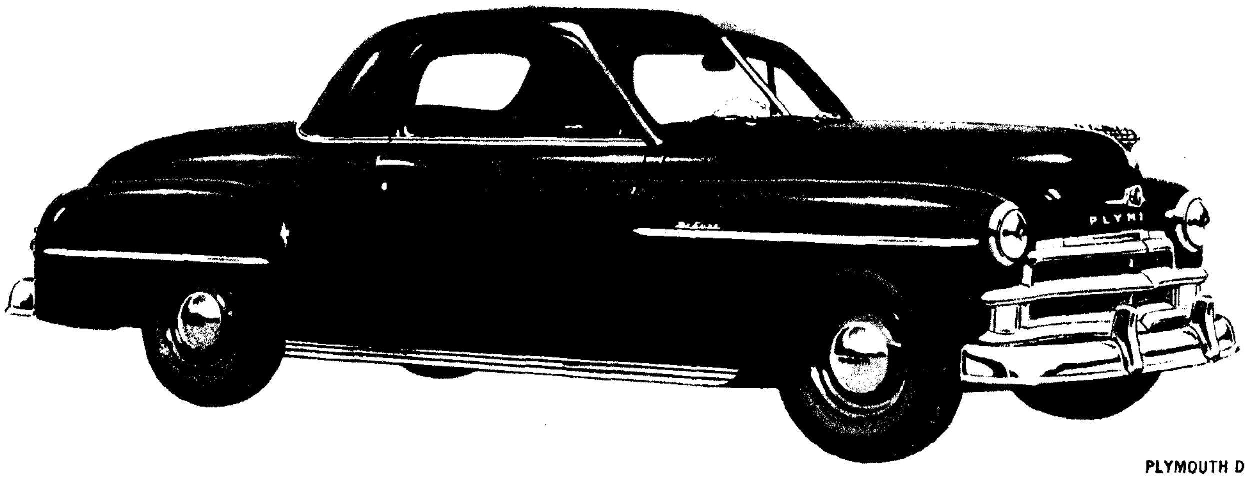

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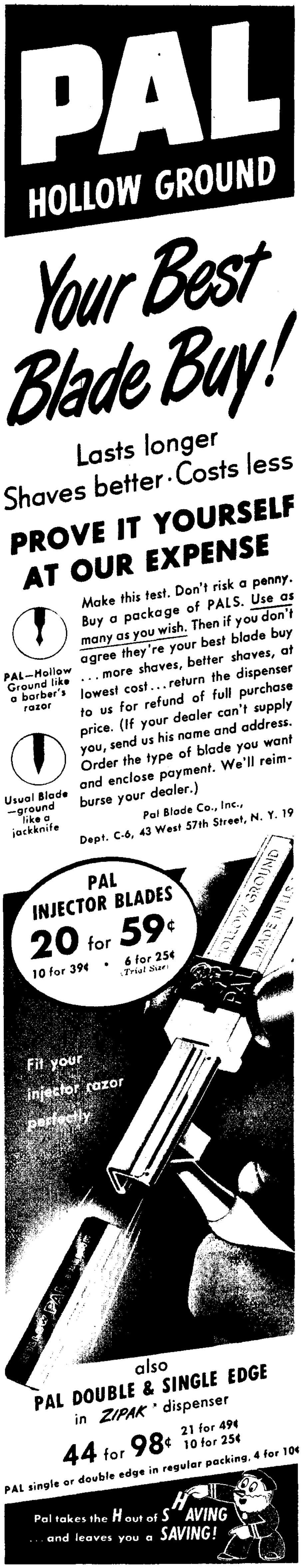

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lessly left back at the court-martial. More out of desperation than anything else, the commanding officer shipped him to London. "I was a punk kid, crazy for life," Naish recalls. "Everything was a pleasure to me. I drank with the Scots and Anzacs, and got into a fight with an ex-prize fighter. I guess I was too heady a draught for them in Piccadilly. I was shipped to Paris, still without orders. After three days I was a real Parisian, ordering champagne like water."

This tantalizing taste of French high life was cut short when the Navy decided that Naish should go to the distribution center at Dunkerque pending assignment to a Samson bomber unit. While waiting for the orders to come through he heard that an old friend was coming in on the Leviathan at Brest. Naish decided to meet him in proper style. He procured a brougham, several liveried attendants and a bottle of cognac and showed up at the dock. He was so glad to see his friend that, in a breach of etiquette perhaps unparalleled in the U.S. Navy, he went A.W.O.L. from the Navy flying corps to join his pal's Army machine-gun outfit.

Naish actually got in the trenches before the MPs shipped him back to Dunkerque, where he was brought before a stern-visaged captain. "You know what this calls for," scowled the captain. But fliers were urgently needed. Instead of being court-martialed, Naish was assigned to a bomber base at Brest. He rolled up about 200 flying hours which, he says, was "not bad for a short war." But he adds, "Things were pretty crude in those days. Half the time we dropped the bombs on the ocean because we couldn't find anything else to drop them on. I got two medals although so far as I knew I never hit anything."

With the armistice he was sent to Brest to await shipment home. To pass the time he teamed up with a piano player named Adelbert Wright and a guitarist named Dan Barba and sang a few songs one night in a café. By chance, they were heard by Elsie Janis. Miss Janis had come to France with a group of professional entertainers to stage shows for the troops. They were doing a big show in Brest the next night and Naish and his friends were asked to join.

Poem Puts Him in Doghouse

"Well," recalls Naish of this event, "we knocked the joint loose for an hour. We opened with a medley of Give My Regards to Broadway and Pray for Sunshine but Always Be Prepared for Rain. Then we hit 'em with a mother song." The trio continued on to Paris with the Janis troupe, and there played before such personages as Marshal Foch, General Pershing and President Wilson. Things were progressing nicely until the show's finale. Naish, well aware that the delay in getting troops home was a sore point with doughboys and Army officials alike, arose to recite a poem he had written:

Did you ever think when the hearse passes by
That someday you and I
Will take a trip in that lonesome hack
And never think of coming back?
So while we're here with friends so dear—
WHEN THE HELL ARE THEY GOING TO GET US OUT OF HERE??

This blunt declaration of the doughboys' position panicked the soldier audience but brought retribution from Army higher-ups. Naish found himself doing four months' extra duty in Paris. He was bailed out after some weeks to do a singing tour of U.S. outposts in Germany.

Six months later he was back in Paris and ready to return home at last. Instead he met Gaby Deslys, the great French musical-comedy star. Miss Deslys was enchanted with a song Naish sang called Smiles and prevailed upon him to teach it to her. She not only planned to use Smiles in her show Frou-Frou, but Naish was to have a part himself. Using her influence with the more susceptible Navy brass, she procured a special European discharge for her young friend. Before the show opened in Paris, however, Gaby Deslys died.

Naish was now a free agent in Paris with $60 to his name. With it he bought a new suit, spats and a cane. In the Café de la Paix he met an ex-jockey who introduced him to an exotic Frenchwoman named Marie whose distinguishing feature was an old-fashioned hourglass figure festooned with diamonds.

Marie began to lavish attention on him in the best French manner. This embarrassed Naish, as he considered her quite middle-aged (she was all of twenty-eight).

Marie's Man Pulled a Knife

She bought a café and installed—or tried to install—him as proprietor. Three nights later he sold the café for 40,000 francs. Later he discovered that she was the mistress of the king of the Paris underworld, a gentleman known as Maurice the Terrible. He and Maurice fought it out one night with fists in front of the Folies Bergère. Maurice pulled a knife and Carrol had to be rescued by passers-by.

Naish stayed on in Europe. He lived in Germany for two years, traveled in Russia, Spain and Italy, and at one time or another touched on all the rest of the Continent. He sold woolens, ran a money exchange, worked for the Red Cross. In between jobs he played the stock market and helped support the race track. When all else failed he entertained in cafés.

In 1926 he was offered a job singing at the Little Club in, of all places, Shanghai. He shipped out on an oil tanker from Hamburg, Germany. Four hundred miles off the coast of California the ship ran into a typhoon and was forced to put in at San Pedro, just south of Los Angeles. Naish seized the opportunity to take a look at Hollywood. He became a deputy sheriff in Orange County, joined the Army Reserve Air Corps, and hedgehopped over the movie studios in ancient Jenny biplanes. When he had had enough hell raising he did stunts and extra work in movies featuring Ronald Colman and Douglas Fairbanks.

Although he did his best to resist permanent employment, his gay days were rapidly drawing to a close. Offered the part of the French husband in a local production of Pirandello's The Pleasure of Honesty, he accepted. The talents he brought to this play were an old dress suit and the ability to speak French. Nevertheless, the play served to lead him back into the theater. Florence Reed was interviewing prospects for the road company of the Broadway hit, The Shanghai Gesture. Naish talked himself into the job of understudying the role of the Japanese prince.

The show opened in Kansas City in the spring of 1928. In the cast was a beautiful young Irish girl named Gladys Heaney. Naish was instantly smitten and when the show reached New York the following winter they were married at St. Patrick's. It was the turning point in Naish's life. Commenting on it today, Naish, still a happily married man, says, "We learn to curb our emotions for those we love."

In show business Naish found an outlet for the fires that burned within him. He now turned them loose, doing five shows in New York. All were near flops although he made a personal impression. He even made a screen test for the old Fox company. He was deliberating what to do when the issue was decided for him.

In 1930, William Fox lay in a Long Island hospital as the result of an automobile accident which had killed his chauffeur outright. Naish, who had never met the movie magnate, called the hospital and offered his services as a blood donor. As he lay on a bed next to Fox, the old man asked who he was. When Naish told him he was an actor, Fox replied, "Fine! I'm a producer. That will make a good combination."

When Fox recovered and returned to California he sent for Naish, who promptly

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entrained for Beverly Hills. Prospects would have been most auspicious but for one thing. At the time, a battle raged between Fox and the late Winfield Sheehan for control of the company. Naish noticed that on some days he was treated like a visiting potentate while on others he had trouble getting past the studio gate. The days he was ignored were the days Sheehan was winning.

When Sheehan took over six months later, Naish was fired with a record of having played one small gangster part in a long-since-forgotten picture called Cheer Up and Smile. For a while things were rough.

Then in 1932 director William Wellman made a melodrama called The Hatchet Man, a romanticized account of San Francisco's tong wars starring Edward G. Robinson. In this film, his first of any importance, Naish as an aging Chinese merchant received the business end of a hatchet squarely between the shoulder blades. But it set him off on a career which is still going strong.

He estimates that he has been paid over $2,000,000 in 20 years and played nearly everything there is to play except, of course, an Irishman. He played opposite Spencer Tracy in what he remembers as a superior gangster film. He played a leading role with Ginger Rogers. In 1938 he helped Dorothy Lamour make the world sarong-conscious in Her Jungle Love.

A Wide Variety of Roles

In Captain Blood he played a pirate, in Anthony Adverse a barrister, in Blood and Sand a bull-fighter, and in Joan of Arc the one-eyed count who passed sentence on Ingrid Bergman. Just to prove he could do it he played an Englishman in Bulldog Drummond in Africa. And in Dr. Renault's Secret the critics found him adequate in the role of an ape!

Today Naish lives quietly with his wife and pretty eighteen-year-old daughter Elaine in a two-story colonial house in the sedate Los Feliz section of Hollywood. The house is the Naishes' seventh in 15 years; the master periodically becomes restless and feels the urge to move on.

Elaine, a willowy brunette with a figure worth whistling at, wants to be an actress. Her mother encourages her, perhaps thinking of the career she gave up in order to raise her. Her father encourages her to be independent.

Naish's mother died some years ago. His father is still living and very much a fixture in a close family life. His brother Jack is an executive at Consolidated Vultee Aircraft; his brother Herb has recently settled into the movies himself, and is currently playing a comic French pastry chef to Carrol's Chief Sitting Bull in the musical Annie Get Your Gun. His sisters are married.

Naish's most vociferous admirers are the studio carpenters and technicians. Their admiration is shared by producers, who call him "the Old Pro." He has a soothing effect, too, on temperamental directors.

Directors Are Always Right

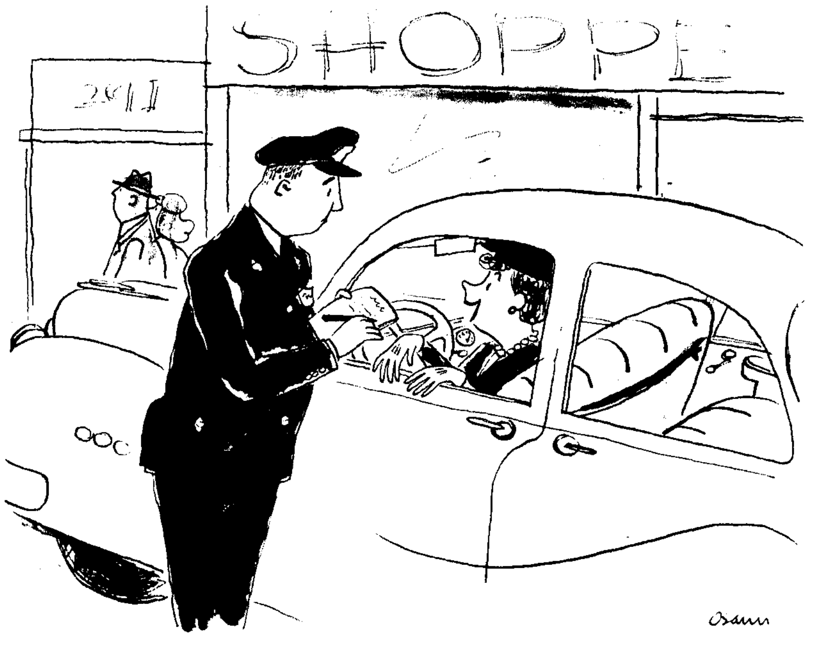
"I've learned about directors," he says. "No matter what happens, always tell the director he's right, he's helped you, and, if possible, that he's a genius. Then do the scene the way you did it before and he thinks you're wonderful.

"What's the secret of acting? I don't know, but it might be this: Fifty per cent of the effectiveness of a scene lies in the reaction of the actor playing opposite you. Inexperienced actors don't know how to *listen* when they're not speaking. They are too busy trying to remember their lines or recalling what the director told them to do. That's why good supporting actors are so important to stars. You might say that the star runs for a touchdown and the supporting player kicks the extra point."

Naish divides actors into two categories—personalities and creative talents. His all-time list of "creative" greats includes the late John Barrymore, Harry Bauer, Raimu, Fernandel, Charlie Chaplin, the late Walter Huston and Claude Rains.

At fifty, Naish feels that he is just beginning. He will always be in demand as a movie actor. His CBS show, Life with Luigi, which details the attempts of a tenderhearted Italian immigrant to ward off impending marriage to an old friend's daughter, pays him $1,000 a week. Naish is also considering a deal with actor David Niven to form an independent producing company to make a series of Arsene Lupin films starring Naish as the detective.

As if there were not enough examples of Naish's work already floating around the neighborhood theaters, Warners recently reissued The Hatchet Man in conjunction with another old-timer, Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in Farewell to Arms. Some of Naish's admirers seized the opportunity to relive the great moment when Eddie Robinson sends the hatchet flying toward its mark. The body of the dead Chinese having been removed, they dismissed Naish from their minds and settled down to enjoy Farewell to Arms, the other part of the double feature. Midway in reel two they sat bolt upright. That French officer friend of Cooper's looked suspiciously familiar. He was J. Carrol Naish. THE END



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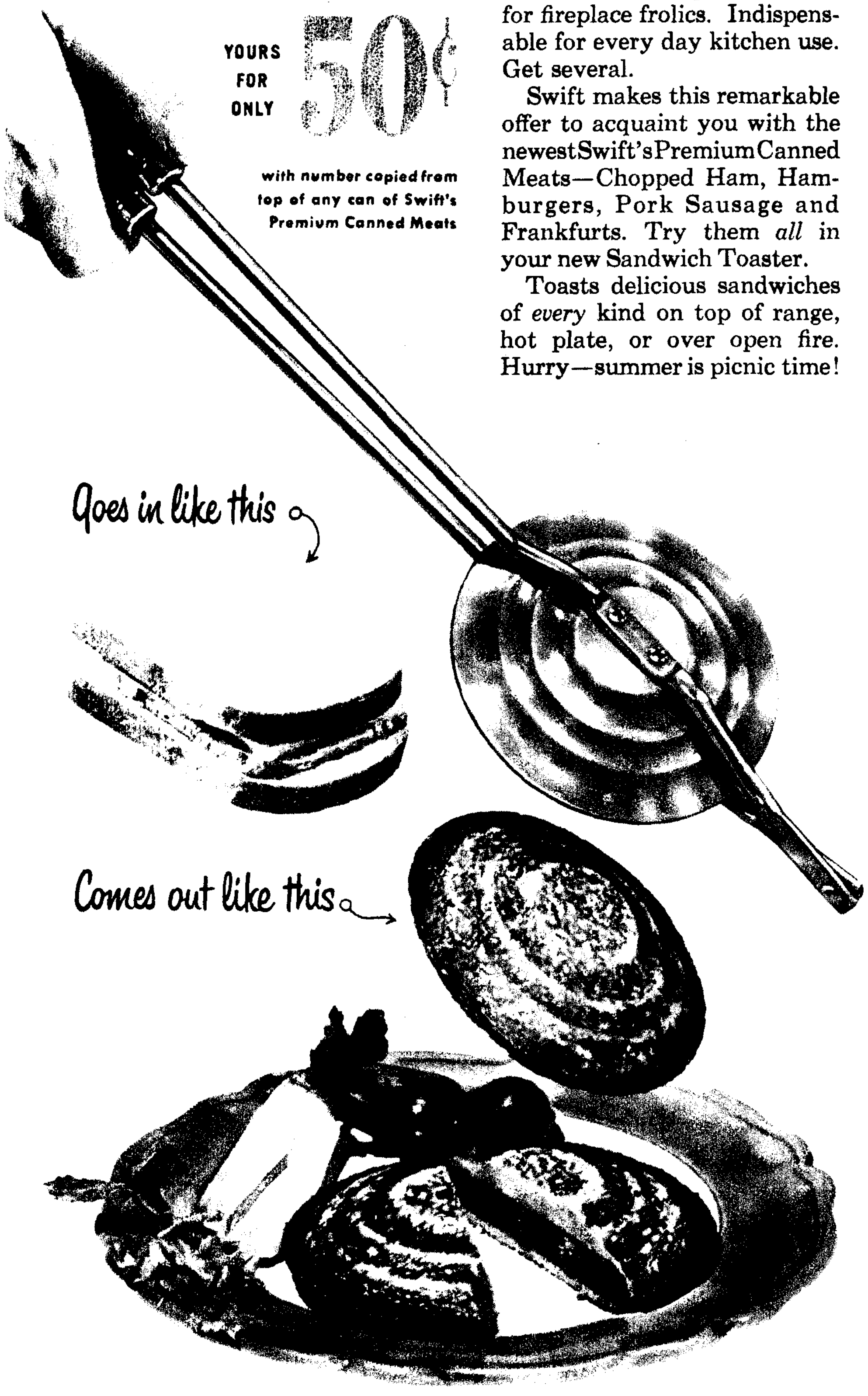

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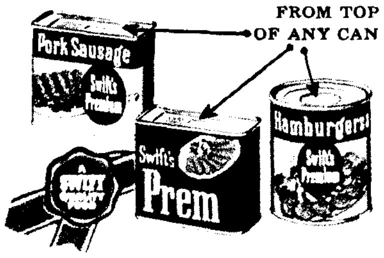

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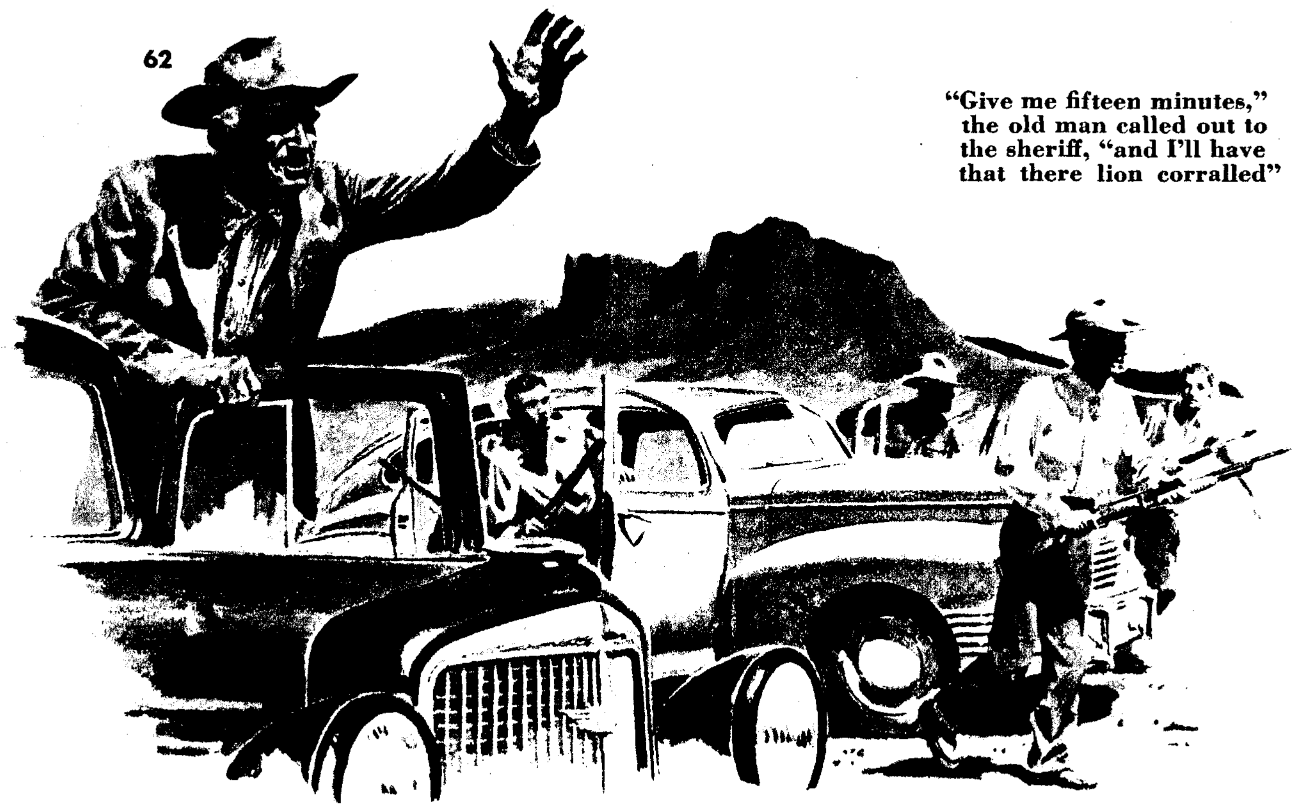


"Give me fifteen minutes," the old man called out to the sheriff, "and I'll have that there lion corralled"

The Old Lions

By JOHN and EVELYN HUMPHREYS

Collier's SHORT SHORT

THE old man sat alone in the hash wagon, his faded eyes fixed wistfully on the far blue hills that lay across the prairie from this little whistle stop of a town. He sighed and bent over creakingly to unlace his shoes and get his feet out of the hot black leather.

Out on the dry prairie, half a mile away, he could see a herd of steers moving uneasily in a cloud of dust. Through the window of the hash wagon, he could see a freight train standing on a siding at the railway station. But always his eyes went beyond to the blue hills.

The old man sipped his coffee wearily and looked up when the cook came into the hash wagon from the station. "You seen the lion, Grandpa?" the cook asked cheerfully.

"Bub," said the old man, frowning, "I'm grandpa strictly to them as are my grandchildren."

A long, coughing roar shuddered through the air, then died away in sobs. Startled, the old man said, "You mean they's a real live lion out there?"

The cook nodded. "In that express car out on the siding. A circus is shipping him to a zoo. He's a kind of old, worn-out lion, but he's a mighty impressive animal."

The old man started to hoist himself upright, then eased back on his stool. "With feet like mine," he said, "you don't go chasing after lions." In a moment he burst out angrily, "It beats me why a big-muscled beast like that don't just tear up his cage by the roots!"

The cook shrugged. Then he said gently, "Let me warm your coffee, Pops. On the house."

"Warm it." The old man searched in his pockets and snapped a dime down on the counter. "But I pay my own way, Bub." Looking at the distant hills, he asked, "Bub, I suppose you phoned the sheriff, stepping over to the station like you did?"

"Yeah." The cook hesitated. "The sheriff stopped by and read me your description this morning."

"No offense taken, Bub." The old man sighed.

A pickup truck with the county insigne on its door pulled up in front of the hash wagon, and the big man who climbed out wore a star. He filled the door when he came in, and overflowed the stool when he sat down next to the old man.

"You're Dan Gillan?"

"Yep!" The old man's jaw shot out pugnaciously.

"You're welcome here, Mr. Gillan," the big man said. "I'm the sheriff. You're on the missing persons bulletin. Your grandson's worried."

"Grandson!" the old man said angrily. "Sixty years I farmed, then my grandson and his wife comes around and says I'm too old! I got to go live with them in town, they says!"

"They weren't pleasant about having you?"

"Pleasant? They wanted me, I guess. But it's Grandpa, put on your rubbers, and Grandpa, eat them prunes, they's good for you, and Grandpa, don't lift that heavy baby, you'll strain your back. A stall-fed old man they made me! I'm seventy-eight, and as good as I ever was!"

"I had a granddad, too, Mr. Gillan," the sheriff said. "He was seventy-two. He stood on his own two feet, he used to say." The sheriff looked deliberately at the old man's feet. "But he liked to ease his shoes off. His feet hurt."

The old man's angry jaw relaxed a little. "Sheriff," he said slowly, "sixty years even I worked that land. They was a highway going by, and way off some misty mountains. In the evening, coming in from the cows, I used to stop by the plum tree and look at them. When I got to fretting at my grandson's, I thought I'd find me some mountains, and get over to the other side."

From outside came a high yell, a yell of astonishment and terror. They turned and saw the baggageman fling himself out of the door of the express train. He scrambled to his feet and went up the iron ladder to the top of the car.

The lion stood in the door, black-maned, his head big and strong and tawny in the open light.

Lightly for such a big animal, he jumped to the ground. He moved his head from side to side, padded across to the door of the hash wagon and stared unblinkingly at the three men, who stopped breathing for a moment. Then he turned and went slowly down the short street.

The old man, letting out his breath, said harshly, "I hope he gets clear back to the jungle."

The sheriff leaped to the door, with his pistol drawn.

In his stocking feet, the old man ran after the sheriff. "Take it for the hills, lion!" he yelled.

The sheriff climbed into his truck. "Get your shoes, Mr. Gillan. Come along and see how we handle lions." He waited until the old man climbed in beside him. "Joe!" he called to the cook. "You run home and get your deer rifle." The old man was in the truck by now, and the sheriff started, moving the pickup slowly after the unhurried lion.

The length of the town the lion went, holding his massive head high and walking like a king.

AT THE edge of town, the sheriff suddenly gunned the truck and slapped his hand on the horn. The lion jumped, swerved from the road and began running. He did not seem so big, with the open country around him.

"It's one thing to be a gallant adventurer, Mr. Gillan," said the sheriff. "It's another to be a homeless bum."

He put his foot on the brake, because the lion had reached the herd of steers. The steers milled in alarm. Around the flanks of the herd came the riders, yelling in astonishment. The truck was behind him, the men on horseback were in front; the lion squatted down like a puzzled dog.

Two of the riders separated from the group and rode in on the lion from either side. They shook loops in their ropes. They spurred their horses. But the first rope fell far short, and the second, only touching the black mane, brought the lion up clawing and roaring. The steers began to run. The riders galloped on panicky horses to hold the herd.

The way to the distant hills was open, but the lion ran only some hundred yards, to a shallow arroyo storm-cut in the flatland. The sheriff drove his truck to the edge and got out very cautiously to reconnoiter. Under the bank, where a clay overhang made a cave, the lion had taken cover.

A car came jolting out from town. The old man counted five men in it, the cook among them, all carrying rifles.

"Sheriff," the old man said, "you give me fifteen minutes and I'll have that there lion corralled safe and sound." Seeing the look of disbelief on the sheriff's face, he added earnestly, "He's a mighty old lion. His feet hurt."

The sheriff began to smile.

"Just fifteen minutes, Sheriff. I'll need two young fellows with muscle."

The sheriff signaled two men from the car. They climbed into the truck. The old man backed it around. . . .

In a little while, the truck returned from town with the lion's cage bouncing in the back. The old man propped the cage door open. He got two planks slanting from the tail gate to the arroyo floor. His helpers slid the cage down.

"Put a couple of bullets near him, Sheriff," the old man said.

The shots cracked like a whip. For an instant the lion gathered himself for a fight. Then he saw the cage and the fight seemed to go out of him. Snarling anxiously, he crawled inside. . . .

The passenger train was flagged down at the little town that day. At the steps of the day coach, the old man stopped.

"I'll always wonder what's behind them blue hills." His eyes were on the horizon.

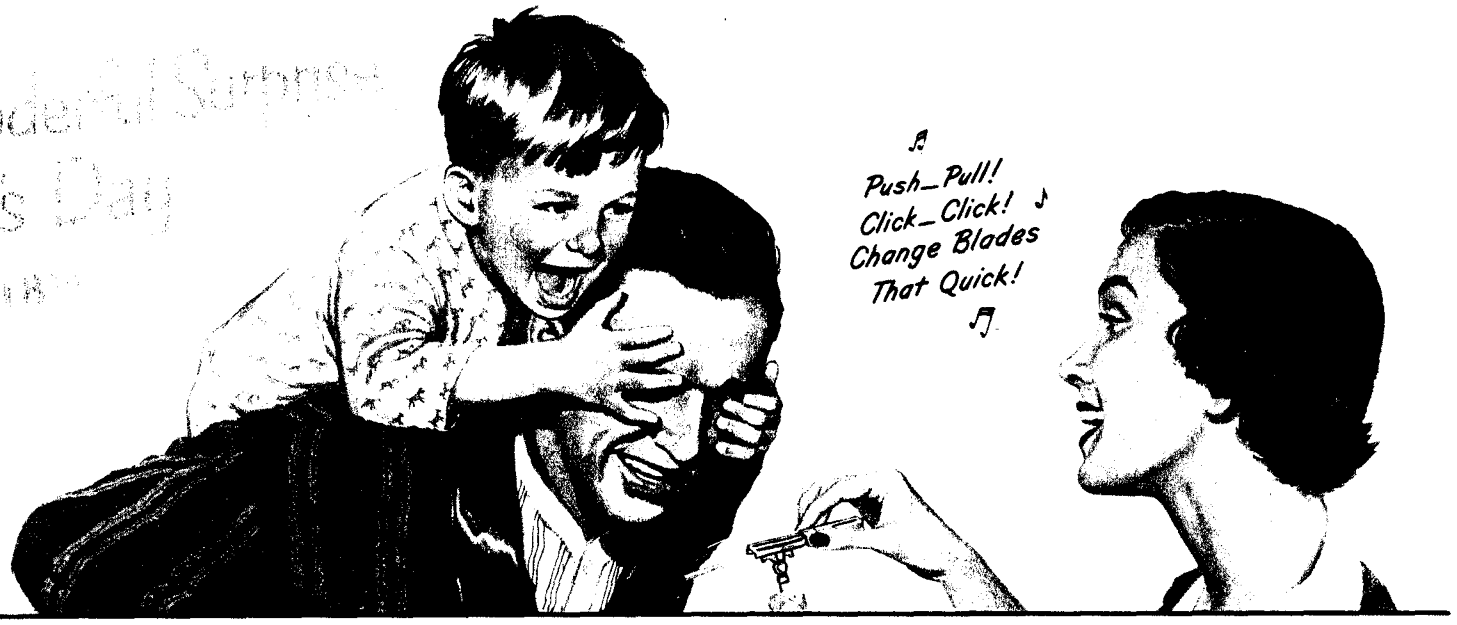
The cook came across from the express car. "Pops," he said, "that lion's sleeping like a lamb."

"You'll be home in your own bed tomorrow night, Mr. Gillan," said the sheriff.

The old man nodded. "Us lions put a store of value on our sleep," he said. He climbed aboard the train. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

What a Wonderful Surprise
for Father's Day
JUNE 18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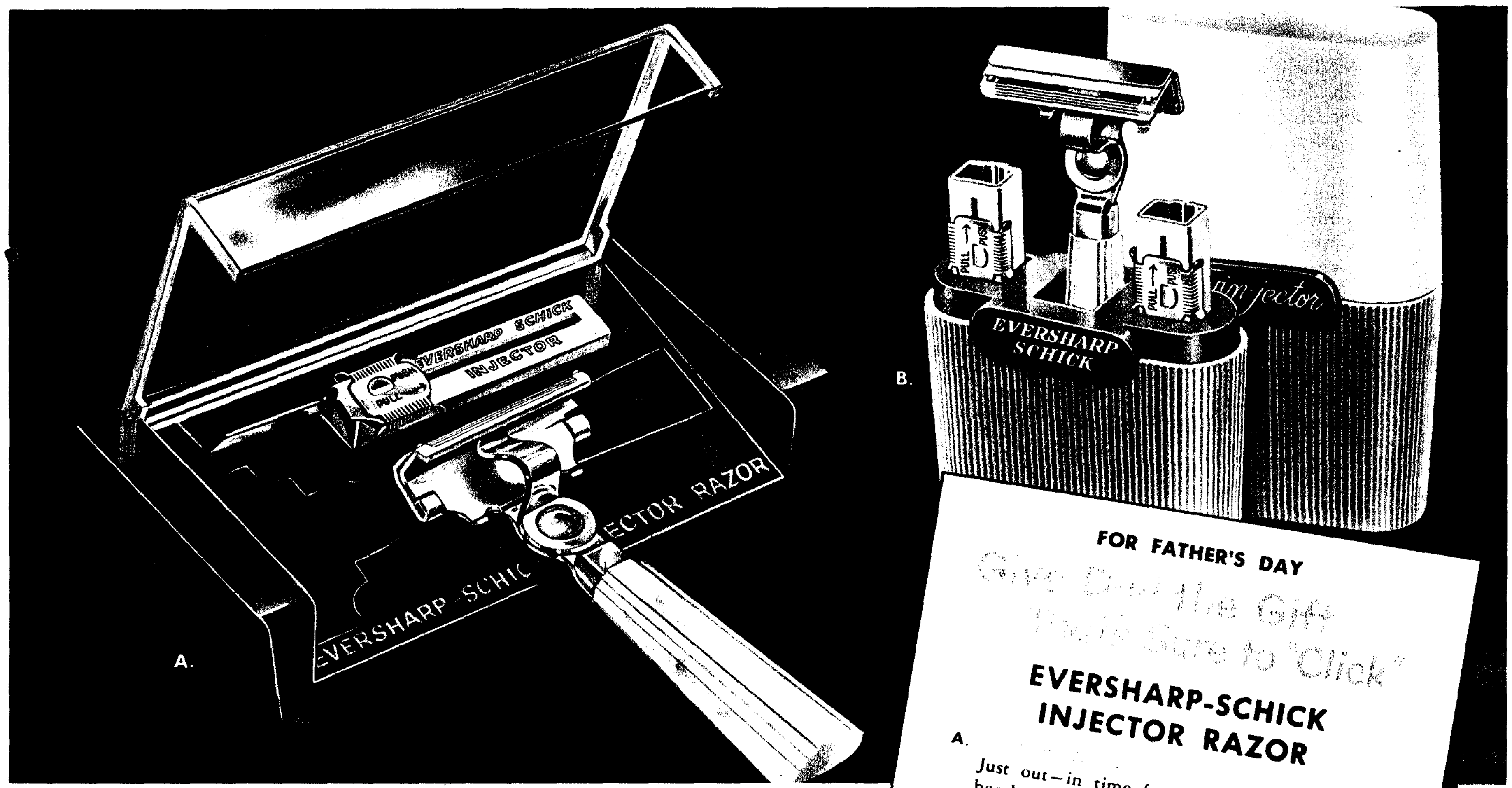
A.
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Dear Señorita-

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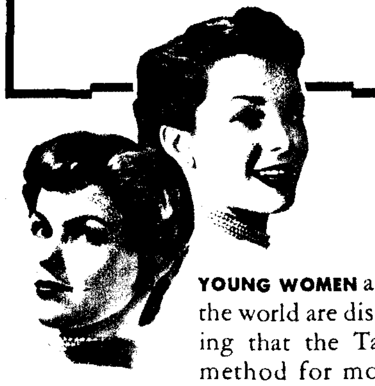

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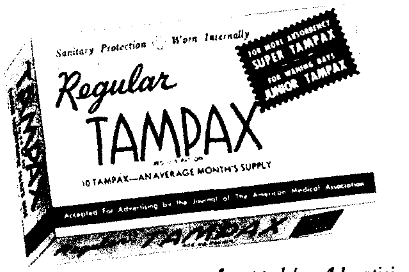
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The Candy Kid

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

kitchen when he is very angry over the telephone. The telephone he pretends he does not have, but it is in a cupboard."

"So he's on the phone and who's he talking to?"

"To Ramirez." She was surprised at his stupidity.

"Ramirez is his hatchet man?"

"His *agente*."

"Same thing. And Ramirez was one of those goons waiting for me last night?"

"Goons? I do not know this. Ramirez and his cousin are waiting for you. This you know but you go to meet them."

"I was safe. I didn't have the package. You'd snitched it. Let's get back on the phone. What was he telling Ramirez?"

Her lids lifted slowly. "He is telling him to follow you."

"Why?"

She was impatient with his ignorance. "To make certain you deliver the package to the señorita. He does not trust you."

THERE were gaps in her story but part of it would be true. She might know even more. "Why is that perfume so important to the señorita?"

"This I do not know."

"And why were you at the Café Herrera?" he asked.

She slanted her eyes at the richness of his suit. "To earn a little money, señor," she began in a singsong, beggar whine. "To buy for myself a new dress of silk—"

He clipped her wrist before she could move. "Suppose I tell you what really happened."

"It is true. I swear it by—"

"There are words you haven't spoken. You haven't said one word about a certain Señor Tosteen who was found this morning in that trickle of water we call the Rio Grande. Dead as a doornail."

She was so still he would have thought she'd got away save for her fluttering wrist beneath his clamped hand.

"Señor Tosteen was most interested in Señorita Farrar's business. So interested that once she had spoken to me he included me in that interest. Now I hardly think he was fascinated by my beauty or even hers. I think it was the package." He shot the question. "How much did he pay you to get it for him?"

"It is not true!" she cried out. "I have not seen this man you speak of. I do not know him."

"You saw him, all right. He spotted you and he hired you. He sent you to the café to keep an eye on me, to warn him when I was finishing my dinner. But I didn't finish dinner and you had to play sick, make a quick dash to pass the word. Was it then he decided to let you get the package from me? I hope he paid you in advance. Because he didn't show up to collect the package. He couldn't. He was dead."

"I didn't kill him!" she vowed. "I know nothing of this."

"I'm not saying you killed him." His hand tightened. "But when you learned he was dead, you were as scared as you had. Because you were sure El Greco had had him killed, which may be true, and you didn't know how much the old spider had found out about your doings with Tosteen. That's why you didn't go home last night. And that's why you returned the package to me; it was too hot for you to hang on to. There's one thing I do know. If the old man should find out your part in this, he'd kill you."

She muttered defiance. "I am not afraid of him. I have run away from him."

"He'll find you. He'll pay to find you. Just as you said."

"He will not find me this time. I have many place to hide." And then she began to tremble. "You will not tell him you have seen me?"

"I wouldn't tell him the right time."

She was puzzled at the words but she accepted them as good. It was then he made the mistake of releasing her wrist. Only to reach for his wallet, to give her enough to help her until he could think of some way to get her out of this dirty business. But the minute his hand moved, she ran, fleet as a deer, fleet as an Indian.

As quickly as he was on his feet, calling, "Wait!" she had already disappeared into the street crowd. . . .

There was no particular reason to call upon Señor Praxiteles now. It was nothing but bravado leading him away from the street of lights into the dark byways. El Greco would tell him nothing new.

The shadows grew deeper, the sounds of human life fainter, as he approached the Calle de la Burrita. With nightfall, it was again deserted, silent, terrifying in its emptiness. Jose walked proudly, daring to whistle a tune, daring to intrude the red circle of a cigarette tip into the dark. He walked direct to El Greco's door, he pulled the bell, and impatiently pounded on the stout, ancient wood. There was someone on the premises; he had noted the ghost flame of light as he passed the shop window.

It did not appear that his pounding was to be attended, and for that neglect he hammered harder and jangled the bell rope again. Then the door was jerked open. "What you want ringing the bells, knocking down the door?" an old voice quavered. "You cannot come in. Señor Praxiteles is not open."

FIRST SWIM OF THE SEASON

The suit is still size 33—
I cannot say the same for me.

—FRANK R. CANNING

Jose did not allow the door to be closed on him. He pushed into the vestibule while the old woman was speaking. In the near darkness he could discern only that she was very small and very old. The smell of her, too, was old, musky. "Tell the señor that Jose Aragon is here to see him," he directed imperiously. He strode on into the shop.

She followed on small, protesting feet. "He is gone to bed. You come back tomorrow."

"He saw me last night," Jose said. "He will see me tonight. Tell him—Jose Aragon."

She went away only because she hadn't the strength to throw him out personally.

WHEN Praxiteles appeared, Jose was not surprised. Curiosity would fetch him. Not fear—fear wouldn't figure in it; the old man was too rich, too important to be afraid. The shuffle of his carpet slippers had whispered his approach. He might have been in bed, he was robed in wine-colored velvet as ancient as he. Fifty years ago it must have been a handsome piece. "What is it you want?" he inquired harshly. "Did not the señora tell you, the shop is closed at night?"

"She told me, certainly," Jose answered insolently. He accented his words Spanish fashion. "But it is true that last night I received here a bottle of perfume. I have come for another bottle of the same perfume."

"I do not sell perfume," Praxiteles began, and his eyes narrowed. It was the first time he realized that Jose and the lout who inquired for perfume this afternoon were one and the same. His voice grated. "Did I not tell you this? It was a favor, no more. I do not sell perfume."

"A favor for a young lady?" Jose was flippant. "For a most sweet young lady—*muy dulce*." He shrugged. "That is why you must *por favor* supply me with an identical bottle." He smiled angelically at the ugly old man and then drew down the corners of his mouth in grief. "The first one I have lost."

He had timed the revelation for shock purposes; he was happy with the result. Praxiteles didn't quiver; he shrank deeper into his shrunken skin. His lizard eyes alone were alive, balefully alive. "You lost it!" He didn't believe it; he believed what Jose said but it was too incredible for belief.

"It is most sad," Jose agreed cheerfully. "So careless of me. You understand how it is, señor. I stop at a bar here, and a bar there. I meet a few friends—somewhere I set down the package and forget it until this morning."

The voice scraped from the scrawny throat. "You have told her it is lost?"

"How could I, señor? She has gone north this morning."

Praxiteles trembled with fury. "You were to deliver this package to her last night. She would know last night you have lost it."

Jose smiled slyly. "She does not know. Last night she does not want the package. She asks that I deliver it to her in Santa Fe."

This was news to Praxiteles, news that shattered him further. He whispered, "How is it you know what is in the package?"

Jose's nose wrinkled. "I smell what is in it. That smell, never would I forget it!" He added gratuitously, "I do not understand why such a lovely girl as Miss Farrar would select such a perfume."

AGAIN he waited for Praxiteles to speak. "Wait here. I will get another bottle of perfume for you," the old man said; he was being too agreeable.

Jose waited until he could no longer hear the shuffling slippers. No longer than that. Holding the bells silent while he opened the door, he quietly let himself out of the shop, so quietly that he did not bother to close the door behind him. He was not such a fool to remain until the señor could summon his goons to do away with one who knew too much and too little.

Nor was he foolish enough to linger longer in the border city. The Juárez curtain had fallen; the next act would be played in Santa Fe.

He took himself back to the Avenida as fast as possible and across the bridge. Then he taxied to the Chenoweth.

He hadn't expected to find Lou behind the desk—she didn't take night duty. But she was there, and some of the anxiety went out of her face when he came in. He knew then with a welling of gratefulness that she'd been waiting for him. He further knew she hadn't expected him back so soon or in one piece.

He grinned at her. "It wasn't so tough after all, was it?"

She rallied. "No bullets, no knife cuts?"

"Not even a skinned knuckle. Juárez is highly overrated, Missy Lou. What about the Mintons?"

She looked at the clock. "They'll be here at ten thirty. They went out to dinner." She touched the call bell. The bellhop was neither Pablo nor Jaime. It was a rather listless old man. "Take Mr. Aragon's bags. When the car comes, let us know." She waited until he had ambled to the street door. "Captain Harrod went through your stuff."

His head snapped away from the bellhop. She must have misread the expression on his face for anger because she defended herself hotly: "I couldn't stop him. He's the law."

The old fellow was limping back to the desk. "The car, it is here now."

Jose tipped him.

Lou said, "Good-by, Jo. Nice to have had you here." While they clasped hands, curiosity broke. "Where did you get that stinking perfume? And why?"

"It's for old Juana, our cook. Her fa-

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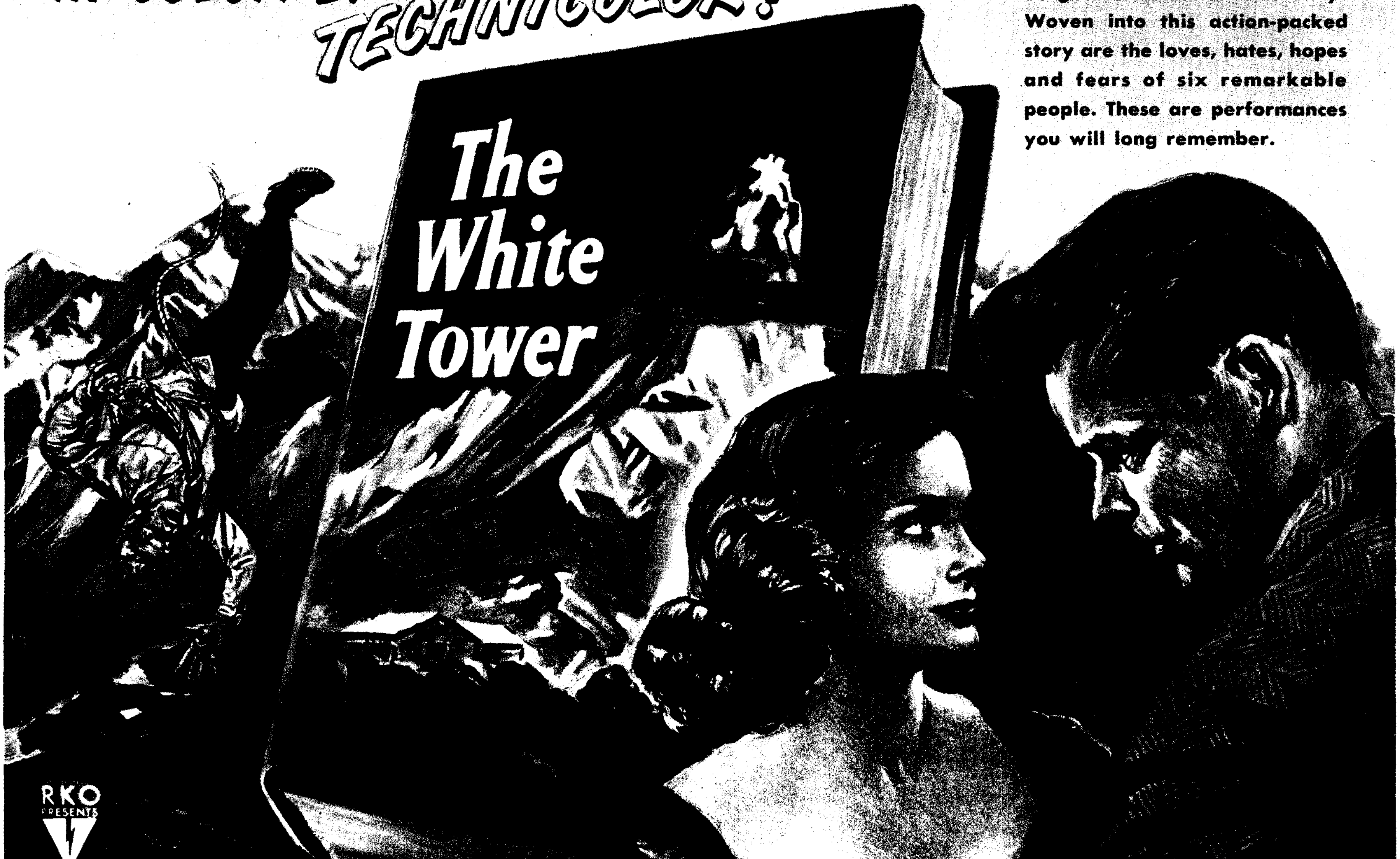

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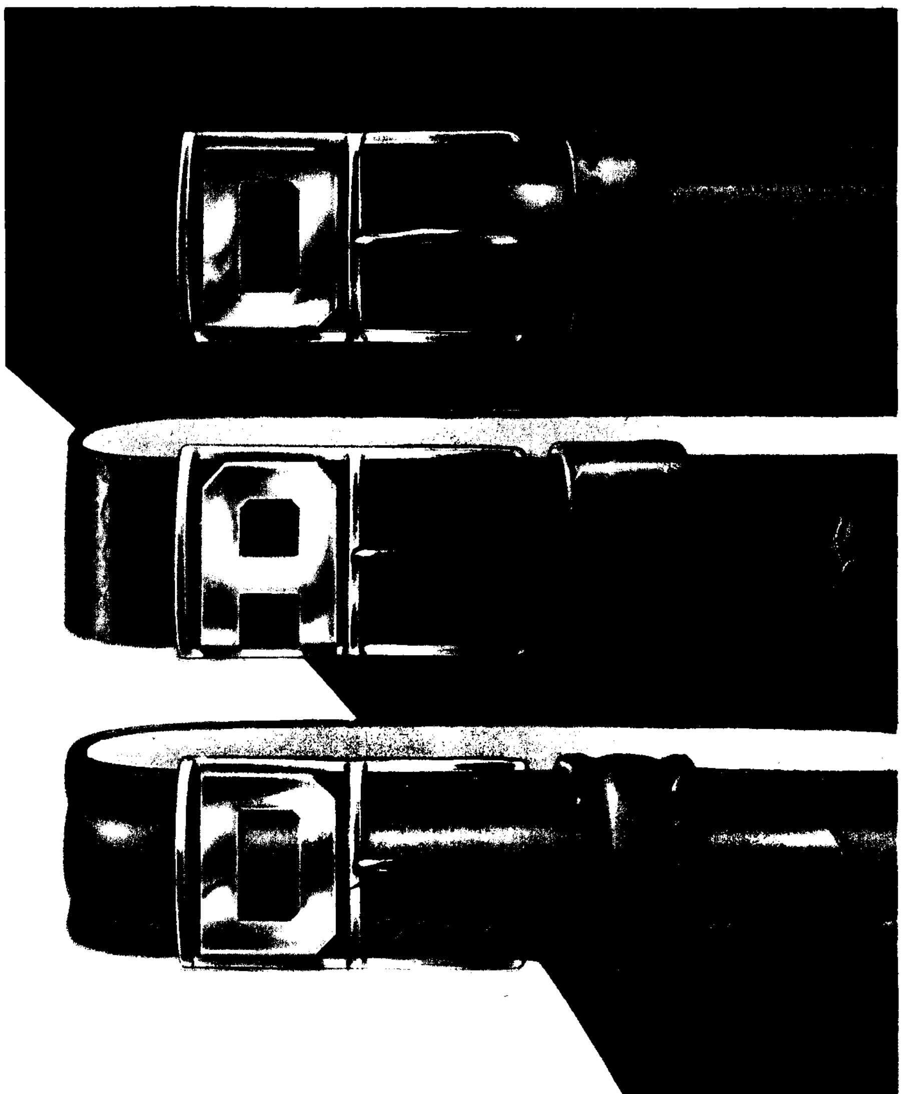

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vorite brand. 'By, Lou. Thanks for every thing."

The car, a faded sedan, was humming at the curb, the door half open for him. Jose's hand had pulled the door wide before he saw that the driver was not old Minton. It was Captain Harrod.

Jose didn't have to get in. But he did. It wasn't important who drove him to Santa Fe. The important thing was to get there. There was no reason for him to avoid the law even if it were possible. But resentment burned at the betrayer as he slammed the door behind him. "Lou—"

"Doesn't know," Harrod said. "I fixed it for the Mintons to be delayed over dinner. That's the good part of living in a neighborly town. You can always fix things." He added dryly, "Should think I'm better company than that yawping Minton female."

"Could be." Jose lighted a cigarette. "Where you headed for?"

"Santa Fe."

"On business?"

"Yes, business." Now that he'd settled the car on the road, Harrod didn't seem to care about being good company.

Jose persisted. "I shouldn't think you could take off in the middle of an international murder."

A secret smile touched Harrod's mouth. "That one's over."

Jose's surprise echoed. "Over!"

"Yes."

"Who knifed him?"

"Oh." Harrod was surprised that Jose could be so ignorant. "It wasn't murder. Just another drunk in the river."

Jose eyed him to see if he meant it. He did. "So that's the way it's going to be."

"That's the way it is," Harrod corrected.

Jose gave a short laugh. "If I ever want to get rid of a guy, I'll know how to do it. And where."

Harrod was mild. "Did you ever kill anyone, Aragon?"

"Plenty." He jutted his chin. "It was that easy, too. I got medals for doing it—during the war. But if you still think I slipped a knife into Tustin because I didn't like his face or because I was conditioned to the black commandment of killing someone who stood in my way—if that's what you think, why didn't you arrest me this afternoon? Why this buggy ride?"

"Sometimes people have to be killed," Harrod said calmly. "Even when there isn't a war going on. It's better to write off Tustin's death as an accident. So far as I'm concerned it was accidental. If I'd had any idea, I wouldn't have let it happen. I was figuring on talking to him."

"Procrastination," Jose warned.

"Maybe. I knew he was on the border but he wasn't in my bailiwick until he crossed the bridge to our side. When he did, he registered at the Chenoweth just as if he were what he claimed to be, a Detroit businessman."

"Who was he?"

THERE was again that modicum of surprise in Harrod's answer. "He was a man for hire." He shook his head gently. "I'm surprised you didn't run into him in Germany. He was pretty busy there the same time you were."

"Or in Cairo or Panama City or maybe Lisbon?"

"He got around."

For moments they rode in silence, each thinking his own thoughts. Harrod broke the interlude, thinking aloud, "He caused plenty of accidents in his time. He came to the end of his road so often he must have thought it would take a silver bullet to do him in. He wouldn't figure on getting a grubby knife in his back in a dirty little border town. When you've beaten a big danger you don't expect the little stuff to beat you."

With this Jose agreed but he kept it to himself. He closed his eyes. There was a long trip ahead. . . .

Jose woke up in Albuquerque. The sky was paling for dawn, the far stars were already gone, as magically as sparks from a skyrocket.

"I suppose you'll be seeing the blonde," Harrod said.

"What blonde?"

"The one Tustin was trailing."

"You think she stuck him?"

Harrod drawled, Texas-style, "You're forgetting. He was just another drunk."

"So it doesn't matter who he was trailing or why."

"I haven't figured," Harrod said.

Jose's smile was wide. "If I chase blondes, it's because they're blondes." The air smelled good out here on the Santa Fe highway. A mountain chill in it. He drew in a lungful. The unrelieved heat of the Southland sapped a man's confidence; he'd needed this. "And you know something? I prefer blondes to drunks who fall in the Rio Grande. You can have Tustin, I'll take the Candy Kid."

He'd talked too fast—the confident air had gone to his head.

But Harrod didn't pick it up. He said only, "Glad to hear it, Jo."

DAYLIGHT was breaking when they entered the still-sleeping town. "I can drop off at La Fonda," Jose said.

"You stopping there?"

"I live here. I'm going home."

Harrod said, "I'll take you home. I'll find my way back to the hotel."

Following Jose's directions, Harrod circled the plaza, passed the cathedral and went on to the bridge, over the hill to home. The gates of the old Spanish wall stood open. Jose climbed out and said, "Thanks, Harrod." He hauled out his bags.

"Be seeing you," Harrod said.

Jose was sure of it. He watched the car turn and start down the hill before he shouldered his bags. He entered quietly into the big, silent house. He would have preferred bed to Beach. But his cousin was yawning in the doorway of the guest bedroom. It wasn't usual; Beach must have slept with Jose heavy on his mind.

"You got a ride?"

"Yeah."

Beach followed into Jose's bedroom.

"I might as well tell you. You'll find out soon enough. With the chief of the border feds."

"You don't say." Beach yawned wide. "What's he after you for?"

"Smuggling, murder, and who cares?"

"Speaking of smuggling, Dulcy wants to see you." Beach wasn't feigning boredom now. And he wasn't half asleep, his eyes were hard and bright.

Jose tried to kid it. "You've made progress." Because he didn't want to talk.

Beach wasn't having any. "Not much." He sat down on the edge of the bed. "I didn't get in until dinnertime. Dropped the package at the hotel after I'd cleaned up. Mission accomplished. I decided to stick around to make sure it was picked up."

"Not because of blondes? Or beer in the cantina?"

"Beer in the cantina it was. Particularly since Tim and Rags were established there."

Jose said sharply, "Skip to Dulcy."

"She came in later. I gave her a big play, as if I were half in the kegs, but she was interested only in your whereabouts."

"Nothing about the package?"

"Not a word. Nor did I."

Jose had his clothes off. He shoved into bed. Beach stretched to his feet, looked down at him. "You're welcome to your harmless smuggling, Jo—but what's a fed got to do with a bottle of perfume?"

Jose grunted, "That's what I want to find out."

"That's why you stayed behind today."

"Yeah. But I didn't find out."

Beach went slowly to the door. "I thought between the war and the occupation you'd had yourself enough trouble to last a lifetime. I thought you went civvy to live out your years in peace."

"I thought so too," Jose sighed.

He was asleep almost before the door was shut. . . .

The house wasn't silent when he woke. Old Juana was yelling at the granddaughters she'd brought along to do the work; yelling above a nasal Spanish singer squalling from the radio. Above the din, Jose could hear the protracted jangling of the phone bell.

He pulled on his bathrobe, opened his door and shouted, "Somebody get that phone." He saw by his watch it was near noon. The phone had stopped ringing and he waited for a report. It came in a moment out of Nancita's head, poked around the corner.

"Jo, this time it is for you."

His bedroom slippers slopping along the polished brick corridor reminded him of old Praxiteles. He didn't want to think about El Greco. Let Harrod take care of the old one—it was his job. But the voice on the phone brought the señor even closer to hand. He knew who it was when she spoke, before she said, "This is Dulcinda Farrar. Will you have lunch with me?"

"Is it lunchtime so soon?"

"It will be by the time you reach the hotel."

He gave a low laugh. "I'm not that far away. Be patient, *dulce,* I will be with you before you can order a cantina punch."

"I will be waiting."

He dressed fast. He mustn't keep Dulcy waiting. She might change her mind about talking; he took it for granted that she wouldn't have called unless she had *something to say to him. He knew he ought to* turn the contents of her damn' package over to Harrod right now, along with his pittance of knowledge.

And why wasn't he going to turn it over to Harrod? Because he was a stubborn Spanish fool, *un bobo,* that was why.

Before he went out he'd have to find a hiding place for his mementos of Juárez. They were still in his unpacked bags.

The cord and paper were easy: he put them under his pajamas in the lower bureau drawer. They probably didn't mean a thing. Where could you hide perfume where your nose wouldn't find it? Everything in his suitcase stank of love roses. Where could you hide a box of candy where Nancita's sweet tooth wouldn't unearth it? She was a good girl, who wouldn't touch a battered penny—but candy was something else again. She would have no compunctions about breaking through the sealed cellophane. Again his fingers itched to open that box. Nothing less than diamonds or pigeonblood rubies must be smuggled in it; when death was part of the game, the stakes had to be large. Candy was an easy disguise. But there wasn't time now to investigate.

He wasn't too satisfied, but the old desk in his mother's room was the best hiding place for the moment. There was a secret drawer in the heart of it. Moreover, with his mother away, her room was entered but once a week, for cleaning, and another moreover, the girls stood sufficiently in awe of Señora Aragon not to snoop through her things. He draped a pajama top over the stuff in case any of the Juana outfit should be in the corridor. They weren't. He closed himself within his mother's room; on second thought, dropped the bolt on the door.

The perfume first. The candy box was a close fit but he wedged it in, replaced the secret panel. He left the room as unobserved as he'd entered it. And now to join Dulcy. He picked up his wallet on the run, out through the kitchen to ask the kids, "Where's Beach?"

They didn't know. Beach had left early.

"In my car?"

They giggled yes. He would have to hoof it; to wait for a taxi would take twice as long.

The sky was a turquoise blaze, and the noon sun was hot. He loped down the hill and had crossed the Garcia bridge before a familiar rattle and yell, "Hi, Santa Fe!" stopped him. The vacationing Fernandez brothers in their beaten truck. He climbed in. They'd started this whole thing with the foolish tag they'd given him. They now delivered him over to her again, straight to the door of the hotel.

SHE was waiting for him inside. The yellow and brown shine of her hair, the tanned clean skin, the bold mouth—all were as he remembered them. She was lovely, but it wasn't her loveliness alone that his pulses recognized. It was the girl beneath the beauty.

She'd staked out a couch in the smaller but more popular room of the cantina. Two of Bob's special punches were already on the table.

He didn't want to play games; he wanted to know her. But he said in a nice loud coo, "Hello, sweet."

Her eyes were as stone-cold as those of the *sorbita.* She said, "I would prefer you didn't call me that."

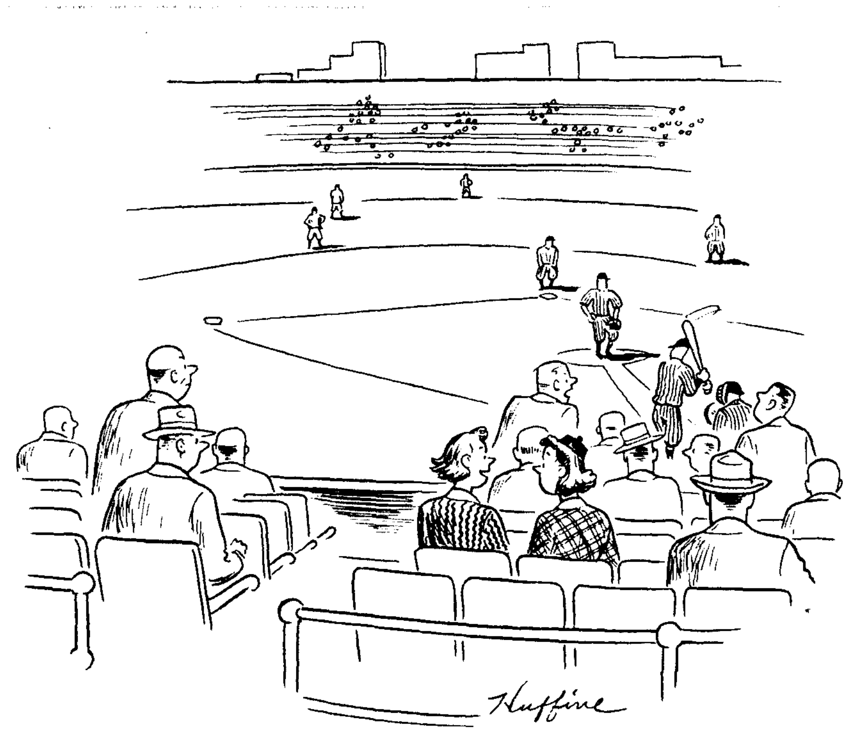
"But it's your name. *Dulce* is sweet, sweet is *dulce.* Sweet as candy." He took a sip of the punch and saluted its creator presiding behind the bar. "Sweet as La Rosa del Amor."

She wasted no more time. "What did you do with the package?"

He was as distressed as Juana would have been at an accusation. "You didn't receive it?"

"You didn't deliver it."

"My cousin delivered it. The very first



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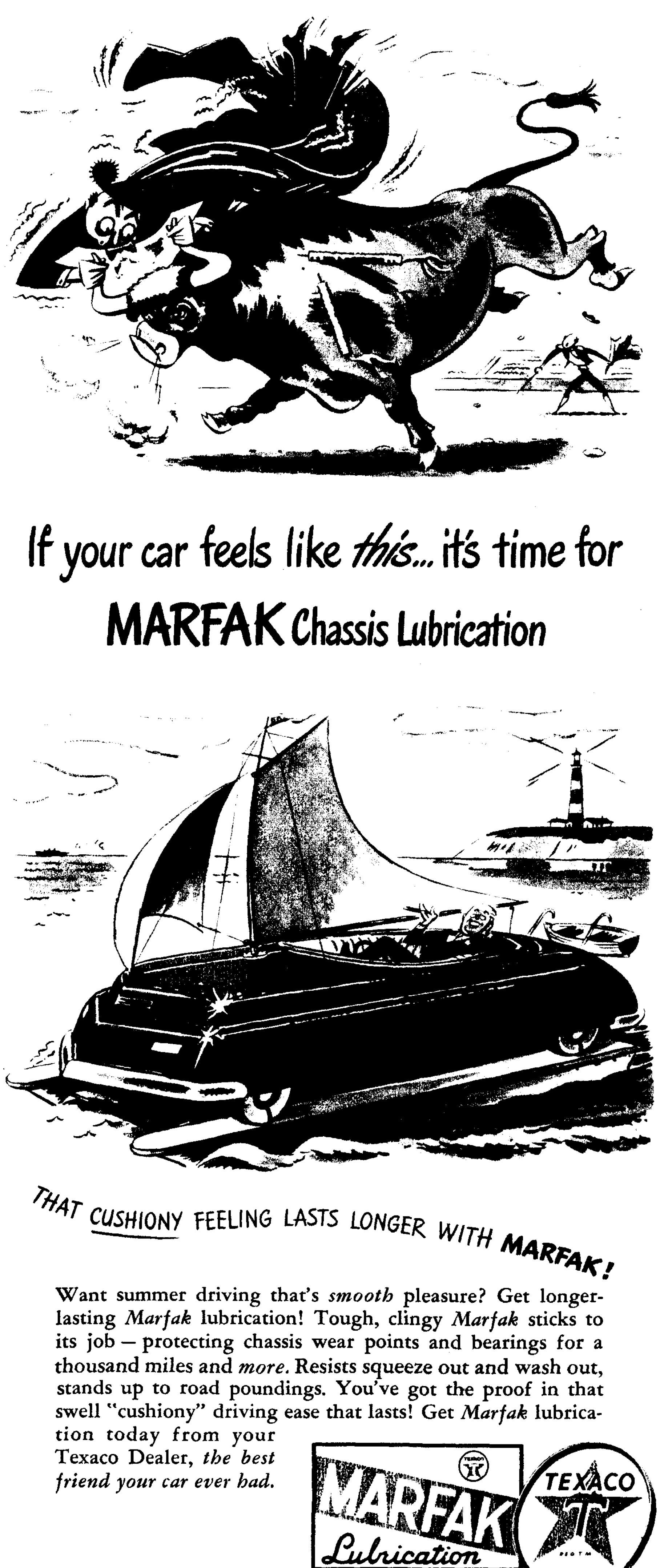

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thing I checked on when I returned last night."

She said quietly, "It wasn't the right package. What did you do with the original one?"

"Sweet," he began and at her faint frown, apologized, "Sorry. It goes better in Spanish, yes? *Dulce—*"

"Stop playing games. What did you do with the package you picked up for me at Señor Praxiteles'?"

"I lost it."

She didn't believe him. She was nearing anger. "That isn't true. You opened it."

"Dulce!"

"If you hadn't, you wouldn't have known what was in the package. You wouldn't have known what to substitute."

"Dulce!" He explained simply, "I have a nose!" His grimace underlined it. "I didn't find it difficult at all. That smell one could never forget."

She hadn't mentioned the candy; if she believed him ever so slightly, she wasn't going to. Nor was he. The *dulce* was the important part of it.

"I did not open your package," he continued with dignity. "I merely lost it." As if confessing a humiliation, he added, "I believed you would not know the difference if I replaced it."

While she thought it over, he beckoned a waitress. "Another punch?"

Dulcy shook her head.

"Then we'll order."

She barely waited for the attendant to leave the table. "Where did you lose it?"

"In Juárez."

She said, "I must have that package, Mr. Aragon."

"I did my best, Miss Farrar," he said. "I even went so far as to return to Praxiteles' filthy hole and ask him for a refill."

"You did what?" She wasn't the icily controlled Miss Farrar now. A part of her reaction came from anger, and a part, undeniably, was from fear.

"He tried to tell me that he didn't sell perfume."

Lunch intruded. He began to eat at once. She looked at her plate but not as if she were seeing it. She said, "It is important that I find the original package."

"Might not be easy," he decided, eating heartily. "Lot of petty thievery in a border town—"

She broke in, "You aren't a fool, Mr. Aragon. Maybe I am. I didn't know who you were when I asked you to get the package for me. I did know when I asked you to bring it here, but I believed you were honorable." An honorable sucker. She began to eat without tasting. "You didn't lose that package. For some reason you have decided to keep it for yourself."

"Why is that package so important to you?" he asked.

She put down the fork as if she'd made a decision to speak frankly. "Because it wasn't for me, Mr. Aragon—it was for a friend. One who had done a favor for me. I was returning the favor. You can imagine how I felt when it was the wrong package."

"And how did you know it was the wrong one?"

"He knew," she said. She began to eat again as if she'd talked too much.

LEANING across the table, Jose said, "Don't look now, but just entering is a long, tall fellow with that weather-beaten Texas look all over his face. I wouldn't mention him only that he happens to be an El Paso cop."

She tried to put on the what-is-it-to-me expression, but it wasn't good.

"He drove me to Santa Fe last night. Before that he'd searched my bags."

She didn't try to hide the start that one gave her.

"And before that he'd asked me a lot of questions about certain events that had to do with your precious package. In particular about the death of a man named Tustin."

She was finishing-school polite about the way she buttered her bread.

"Let's both stop playing games. Tustin was after you until you transferred the responsibility of safe delivery of the package to me. You were scared of him—that's why you hired what you believed was a Mexican punk to pick up that package. Maybe you thought no one would suspect the punk. I'll credit you with that much—but at the same time you were thinking if there was any real trouble brewing, he was expendable and you weren't."

"You are insulting, Mr. Aragon."

"Let's cut out the Mr. Aragon business. We're going to see a lot of each other while you're hanging around these parts and I'm not risking my reputation as a caballero by having a babe like you handle me with ice

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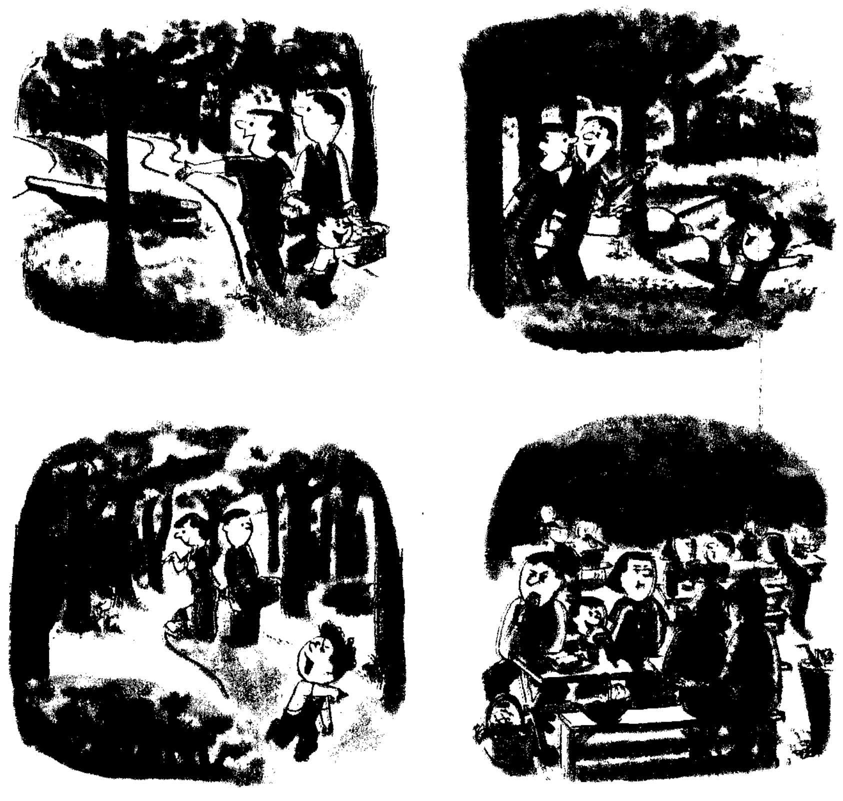

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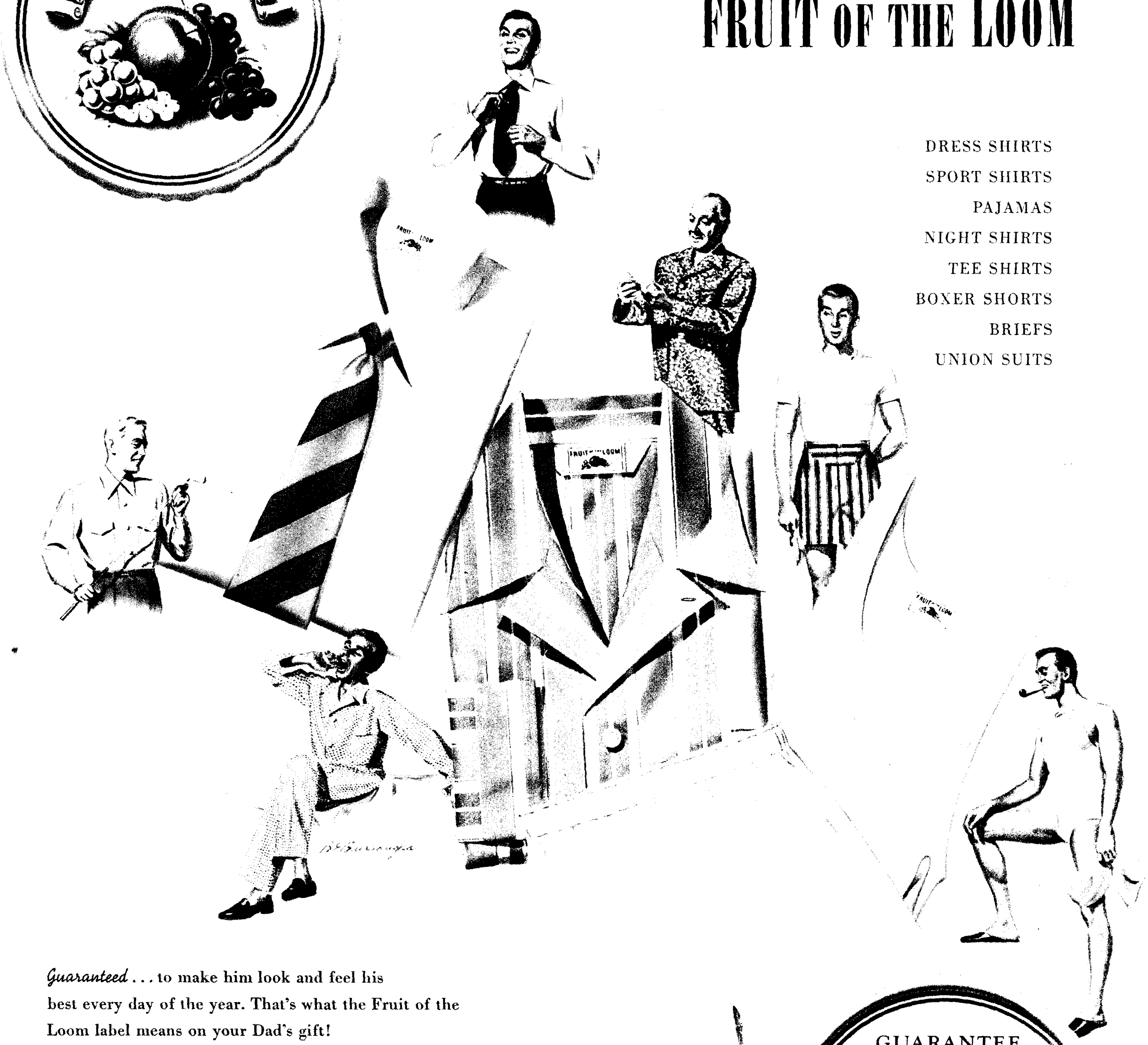

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tongs. I'm still your hired man. Until I hand the package over to you."

"You did find it then?" she asked quickly.

"I didn't lose it. It was lifted from me. I'll get it for you. May take a little time, but I'll get it."

"You know who took it?"

"Yeah, I know who took it. And I'm not telling that to you or to your dear brother or to that cop over by the bar. Us hirelings stick together. There's two parties after that original bottle of perfume, to say nothing of the cops. Might be remunerative to set them bidding against each other."

She said bluntly, "You need money like I need more men tagging after me. You're the Spanish-grant Aragon." Her lips curled. "Yes, I looked you up quite completely after my initial error. What is it you really want?"

He considered the question. "I want to talk to the man for whom the package was intended."

"And you'll turn it over to him?"

"*Dulcita, carita, bobita!*" he laughed. "I will tell him where he can find it."

He didn't mention that Harrod was approaching the table. She didn't know about the cop until he was speaking over her head to Jose.

"Hello, Jo. None the worse for your late journey?"

Jose played it surprised. "Good afternoon, sir. I'm fine. You too?" He didn't make introductions.

Not that it bothered Harrod. "I'd like to meet your friend."

Jose smiled. "I ought to insist you find your own friends. Miss Farrar, Captain Harrod."

"Do you mind if I sit down?" He pushed in next to Dulcinda without waiting for a reply. "I missed talking to you in El Paso."

"Yes?" she replied without interest.

"You were at the Chenoweth the same time that Tustin was there."

She seemed exasperated at what could have been an insinuation. "I wasn't with him, whoever he is. I didn't know anyone at the hotel."

"Except Beach and me," Jose supplied blandly.

SHE was precise. "Your cousin joined my table in a Juárez café. He'd had a little too much to drink and felt flirtatious. Later you joined us. I had no idea that either of you was staying at the Chenoweth until your cousin mentioned it. I had not noticed either of you there."

"You were at the hotel about a week." Harrod pushed at a bread crumb.

"Yes." The monosyllable was tentative.

"Why?" At the lift of her eyebrows, Harrod continued. He was exploring the same vein Jose had wondered about when he first met her. "We've got a nice little city, Miss Farrar. I'm not saying anything against it. But even the chamber of commerce knows it's no summer resort. A lot of folks come through in the summer, sure, on their way East or West. And a lot of folks have to come down on business. And there's some who come visiting friends or their folks. But I don't know anybody who'd spend a week there at this time of year for no good reason."

She spoke with chilly amusement. "I never thought I'd have to account to the police in this country for my spending a week in any city I chose. I had a very good reason for being there, Captain Harrod. I was waiting for my brother and a friend to arrive."

"From Mexico?" He slid it in so easily that she'd said, "Yes," before she knew it.

"They got delayed?"

Her eyes were quick. "No," she denied. "I didn't know exactly when they would arrive. I was ahead of schedule."

"You were in Mexico, too, weren't you?" Harrod asked abruptly.

"I've been there."

"I didn't exactly mean that," he said quietly. "What I meant was you were all down there together, only you came back first. You flew to El Paso and waited for the others to catch up."

She let herself get mad now, the way a person would who had nothing to hide. "I can't see that it's any of your business if I travel in Mexico or Patagonia or stay at a hotel in El Paso or Paris."

"Now, maybe I'm too curious." Harrod mused.

"Maybe you are," she said shortly. She wanted to get up and leave, but she was boxed in by the two men and by the low table pushed against her knees. She couldn't move until one of them helped her.

"But it's hard not to be curious about you coming in from Mexico and Mr. Tustin coming right after you."

She tried to push the table away. It didn't budge. "Captain Harrod, I am quite certain there must be many people who come from Mexico to your city. It's a direct route to the States. As for this man you speak of, I assure you I know nothing about him." She implied that she didn't care to.

HARROD went on just as if she hadn't interrupted, "And both of you hanging around instead of going about your business the way other folks do when they're heading north."

"I've explained—"

"But this fellow waited too. Funny you didn't meet him—he kept following you around."

"Very funny," she commented. She added, "I'd have gone to the police had I known I was followed."

"Too bad you didn't know," Harrod said. "He might be alive today if you had."

"You mean this man is dead?" She couldn't have sounded more honestly astounded.

"Yes, he's dead now." They were two experts playing each other. But she was scared. Jose watched one and then the other. Silently. She murmured something that might have meant she was sorry to hear it even if it meant nothing to her. Harrod said, "Happened the night your brother got in."

She ignored the reference to her brother. She clutched her purse and gloves. "I'm sorry, Captain Harrod. I didn't know this man existed."

Adam was just coming into the cantina. Jose gestured but the big fellow didn't see him. Harrod and Dulcinda each gave Jose a disapproving glint. "Sorry," he murmured.

"I'm sure my brother knows as little about him," she concluded.

"Might as well ask him. Where can I find him?"

All at once she was sweet as candy. "Mr. Aragon's cousin, Beach Aragon, drove him and Mr. Ragsdale up to Los Alamos today."

Jose was alert. "You didn't tell me that!"

"Didn't you know? We planned it last night. I'm afraid I overslept." She smiled apology. "I'll have to go another time. They say it's quite interesting."

Harrod's only answer was a vague, "Mmm." He shoved out the table as if he needed to let off steam. "I'll talk to him later. I'm sure you'll tell him what I'm after." His stork legs carried him out of the bar.

Dulcinda watched until he was out of sight. Her voice came disturbed. "Why didn't you warn me?"

"Warn you of what?"

She shook her head; her voice was worried. "He isn't interested in the package. He's interested in that man you were talking about—what's the name—Tustin?"

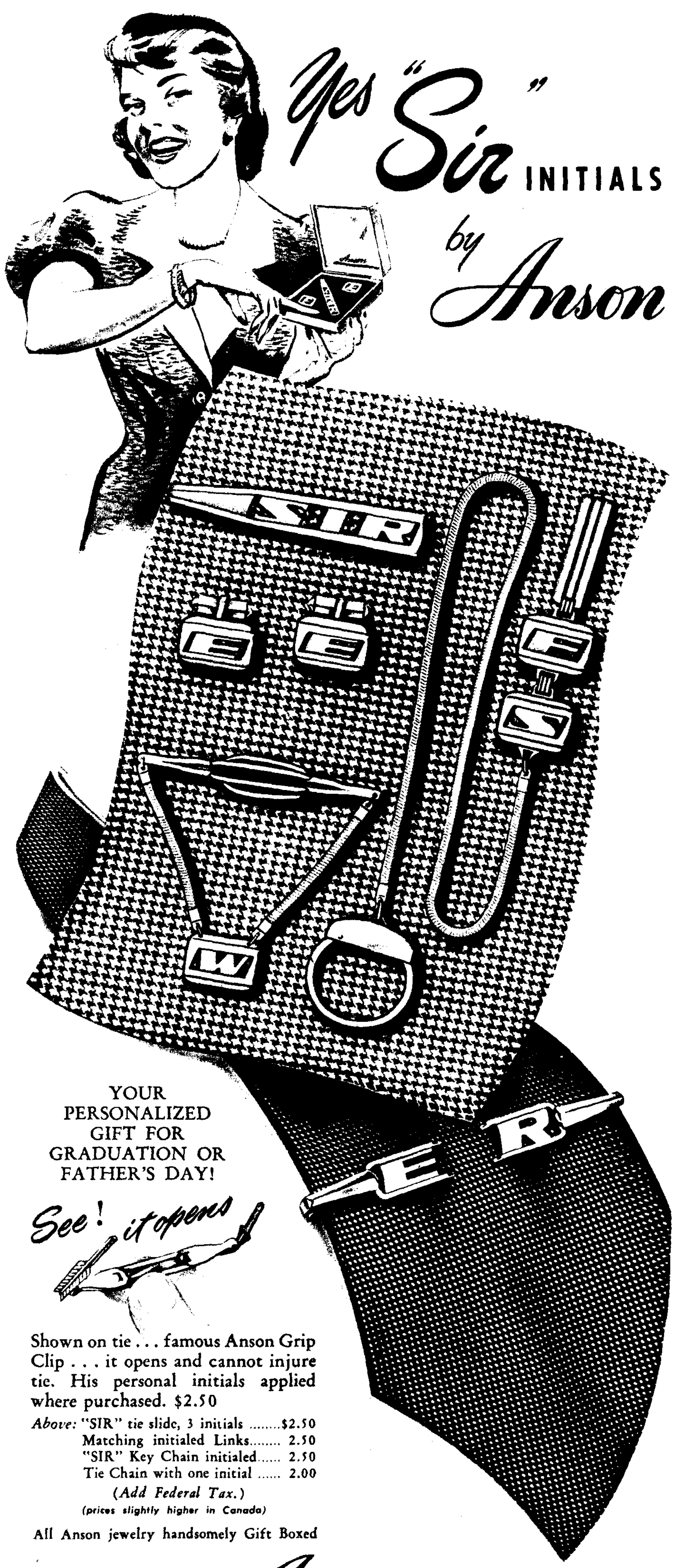
She didn't need to fumble for the name; it was easy to remember.

"What do you care? You didn't know him. You didn't know he existed." He pushed out the table. They rose together.

"You doubt it?"

"No more than Harrod does." Their eyes met, unsmiling.

But he didn't want it to break up this way. Whether she was innocently involved in an unsavory mess or whether she was in it up to her eyes didn't matter right now. It was important not to lose her. His hand touched her arm. "Come on, let's forget it. Have a liqueur and meet Adam."



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She removed the hand as if it were a bug. She said nothing, as she walked away. Jose sidled through the aisle to reach Adam at the bar.

"What you doing with that outfit, son?" Adam asked.

"That's my blonde," Jose responded.

Adam rumbled. "Give him a drink, Bob. He's got a headache." He laid a sympathetic paw on Jose's shoulder. "I was referring to the cowpuncher."

"He's border patrol."

"What the hell's he doing so far from the border?"

Bob brought a drink.

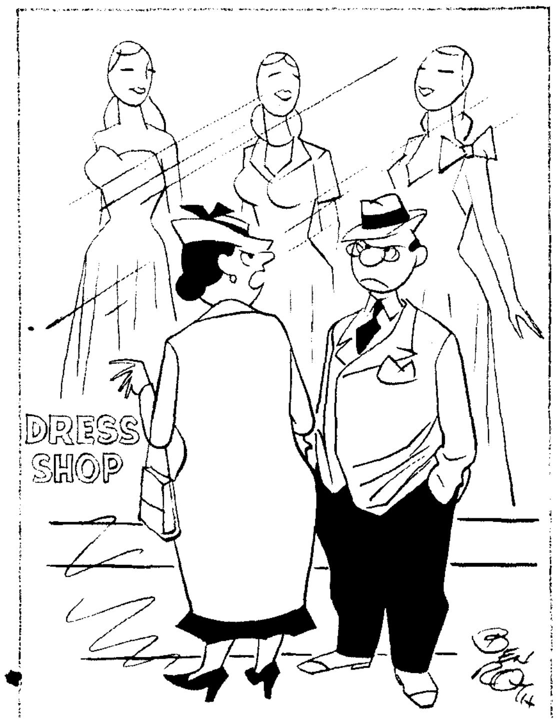
"He's trying to pin a murder on me."

Adam waited for the punch line. When there wasn't any, he began to snicker. "Who'd you murder? Her husband? You ought to be careful about these things, Jo."

"Bail out," Jose advised dourly.

"You mean to tell me you *are* mixed up in a murder?"

"Finish your drink," Jose directed. "Let's go to the house. I'll tell you the whole sad story."



"Don't you want me to look as if you got the raise the boss won't give you?"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

"I can't. I've got a date." He shook his head. "No blonde. Business. Come out for dinner at my place."

Jose hesitated.

"Bring her along," Adam urged.

"I'll bring Beach," Jose said. "I'm off women."

"If I know you, sonny, that won't last till dinnertime."

LEAVING him at the bar, Jose took himself out to the plaza. It looked as it always did on Saturday afternoon. The usual shoppers ambling on the streets, the usual battered cars squaring the park where black-eyed children played, and the old men, their faces made browner by their white heads, nodding under the shade trees. It didn't differ much in appearance from Juárez or any Mexican town. It was a little patch of Mexico or Old Spain here in the United States.

Jose started to plod homeward, following the road past the archbishop's garden. He felt lost, the way a man did after he'd been away and before he was again settled in routine. He could have sunned himself on the tiled rim of half a dozen swimming pools; he could have called a dozen fellows, worked up a game of tennis or golf, made plans for the evening with as many charming señoritas, all of whom would be delighted to hear that Jose Aragon was returned from the ranch and in need of friendship. He didn't want any of it. It wasn't wholly because of a nagging anxiety over the hiding place of perfume and candy. He was headed home because he was troubled in mind.

He saw no one he knew after leaving the plaza; he saw no one at all after he began to climb the Camino de la Casa. On the shallow slope where the small adobe houses pricked the sandy waste, there were sounds of children and dogs; here on the hillside only the silence of the big places. Even in a town as small as this one, it would be simple to cause a man to disappear; much too simple. He picked up a bit more speed. This was not the hour to be walking abroad; this was the solitude time of siesta.

THE blazing white thunderheads which accumulated daily at noon over the Sangre de Cristos had not piled high enough to discharge the coming storm. The blue blaze of sky, the white blaze of clouds gave a peculiar intensity of heat to the yellow-brown earth. Yellow-brown like Dulcy's hair.

When he reached the gate he saw that Juana and the girls had gone for the day. They always left the gate standing open. He closed it after him and walked around to the back patio. None of the family except great-aunts ever used the formal front door.

He was overheated from the climb and dropped into a canopied swing to cool off. He set it stirring. The only thing wrong with this picture of a patio dappled in sunlight and cottonwood shade was that he'd have to fetch his own beer. If Beach hadn't got stuck with those two characters, they could toss for it. And he admitted that a good part of his gloom was apprehension over Beach being with them.

Visitor restrictions at Los Alamos had been tightened again this summer. He didn't understand why Beach would plan to take the Farrars up there—unless they'd manipulated it without Beach being aware. But that didn't hold water; Beach was keen. Jose faced the fact that Beach had acted deliberately and for a reason. Jose remembered Harrod's cryptic remarks about the border and the hill, and his anxiety increased. What he wanted to do was get in his car and start for Los Alamos right now—find Beach and remove him from the picture. The trouble was that he didn't have his car; Beach had it.

He bolted upright. Against the screen of the door, a shadow had formed. "Who's there?" There was no answer and it took a moment looking from sun into house shade to realize that it was one of the girls. "Nan? Rosie?" he called. "How about bringing me a beer?"

For once, whichever one it was didn't giggle at him. She merely slurred a *si* and disappeared into the depths of the house. Luck had slanted a bit in his direction. He'd wished for a beer and a beer was coming. He settled himself full length in the swing, pushing the cushions under his head. If he could prevail upon Rosie or Nannie to stick around this afternoon to answer the phone or warn of approaching callers, he'd know the saints were with him. He might be able to make up some lost sleep while waiting for Beach to return.

It was the first time he'd been peaceful for forty-eight hours. He closed his eyes, enjoying the comfort of the swing until he heard the door open and the girl announce in an accent, "Here is the beer."

For the second time he sat bolt upright. She was holding out to him the bottle he'd expected, but she wasn't the girl he'd expected. She was the *sorbitu*—Francisca, the waif who had run away from him in Juárez.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Automatically he grabbed the bottle from her. He needed it.

(To be continued next week)

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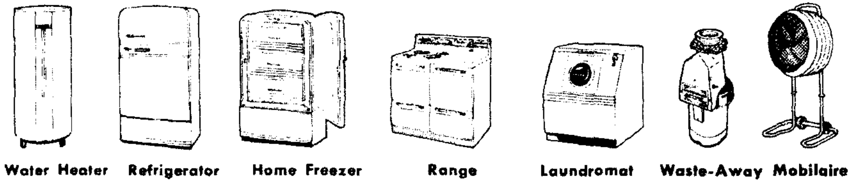

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No Time to Waste

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

long spell of slow rain to soak deep and start the winter wheat germinating, and to set the earth and hold it. But we didn't need a gully-washer, not with the topsoil ready to run off with the water.

Joe came around the truck, wiping mud from his face. A red-haired extrovert who used to jockey Sherman tanks for Uncle Sam, he had thrown in with me because he liked what we'd be doing, and thought there was a nice future in it. I'll tell you one thing I believe firmly: *Without* it the future isn't going to be nice. Joe squinted at me. "You know what Gormley's handing the gullible folks around here?"

"Whatever it is," I said wearily, "it seems to work."

"I heard a couple of dirt-daubers talking," Joe said. "You're supposed to be trying to work a fast swindle. We're a money-making racket." He laughed shortly. "Hell, there must be an easier way to put the bite on suckers, Smithy."

CHARLEY nodded gravely. "He also says, quote: How can a wet-eared pup like that Smith know anything about farming? According to him, you're a shoestring operator trying to make a quick killing."

"Some killing," Joe said. "What did you ever do to that old geezer, Smithy?"

"Nothing," I said. "But I can think of plenty I'd like to do to him."

"Not changing the subject or anything," Joe put in. "What do you hear from the home front? Is it time to pass out the cigars yet?"

I grinned and shook my head and stood up. "Don't work too hard," I said. I got in the jeep, thinking about Anne and wishing she were in Willow Basin instead of clear across the state, staying with her parents. But the way things were stacking up, it looked like she wouldn't ever be coming to Willow Basin, and we'd *both* be staying with her parents.

I drove out of the field and down the blacktop to the dirt road running north up the Butte alongside Gormley's barbed-wire fence, hoping I wouldn't bump into any of Gormley's hired hands. I turned off, and ahead the Butte climbed bleak and rough to end in a flat tableland that looked level but tilted slightly toward the valley, as did all the land for miles east and west of the summit. I suppose it was an imposing bit of scenery to the layman, but to me the yellow-brown Butte was ugly and evil, and I meant to try to show Gormley and his neighbors just how evil it really was.

With the aerial photo, I could take the plane table and wander across Gormley's robbed land drawing in all the gullies and washes that hadn't been there when the photograph was taken ten years before. I had a faint hope that it might bring the desperate need for soil-saving home to the farmers. That ruin was creeping up on Gormley was to me as certain as night and day, but I'd have to draw him a picture to convince him. And I couldn't ask his permission to have his rangeland pose as the ultimate in horrible examples, either, since he'd take a vicious delight in vetoing the idea.

So I drove up the dirt road and scanned the Butte for Gormley riders who might interfere with my plans, and I was about to sigh with relief when the jeep topped a rise and there ahead, cantering across the slope toward a gate some distance ahead, was a horse being ridden by a thin and unmistakable figure. Not a hired hand, but Gormley in person. I stopped, half minded to beat it and come back another time, but he'd probably already seen me. So I lighted a cigarette and waited, and he closed the gate and came loping down the road with his face red and ugly with anger.

"What are you doin' here?" he asked harshly. "If you come aimin' to argue with me, it ain't no use. Turn around and go back where you come from."

"Gormley," I said, "I'd like permission to do some mapping on the Butte, but I'll probably do it whether you feel like permitting it or not."

He leaned down from the saddle and shook his fist in my face. "You set foot on my property and I'll prosecute you for trespass!" he yelled furiously.

"Gormley, you old fool," I said, biting down hard on my temper, "don't you realize the Butte is a threat to all the land down below? Hell, it's not a matter of conservation any more. It's a matter of reclamation and flood control. Man, you've got a moral obligation to the valley landowners and even to the people in Willow Basin, to—"

"Stay off my land, dang you!" he roared, and kicked his horse into a lope and left me sitting there feeling foolish for letting him know what I planned to do. I watched him run his horse down the dusty road and wished he'd fall off and break his neck, and then I drove up to the gate and turned around.

"You just going to give up?" I asked myself. I thought about Anne and the big plans we'd made. Sure, just quit and go back to Oakdale and tell my wife the Smith Agricultural Construction Company had come apart at the seams and we'd have to draw up a new set of plans. Driving slowly in second gear, I looked down the long slanting watershed to where a toy tractor and grader were working in a miniature field, and I envied Charley and Joe because they were working for wages. They didn't have the responsibility, and they didn't have to try to sell sense to a bunch of suspicious old cement-heads. Then I remembered who they worked for—me—and stopped envying them.

High above, a hawk toured the air currents leisurely, but I didn't envy him, either. He didn't know it, but that lonely hawk riding his private thermal updraft was concerned with the problem of soil conservation. Rob the soil and you made it tough for the creatures that lived in and on the soil, and the hawk that depended on the creatures for *his* living.

This valley was a small part of the state, and the country in turn only a small segment of the world. But soil conservation had to start here in the valley, and in other valleys all over the country just like it. It wasn't just a matter of Anne and me, or S.A.C.C., or one criminally negligent bonehead like Gormley. It was a big and urgent and frightening thing, and it encompassed the entire world.

MAYBE it sounds melodramatic and corny, but in the bombed-out countries of Europe the flame of countless human lives might flicker and go out because the productivity of this one parched valley was drained off a little more each time it rained. The world's population increases despite wars, and its capacity for food production decreases. Multiply Gormley's holdings by the number of possible Gormleys in the world, and you had a shocking thought to deal with. And as I drove slowly back down the road I was dealing with it.

And so I stopped the jeep and climbed through the fence onto Gormley's plundered acres and started mapping. Tacking the aerial photograph to the plane table, I set up the alidade and got my fixes on the highway and its concrete culverts to the west, brooding about the scabby bareness of the range.

Maybe it would work, I was thinking. Maybe I could show the others, even if I couldn't get through to Gormley. I might even do better than merely show what a decade of neglect had done to the Butte. Joe and I could bring the transit up and shoot the vertical intervals from the tableland down to the highway, and, using the average precipitation figures, I could estimate approximately how much water had to come *off* the Butte during a rain. Lord

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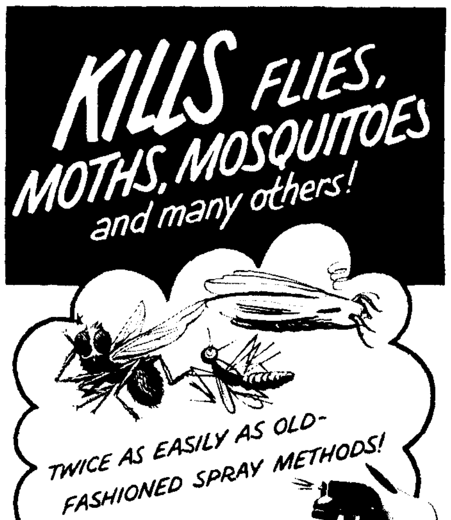
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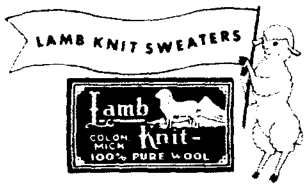

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knows, very little water stayed *on* the Butte.

Far across the gutted slope a scattering of cattle were visible on a rise against the clouds, and it seemed impossible that any living thing could exist on that wasteland.

I was so absorbed that I didn't hear the horses coming up the road in the ankle-deep dust. By the time I noticed them, the two men had already dismounted and were crawling through the fence. I straightened up and watched them come, feeling tight inside because their stealth, and the way they walked, and the grim masks of their faces looked like trouble.

THEY were big and young, with rough, weathered faces and stony eyes under the brims of their hats. One was slightly taller, and had a flattened nose and thin lips. The other wasn't distinguished by anything but the hard purpose in his eyes. I didn't know their names, but they worked for Gormley, and they must have just come from a meeting with him down the road.

"What can I do for you guys?" I asked as they came closer.

"Nothin'," the flat-nosed one said. "We're gonna do somethin' for you, bud."

And they did—they jumped me. A huge fist exploded in my face and I went down. They put the boots to me then, and I covered my face with my arms and tried to get up, tried to fight back, but a pile-driving fist hammered the back of my neck and I dropped to my hands and knees.

Once again I tried to get up, and the big man caught me with a hard fist and I was out for a few seconds. When I finally staggered to my feet, they were crawling back through the fence, and the aerial photograph had been ripped off the plane table.

My forehead was skinned, my jaw and left cheekbone hurt, and I was sore and bruised all over, but there was only a trickle of blood and nothing was busted. I stood there trying to get organized while the two men rode up to the gate, passed through it, and loped unconcernedly across the Butte toward the distant cattle.

When I got through the fence and into the jeep, I leaned on the steering wheel and gave in to the sick misery. That tears it good, I thought. . . .

Remembering the eager-beaver Clark Smith who had come to Willow Basin such a short time ago, I wanted to laugh bitterly. I'd picked this region because nobody was doing anything about conservation and it needed it more than most places. I'd hoped to organize all the farmers in a co-operative program, survey the entire area as one big farm, and work it according to need priority rather than size of farm or wealth of the owners.

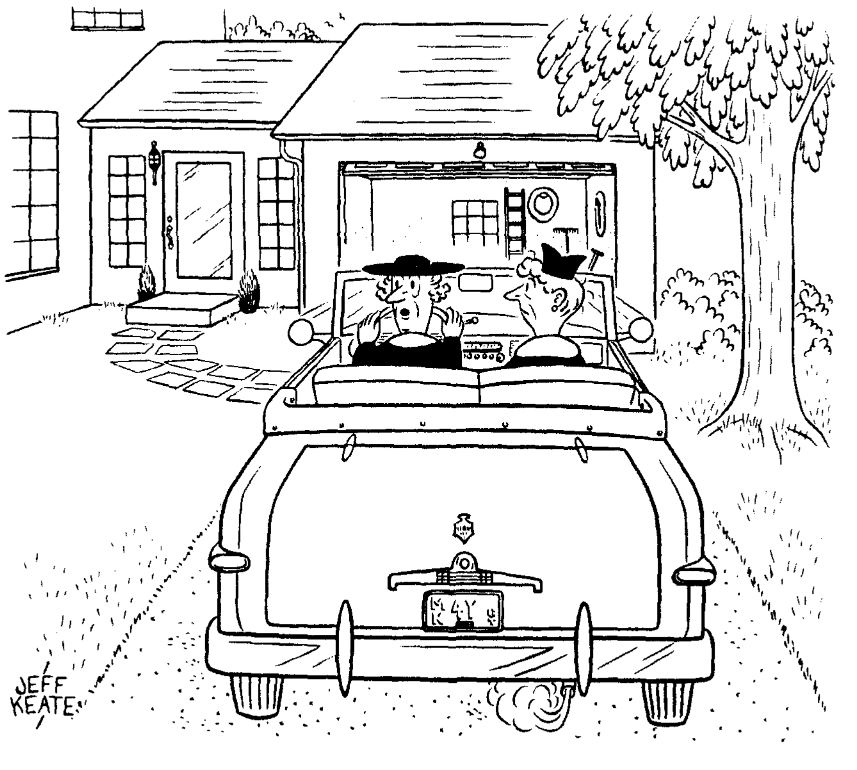
We'd be one big happy united front restoring the land's fertility and fighting starvation in China, with the farmers swapping work and doing with their own hands and tractors those jobs that could be staked out and left to them, while S.A.C.C. built terraces and surveyed and planned. In time, the way I had it all figured out, the valley would be green and modern and thriving, and we'd spread out further, and pretty soon S.A.C.C. would have a noble and profitable lifework cut out for itself. "I'm laughing!" I said to myself now. But I wasn't laughing.

We had a fine slogan: "Scientific soil programs now, or malnutrition for future generations." And a selling point: "More yields per acre instead of less yields per year." Listen, I've seen wheat fields in the western part of the state jump production ten bushels an acre the first year. It can be done. And some of the young men, mostly ex-GIs, were solidly behind S.A.C.C., but their small farms couldn't support the project unaided.

I'll tell you, I preached soil conservation like a missionary. I told them complacency was a crime and there was no time to waste. One day in town I even warned them about the Butte, stating firmly that unless the Butte were terraced and check-dammed and contour-lined and sodded and cover-cropped, someday a cloudburst would funnel off the scarred slopes in a flash flood that would send mild little Willow Creek over its banks and into Willow Basin.

WHEN the queasiness passed, I started the jeep and headed for town. I had a Charley horse in my right leg from the kicking I'd taken, and I had to drive with the throttle instead of the foot feed. As I drove, the sun stopped burning the back of my neck, and I looked up to find cottony clouds thickening in from the southwest—fleecy clouds with dirty undersides.

In town, I went first to my rooming house and cleaned up the marks of defeat, and then I drove downtown and parked and got some lunch. While I ate I glumly took inventory of the few small jobs left on S.A.C.C.'s schedule. Contour lines to run on a couple of pastures, one diversion ditch, a half-dozen check dams to mark out and later be built by the farmers concerned. Three or four more days with the cat and grader where it was now—if it rained much we'd have to wait for the ground to dry out



COLLIER'S "Well, the worst part of the trip is over. We're out of the garage" JEFF KEATE

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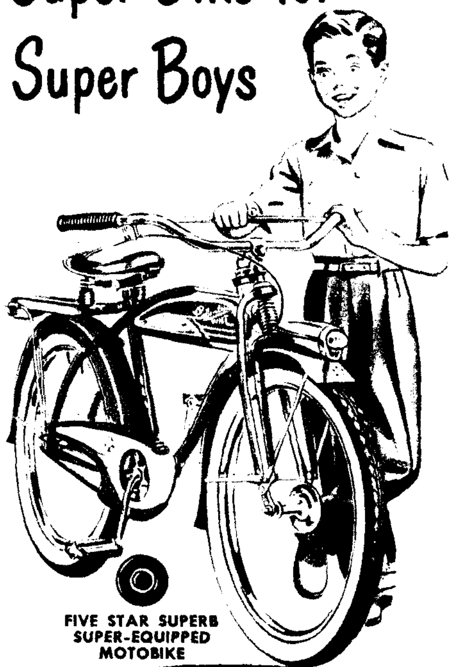

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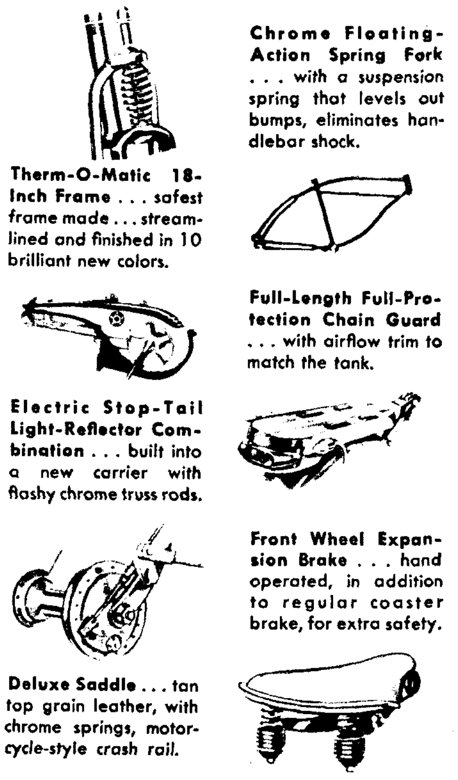

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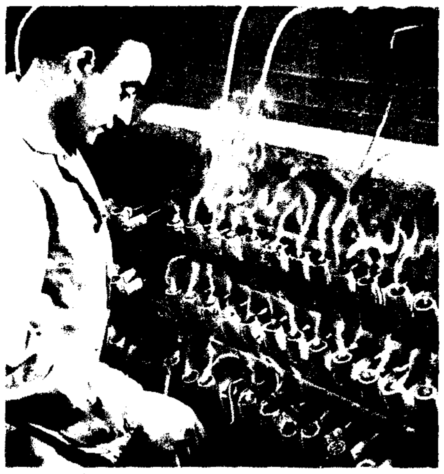

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some, but it wouldn't matter. S.A.C.C. wasn't healthy at the bank, but I could pay Charley and Joe for a week or so. If I ran short I could always sell the jeep and panel truck. They were paid for.

So, another week or ten days. After that, unemployment. The cat and grader would go back to the finance company, and if I was lucky I'd get a job grading roads or herding a bulldozer. Or teaching soil conservation to earnest young men so they could go out and bang their heads against the stone wall of indifference too.

WHEN I *stepped out on the sidewalk*, a couple of farmers were saying to each other that by golly it looked good for rain and by heck she was about due, and suddenly there was old man Gormley waddling toward me. It was funny, but I didn't get all churned up inside with hate. Instead I thought: *Once more!* Try him one more time! I got in front of him and he stopped.

"Gormley," I said, "why can't we sit down over a cup of coffee and talk like two reasonable adult human beings?" I should have known better.

"I don't drink coffee," he snapped. He wasn't reasonable *or* adult. He started around me, and I got in front of him again.

"Why?" I said. "Good Lord, Gormley, what do you hope to gain by scuttling the program, by advising everybody to steer clear of it? I don't see your angle at all."

"Git out of my way, Smith," he said hoarsely. "I warn you now, don't ever jump me out like this again." His voice began to shake with rage. "You been sayin' around that I'm an old goat and no tellin' what all else. So help me, feller, I'll find a way to fix you yet." He stalked into the café.

Fix me? Hell's bells, he'd already fixed me. What more could he do? I limped out to the jeep and got in. Cars parked both parallel in the center of the wide Main Street and at angles to the curb, and someone had parked a dirty old sedan in the middle behind me, with about half of it projecting into the traffic lane. I saw it, all right, and I racked the jeep away from the curb knowing about it. But when I started to brake and put the jeep in forward gear my sore leg didn't operate efficiently, and I braked a trifle late. I banged into the sedan, not hard, and when I got out and checked, the only damage I could find was a small fresh dent in an already dented fender. All the sedan's fenders were battered, for that matter.

Well, it wasn't even worth fooling with, but I had to be a dope. I had to be big about it. I wrote a note accepting blame and saying I'd pay the damage, if they wanted it that way. I stuck the note under the sedan's windshield wiper, figuring the owner would read it, laugh heartily, and forget the whole thing. I was wrong.

I drove by the post office, learned there was no mail for me, and drove on out of town. When I reached the field I unscrewed the plane table from its tripod and stowed the gear away, and sat in the jeep waiting for the cat to come back along the raw earth fill. And off to the south and west, blackness was mushrooming.

The cat clanked to the end of the terrace, and Joe shut it off and jumped down.

"Looks like we got company, Smithy," he said.

I looked around, and a car was coming into the field. A dirty sedan with cauliflowered fenders. It parked behind the jeep, and the driver got out, and it was Gormley. "Oh, no!" I said to myself. Another man got out of the sedan, and I recognized him, too. He was the county sheriff. They came up beside the jeep, and grumbling thunder echoed across the black sky.

"That's the feller, Sheriff," Gormley said. "Hit-and-run driver."

The sheriff seemed a little embarrassed. "Howdy, Smith," he said. I nodded.

"Whammed into my car and drove off," Gormley said. "I seen the whole thing."

"I left a note under the wiper," I said. "I offered to pay for the damage."

"He's lyin', Sheriff," Gormley snarled. "There wasn't no blamed note."

The sheriff fidgeted uneasily. "You goin' to prefer charges, Mr. Gormley?"

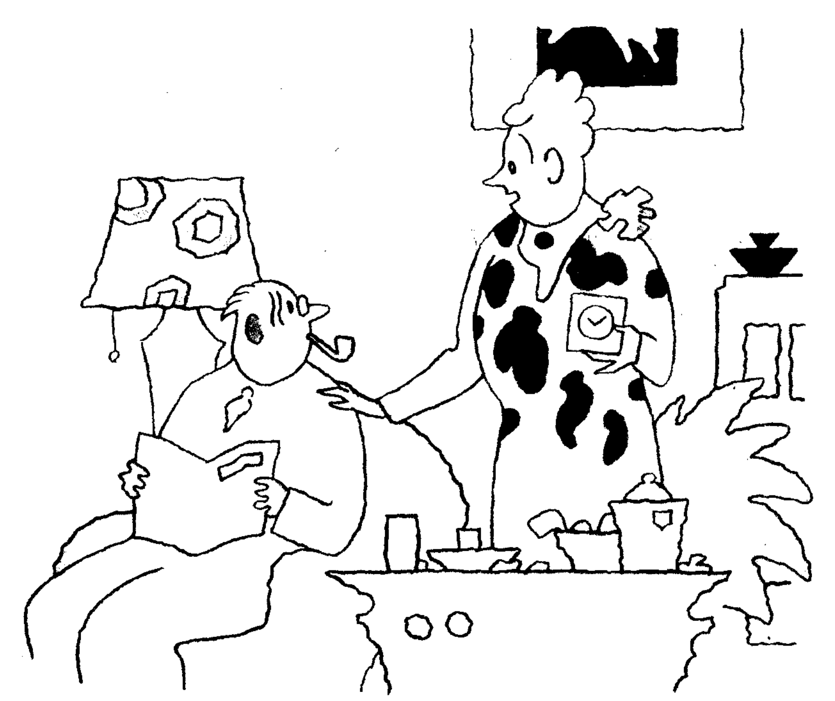
"That depends," Gormley said, with a cunning gleam in his eyes. "Let me talk to him in private for a minute, Sheriff." The sheriff moved away and stared with great interest at the black clouds trundling across the sky. "I said I'd fix you," Gormley rasped. "Now I'm givin' you a choice, Smith. Pull your gear outa here by tomorrow night—or go to jail and pay a fine for reckless driving."

I WAS a little surprised. If he'd waited a week, I'd have been gone of my own accord. I wondered if maybe people were beginning to catch on to him. The old goat must be getting worried.

"Gormley," I said, "you can go to hell."

He got a little purple in the face. "I'll prefer charges!" he barked at the sheriff. "Throw him in jail. I'll sign the necessary papers when I git back from the city in the mornin'." He marched to his sedan and drove out of the field. The sheriff rubbed his nose and stared after the sedan.

"Looks like we'll have to go in your jeep, Smith," he said apologetically, and I nodded and turned the key in the switch, and Joe came out of the panel truck with a wrench.



COLLIER'S "Why don't you let Einstein's new theory go till tomorrow, dear, when you're fresh?" GARDNER REA

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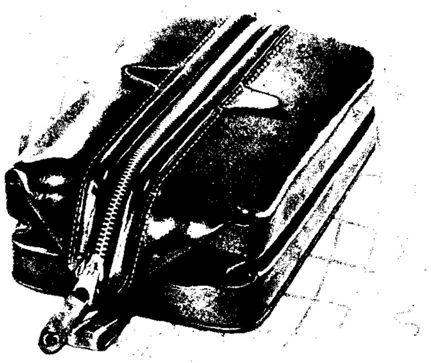

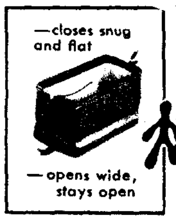

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"Need any help, Smithy?" he inquired softly. I shook my head and grinned, and the sheriff climbed into the jeep, and I backed around and drove out onto the road.

"Looks like we might get a good soaking rain," the sheriff remarked. I nodded. He said, "Listen, I hate to do this, Smith." I gave him a cynical look. "Ah, hell," he said. "I just work here, Smith." Okay. He had to eat, like everybody else.

THE sheriff gave me his best cell, and I smoked and wondered what Anne would think if she knew her husband was a jailbird. About dark it started raining. Before long it was raining in earnest. What ordinarily should have been a steady autumn drizzle was a steady downpour.

It was still raining, thinly and unevenly, when I was taken to court in the morning and charged with reckless driving and leaving the scene of an accident. Gormley wasn't there. I pleaded innocent; a trial date was set and a property bond arranged, and I was turned loose to prey on society again.

I dug my slicker out of the jeep and drove out of town, and when I got to the bridge I stopped the jeep and felt a chill climb up my spine. The creek was nearly full to the bank already. As long as the rain stayed a mere drizzle, okay—but if that drumming stuff set in for any length of time, Willow Creek was going over. I drove on across the bridge, and the ditches were full of muddy water and pools stood in the fields. Earth had sponged up its quota; from now on there would be more runoff.

JACK DONOVAN

Humble Pie

When knighthood was in flower I sniffed
At pearls and orchids laid before me
As merest tokens from the man
Who chose to worship and adore me.

But now this faded flower (that's me)
Will fair kick up her heels and shout
At nothing more than these sweet words:
"Put on your hat, we're eating out."

—BETTY ISLER

Joe and Charley had a tarp stretched over the cat along the fence row and were prodding its insides with greasy fingers. I parked and got out.

"Sprung you, did they?" Joe said, grinning. "What's the deal, Smithy?"

"Trial coming up in four days," I said, looking at the sloppy field.

"What they got?" Charley asked. "Anything they can hurt you with?"

"They can hurt me in the pocket," I said. "Something wrong with the cat?"

Joe shook his head. "Just a checkup. How we fixed for jobs, Smithy?"

"We're not," I said, and suddenly the tempo of the rain increased until it was drumming on the tarp. "You guys better start reading the help-wanted columns," I said. "It looks like S.A.C.C. is going out of business." They stared at the muddy ground and shook their heads glumly, and a sharp restlessness got into me and started working like yeast. "You guys knock off and go on in," I said. "No use getting wet." I climbed into the jeep and drove out to the blacktop, with water spouting off my hatbrim, and turned west. I wanted to see what was coming off the Butte.

The rain was a solid gray curtain now, cutting visibility to maybe fifty yards. At the first culvert draining the Butte, it was swirling over the blacktop. Every gully and ditch on the slope was pumping water, and the choked culverts couldn't handle it. I kept on west another quarter of a mile to where the biggest gully funneled under the highway through a double culvert, and when I was still a good hundred yards away the water was beginning to slide across the road. I shifted into second and crept forward. And then, all of a sudden, through the sheets of rain I saw a blurred outline of the sedan with battered fenders.

Gormley's sedan, just beyond the churning millrace where the overloaded culvert was vomiting excess water. It was on the north edge of the road, as though he'd tried to get through and its motor had been drowned out, and now the flood lapped high on its side and spouted under and around it. Stopping, I caught my breath as the force of the water inched the sedan toward the south, toward the road embankment and the wild brown water below. And through the rain I could see a white blur of face behind the streaming windshield.

I got a hollow feeling in my chest. Why didn't the old fool get out of there? He could still wade out to safety—maybe. Too scared to think, probably, and in a matter of seconds the growing current from the insane, pounding thousands of gallons of water coming off the Butte would take the sedan on off the road. If it went over, he'd never get out alive.

In a way it was poetic justice. The acres he'd abused with his greediness were turning on him. *He asked for it,* I thought. With the stubborn, ignorant, miserly old fool out of the picture—

Then I was out of the jeep, lifting the hood enough to slip off the fan belt and disconnect the exhaust at the manifold. I hung my slicker down the front of the radiator and snapped the hood down and got back in the jeep. I shifted into four-wheel drive and low gear and started forward.

I'd seen this done by coastguardmen on flood duty—in backwater. I didn't know if it would work in swift water, but the sedan was in the middle of the road now, and the white face was *still* there behind the windshield. I had to try it.

The bad part, the worst part, was the muddy torrent frothing across where the culvert was. But even before I got to that part of it I had to cramp the front wheels hard against the hub-deep water to keep the jeep from sluing around.

AT THE last second I almost backed out, because it seemed impossible that the light jeep would withstand the force of that hydraulic jet. But I kept going, gunning the motor and hooking hard against the lashing water, and although the jeep bucked and slued and skidded toward the south edge of the road, it got through somehow. When I got past the worst of it, the jeep was facing almost north, and was almost off the shoulder, but it was easier now.

I swung hard left and gunned the engine. Water climbed into the jeep with me and the motor coughed, and then I had it made. I was in the lee of the lurching sedan, and the old man tumbled into the jeep, and I kept going until we were in foot-deep water

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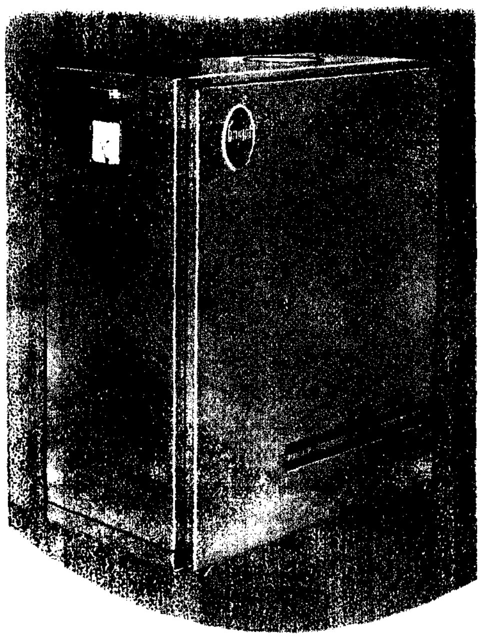

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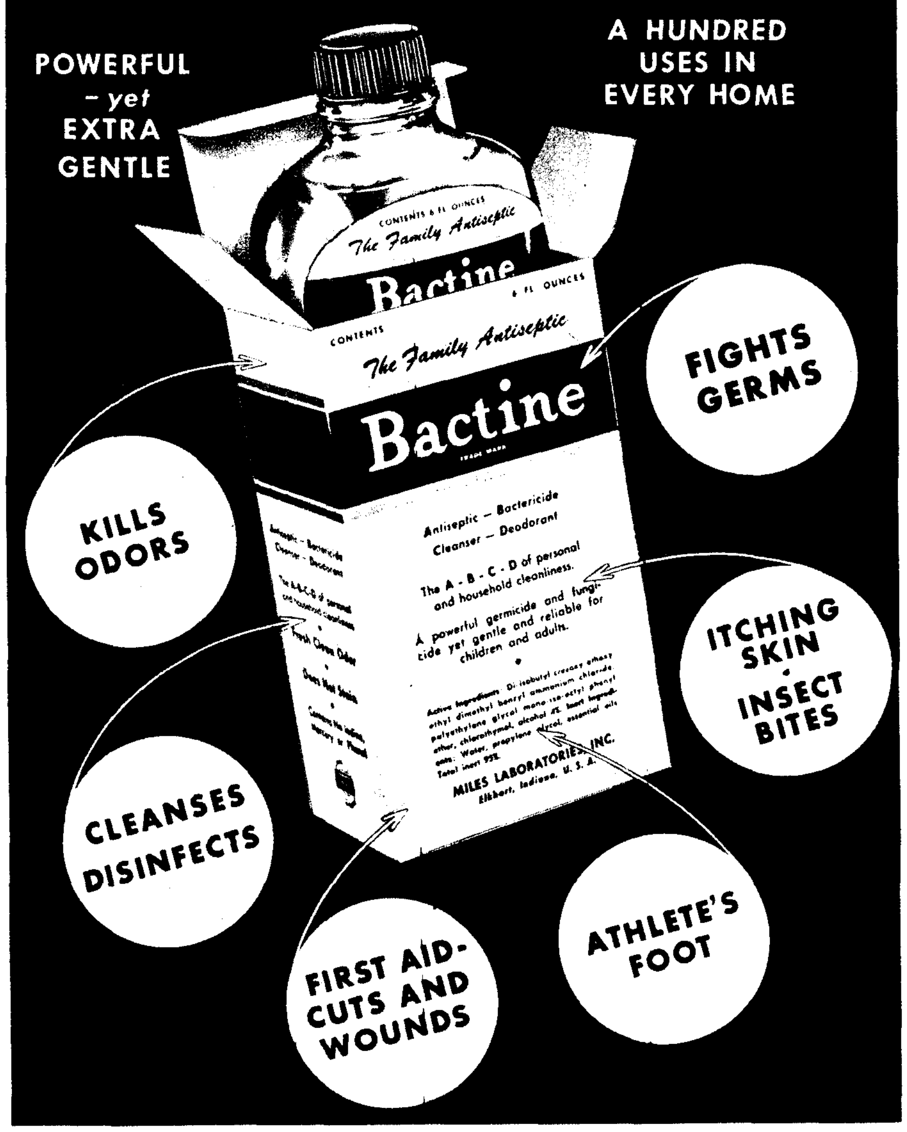

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that was simply spilling quietly over the highway because there was no place else to go. Abruptly the rain slackened off until it was a ragged drizzle, and when we were out of the water entirely I stopped the jeep and looked back.

Gormley looked back, too, and his white face was haggard and old. The sedan was gone. Just gone, like that. He gave me a sick look and shivered, and I said, "All that water came off your land, Gormley. A lot of it would have stayed, if you'd had terraces. With check dams and a good cover, most of it would have stayed."

His teeth were chattering. "I owe you my life, Smith," he said unevenly.

"What's it worth to you?" I said. "Is it worth as much as it would cost you to get terraces built on the Butte?"

"I never realized—" he quavered.

"You wouldn't listen," I said. "I tried to tell you." I got out and put the fan belt back on and got my slicker. I started to put it on, but then I gave it to the old man.

IT WASN'T raining at all now. I lighted a cigarette and stared at the frightened old man. "Gormley," I said, "you're in a position now where you've got to listen." And then I proceeded to give him the damnedest lecture on soil conservation and flood control you ever heard, and he sat there with his false teeth chattering and his false courage all gone, and he listened meekly.

"Gormley, unless I miss my guess," I said, "Willow Creek is sloshing around in town right now. If anybody asks me why, I'm going to tell them. You've got over a thousand acres draining right into the creek, that's why. The Butte caused the creek to jump its banks, if it jumped."

I was bluffing, in a way, because I couldn't be certain the creek was out, or that people would want to blame anybody for it except God. But Gormley was thinking; he kept looking back to where his sedan had been, and then he'd stare off up the Butte and shudder some more.

"Anybody who suffers loss from the flood could sue the pants off you," I told him. "The highway department could probably sue you. You know what I'd do if I were you, Gormley?" He shook his head without turning it, and I said, "I'd start doing a little thinking. You saw what the Butte is capable of, and I've told you how to put hobbles on it. If you don't, it'll someday cause another flash flood—only the next one will be much worse. And besides, at the rate it's going you won't be able to keep a billy goat alive on the Butte in a few years."

He didn't say anything, and I left it at that. A half hour later the water had gone down, and I drove back past the spot where his sedan had disappeared. He stared long and hard and shivered. His car was rolling along down Willow Creek somewhere, and by all rights he should be in it. There was mud and debris on the road, and water still pounded through the culverts, but the flood's real force was spent. . . .

Water was over the approaches to the bridge, but the bridge itself was okay. I drove through the shallow water and over the boiling torrent and on into town. Water stood six inches deep in Main Street, and I learned later that it was two feet deep at one time in the north end. We were splashing down Main Street when I saw Joe detach himself from a group before the telegraph office and begin making urgent semaphores. I pulled in near the curb and stopped, and he had a grin plastered all over his face and a telegram in his hands.

"I know what's in it," he chortled. "Hiya, Pappy! You got a big bouncing—no, here! Read it yourself." I took the envelope and got the telegram out with fingers that had suddenly become all thumbs, and it *was* a big bouncing boy, seven pounds and three quarters. The telegram said Anne was chipper and quite proud of her achievement. It was from her father.

I stood there in a trance for a minute, with Joe pounding me on the back and crowing, and Charley came along and pumped my hand and said he knew it would be a boy, and when I finally remembered my passenger and looked around, he had got out of the jeep and was with the group on the sidewalk.

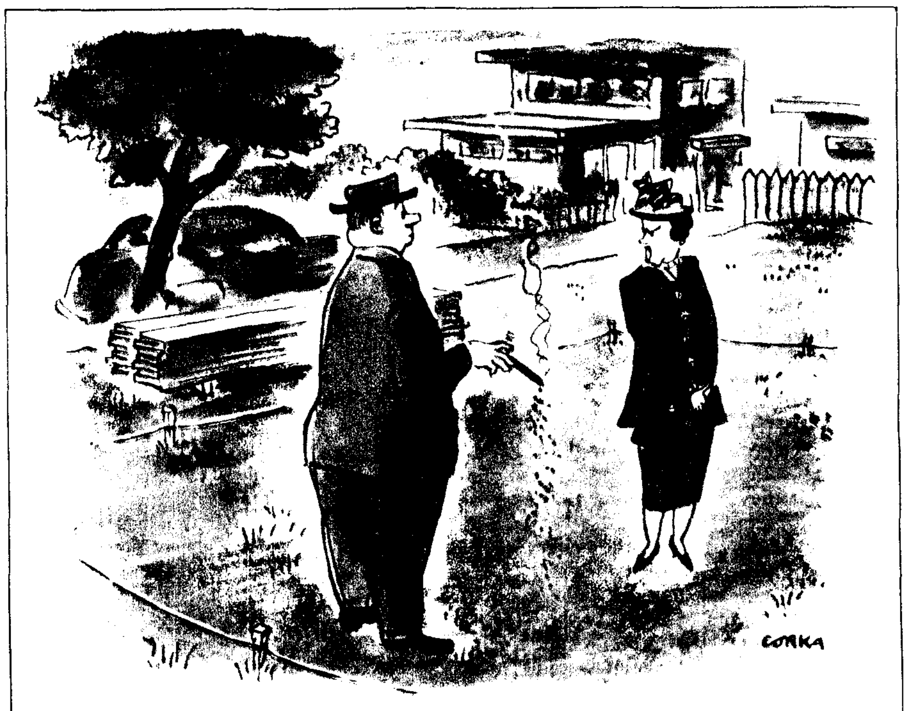
"Here's Mr. Gormley," someone said. "Hey, Mr. Gormley, we've been wonderin', in case it rains some more, if maybe we ought to sandbag along the crick."

"Ain't necessary," Gormley growled. "Won't rain no more. I've lived here all my life, and it never rained like this before, nor won't again."

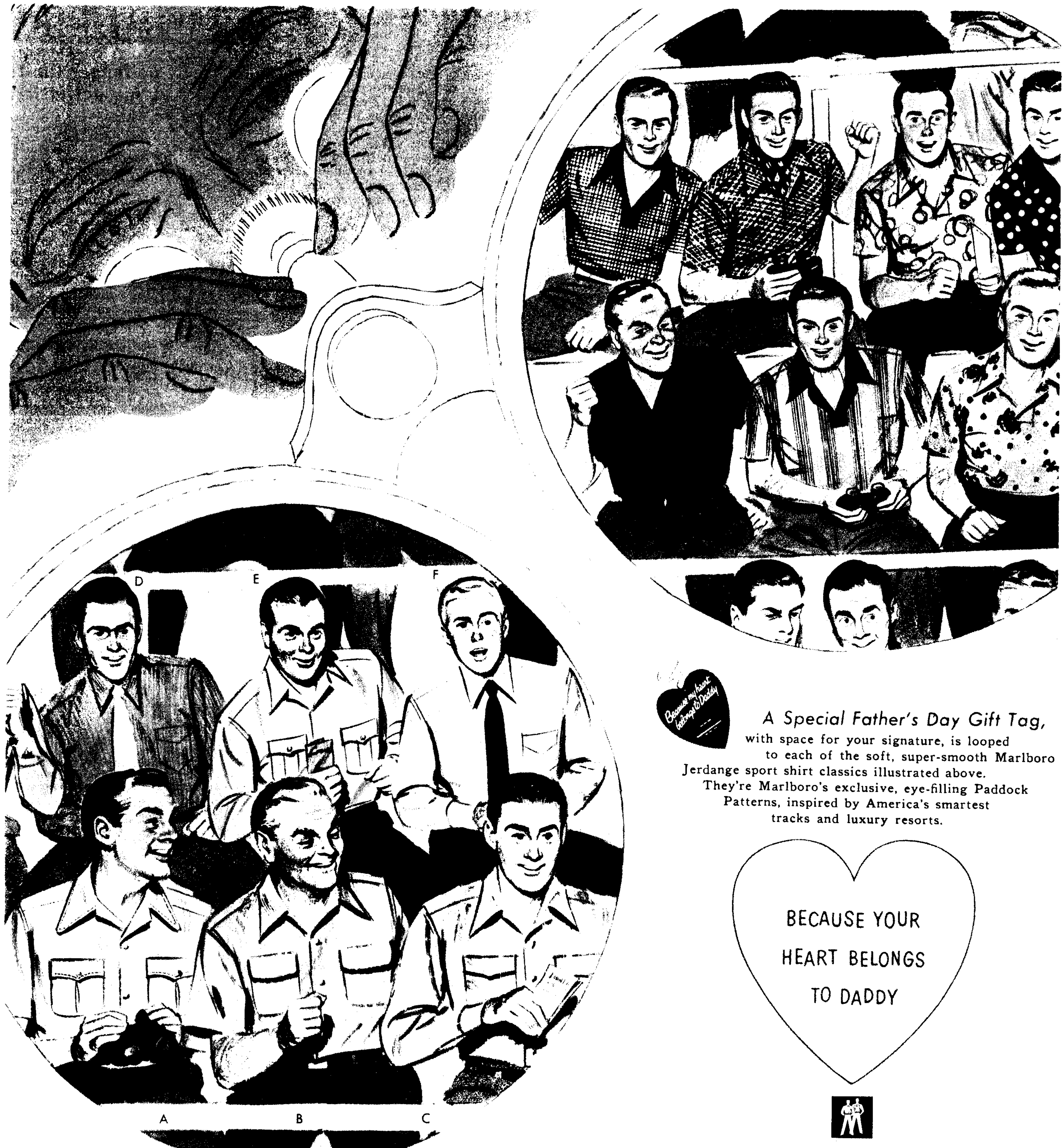
I wadded the telegram and stuck it in my pocket, and looked at the men grouped around Gormley. There were faces I recognized. Men who owned farms and who had refused to have anything to do with S.A.C.C.. Men who listened to Gormley and had faith in what he said. And I thought: I might have known the old goat would recover when he got to town. I might have known he'd never change.

But then, suddenly, the sun shone through the breaking overcast, and Gormley gave me a brief, steady glance and said, "Boys, I've been doing some thinking and some checking into matters, and I've decided . . ."

I looked at Joe and Charley and grinned and said, "We better start looking for a house to rent. Anne and the baby will be coming over in a couple weeks." THE END



COLLIER'S "George! Stop dropping your ashes where the living-room rug will be!" CORKA



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The Magic Dark

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

dreadful injections. Edward, do let me get the witchwoman. Cook says—"

"Cook says! Leueen! I forbid you to call in that quack!" . . .

The stone made Deirdre cry. She hadn't eaten for days and lay with her mouth puckered and her black hair spread over the pillow. Leueen put a hot brick at her feet and a Welsh herb brew on the table beside her bed.

AT DINNER Leueen stared wide-eyed as if she saw through things, at all the Sheffield silver—massive trays, candelabras—on the sideboard. They talked simply to be saying something; to show the outward calm the English, especially Edward, sometimes remembered to show. Dear Edward—that matter-of-factness was his way of enduring. For her that matter-of-factness belittled life, dwarfed it. But because it was his way, she could try it sometimes; doing things for Edward was like a mysterious singing in the dark caves of her soul. Edward, that is what love *is:* listening to music from the unlighted void.

"Edward, I do think the ancestral silver a trifle—ponderous. Couldn't we put it away?"

"It stood on that sideboard in England in my grandfather's day."

"Yes, of course. But here in the Argentine it doesn't seem to fit in, does it?" Hardly—with all the cozy New Surrey cottages gently nudging the club in their midst, certainly not with that collection of lean-tos, flapping wash lines, chickens and bursting shanties across the main road where the natives lived, where the witchwoman lived.

"It fits this house," Edward said stiffly.

The house where Deirdre was born. Oh, Edward this is a lovely house, all stone towers and high ceilings and stained glass and echoing voices and lonely lamplight burning bravely in its caverns where the darkness—like massive cobwebs—never left the upper corners. This is like Wales, with the storms from the pampas beating the sagging arms of the spruce against the grass. She closed her eyes and prayed.

At eight, Edward went out and unchained Ocampo, the mastiff who was supposed to guard the house and grounds at night. At nine, Leueen sneaked out and chained him again. He might bite somebody. "Ssh!"

Ocampo began hurling himself about. All the hair was worn off his neck. He went through the motions of furious barking, but he had no voice left—only a rattling rhythmic breath. "Good old Ocampo!" And Ocampo took that cosmic bite of the air as if he would maul the stars.

Like Edward, Leueen thought. Ocampo and Edward lived by a kind of final exasperation. She patted the insane Ocampo and he paused in his leaping to wag his tail. How odd, that while you suffered, you did each familiar thing lingeringly, significantly, as if for the last time. And the essence of each thing—a dog, a house, a child—began to glow inside itself for you, so that life became a magic lantern. . . .

By eleven Deirdre was worse. She cried and lay coiled. "The stone," Leueen whispered with her hands clasped, leaning over the bed.

Edward appeared, blinking, screwing up his face, his bathrobe precisely adjusted. "Leueen, if we had that sedative now!"

"Edward, wake cook. We must boil things."

"Things?"

"Wake cook!"

In a moment she knew that all the lights had gone on and he roared from the bottom of the stairs, "Leueen come down at once! Cook's in the wine cellar with some strange fellow."

"Ah, too bad, Edward! Shocking! Coming." She pressed her hands together. It was a miracle—that Innocencio, the brother of the witchwoman, should be here tonight. He often called on cook, with whom he was most friendly. That wind in the eucalyptus trees, that missing of the train. Surely a sign! She put on a floating yellow robe that Edward had once whispered he adored, and flew down.

The wine cellar was a room off the kitchen lined with bottles on three walls. Edward was roaring incoherently. There was cook sitting at the old deal table and giggling. And there was Innocencio, stoop-shouldered, grinning, showing one brown tooth. He had the queerest nose, the end of it sprawling suddenly to the left as if it were being pulled by a string. They had been eating oranges—peelings were scattered on the floor. And they had opened a bottle of Edward's brandy.

"*Qué malo*, Concepción!" said Leueen, gently sucking in her breath. "How bad, how enormously bad!" Now if Edward would only go on roaring, the three of them might manage their usual understanding, underneath, wordlessly this time.

"Señora," said cook and wept.

Innocencio found a toothpick and picked his teeth. They waited.

"Leueen, did you chain Ocampo?"

"Oh, gosh, Edward, I did, you know!"

"Oh, I say! What do we have a watchdog for?" Edward was thundering nicely.

"But Edward, he might bite someone!"

"He's supposed to bite thieves."

"Oh, Edward, that's too cruel. Besides, Innocencio is no thief. He's a suitor. And please let me send him for—"

"Suitor! Do you mean to tell me he's been here before?"

"Well, now and again. But it does no harm, Edward; we can't hear him upstairs. He's beautifully quiet."

"Out! Go!" said Edward in his bad Spanish to Innocencio. "I'm going to ring up the doctor."

When Edward was gone, the wine cellar seemed to grow smaller. It smelled of cook's tangled hair. Leueen felt a tingling. "Stay," she whispered to Innocencio. "Deirdre has a stone." Innocencio stopped picking his teeth. "Tell me what to do, tell me what the witchwoman says."

"Will the señor return?" Innocencio asked.

Leueen opened her eyes wide in surprise. "Oh, no, he won't return. He just has to roar sometimes. Now tell me what the witchwoman says."

Innocencio glanced at cook. He sneaked closer. "Señora," he said in a slow whisper, scratching his chest, searching the corners with his eyes that were dull black lakes without reflections, "take a hair from the left hind leg of a dog, and boil it with—ah—with a chicken feather and . . ."

EDWARD and Leueen sat in the vast living room waiting for the doctor to telephone; he had been out when Edward called. The shutters rattled. Leueen could hear spruce boughs thudding on the ground. At last Edward went to the library. She went to the kitchen where cook had plucked a hair from Ocampo's hind leg. They whispered together and boiled all the things on the old wood stove. Leueen added alum because it was said that alum sweetened the liver. But cook added a tear—a woman's tear—because in Catamarca Province everyone knew that a tear was potent medicine.

"Señora, it would be better if the witchwoman came herself."

"Ah, I know. The senor won't permit, but if he goes to fetch the doctor, I could send Innocencio for the witchwoman. She would cure the stone."

"*Sí*," said cook, nodding solemnly, "and"—she nudged Leueen—"whenever you are going to have a baby the witchwoman would know how to make it a boy, she could tell you—"

"Ssh! Gosh!"

When the pot was half cool, Leueen brought it up the back stairs. Deirdre was

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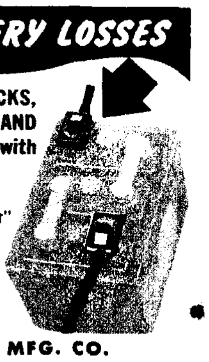

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limp and pale and would hardly open her lips to take the brew. It ran down her cheeks, tickled her ears, and wet the pillow.

"Deirdre darling," Leueen said, "it will roll the stone away, the naughty stone, the dreadful, dreadful stone." The wind made a great noise now, the lamp blinked. "And the storm, darling, the wind, it will be all right, baby."

Deirdre managed to take most of two cups and lay still. Leueen sat over her, listening, looking at the curtains that puffed out in the draft. The invisible world! What crept in the night, what flew on the wind, what laughed, what sighed, what passed swiftly, going far. Edward, you don't know all that lies hidden in the Welsh valleys, all that blurs and floats in the fog. The rain hit the metal shutters. The storm, the stone, the omens . . . This child, Edward, is marked by God. The stone will be rolled away.

But in half an hour Deirdre was flushed and tossing and crying with the pain. The light in the room burned like a fever and the pink taffeta quilt festered on the bed.

"Leueen, what have you done to this child?" Edward asked as he came in. Everything about Edward was askew: his hair fell over his forehead, his mouth twisted, one eye seemed to slant down, his nose wrinkled. Edward was one of the beloved children, one of the people who didn't understand, who didn't know what to do, whose worry was like an aimless stampede inside them.

"Just a cup of the boiled— Oh, Edward, I thought it was for the best." Leueen felt her words go after him like a shadow as he ran down the stairs.

He called the specialist and the specialist would come on the last train. Edward came back upstairs.

"Edward—ah—will you have to drive him back?"

"Part way. To the San Martin station for a train at that hour."

They sat waiting and she took Deirdre's hand to quiet her. It was hot, and closing her eyes she knew that outside the wet leaves stretched toward the south in the wind like a thousand supplicating hands. So things prayed for you, Edward; all things massed together in storms and reached out their twigs and leaves and branches and raised a great cry which went up to God on the wind. So if a child died on such a night she went to Paradise, or if she lived and rose when the stone rolled away, she was a rare child, Edward. . . .

When the doctor came, Edward, looking both noble and foolish at the same time said, "Doctor, my wife gave her some boiled stuff, something recommended by the, ah, cook. We thought it might—"

The doctor smiled absently and worked his pasty hands over Deirdre. How alien he was in this hot room, with his vast German body cool from the storm, smelling of damp wool! She could not quite like the ponderous blue-eyed people.

And then after the longest pause he said, "You haf a sick child here."

"What is it? Oh, what is it?"

He held up his hands warningly. One does not ask medical questions. "Now, now ve gif leetle injection *und quién sabe!*" He almost cavorted in a consoling silliness.

That did it, that unbearable caricature of lightness. "No, Edward, please no injection!" Leueen plucked his sleeve. The tears ran down her face. She clung to him. "Edward, it shrinks them! Oh, please, Edward! Afterward they are smaller, each time they shrink!" She wept.

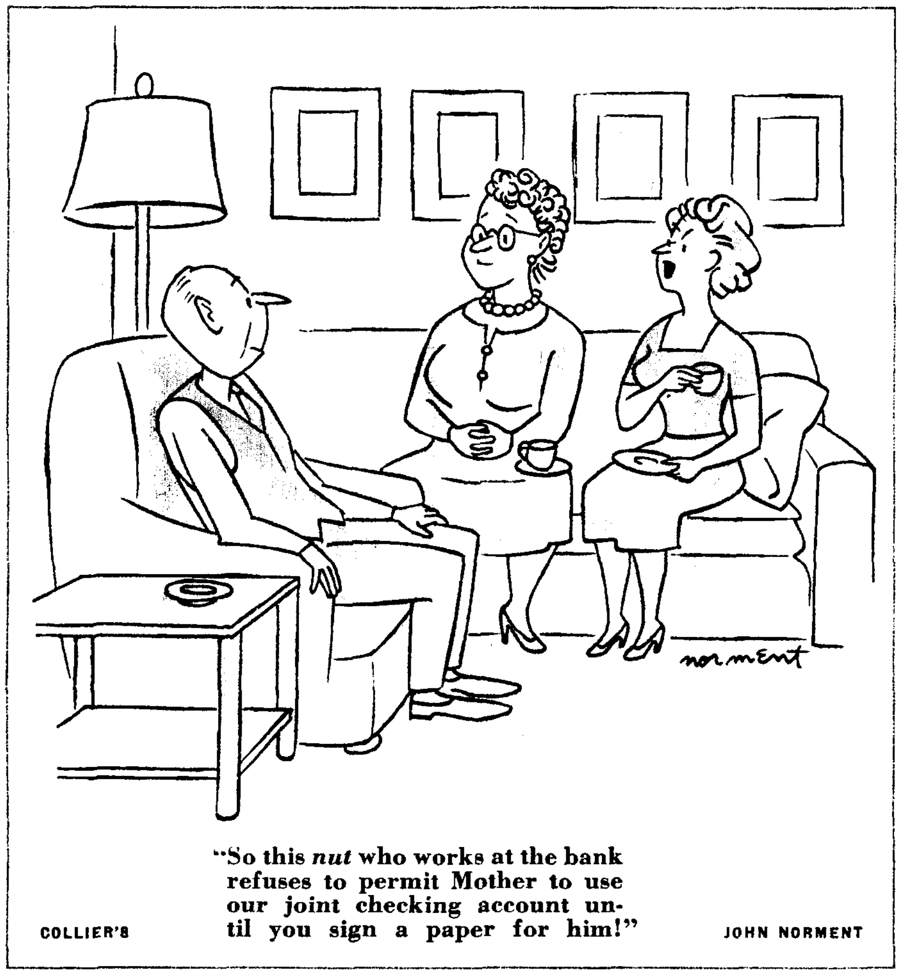
The doctor looked at her benignly. "The poor mama has the big disgust," he said, solemnly pronouncing his literal translations from the Spanish. He stuck the needle in Deirdre's thigh.

LEUEEN got Edward and the doctor out at last. She stood at the foot of Deirdre's bed, and the fever was rising now; you could see the sweat squeezing out on her skin. The child was worse. She flew to the kitchen. "Innocencio, Innocencio, go for the witchwoman quick, *rapido*—the doctor stuck Deirdre!"

"What bad luck," cried cook, getting up and scattering all the orange peels she had in the lap of her bathrobe.

Upstairs Leueen waited with Deirdre and the rising fever and scarlet cheeks. "Mummy! Mummy!" The witchwoman must come all the way from her tin shed, across her yard full of miraculous cabbages, across the main road, past the club and the cottages, and then down the open road. It was a long way to come on such a night.

Leueen ran out into the hall, and clasped her hands, and heard the thumping of a eucalyptus branch against the cathedral windows of the landing. There was thun-



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der. Streaks of light showed the suppliant leaves plastered on the glass.

The witchwoman came creeping up the stairs, barefooted, the butt of her cigar glowing in the dark. *"Ai,* señora!"

"Ai, señora!"

In the bedroom the witchwoman blinked rapidly and a spasm seemed to pass over her face. She was brown all over and the water ran in the gullies of her skin. There was only a wet fuzz of hair on her head and in the light it sparkled like some enchanted moss. *"La piedra,"* she whispered, squeezing up her face. "The stone."

"Oh, it is, yes—"

But the witchwoman rubbed one foot against her other leg and mumbled a long paragraph in her Indian Kichua; she stood with her toes turned in and her eyes closed as if she had fallen asleep. The cigar drooped and dropped an ash on the rug. The earth vibrated from a long freight train laboring past, and the witchwoman said, "Fill the tub with cold water."

The witchwoman laid her cigar on the bathroom floor. She lowered Deirdre, naked, on her stomach into the cold water. With one hand she held the chin out and with the other hand she began plucking the skin on Deirdre's spine, up and down, up and down the vertebrae as if her back had been a kind of lyre. The child gasped.

The witchwoman looked up at the ceiling and the spasms passed over her face. She began hoarsely: *"Que se mueve la piedra de Dios.* That the stone of God should move. *Gracias por la suerte, la buena fortuna . . .* It has been good fortune, but now . . ." There was a clap of thunder, and the witchwoman's brown teeth showed in her grin. She raised her voice to a small shriek: "But now *oid! oid!* Hear, oh, hear! The stone must roll away. *Oid! Oid!* She shall rise—rise—rise—" And the witchwoman went on crackling in Kichua, plucking, plucking at the spine.

LEUEEN'S mouth formed "Rise!" There was no sign from Deirdre, and Leueen shut her eyes and prayed. When she opened them the bathroom was full of a special shine, a trembling shine; but then there was a loud metallic clatter from somewhere and the witchwoman's eyes flew open and she cried out: "And when the stone is rolled away there will be a great noise, an enormous noise—"

At that moment Deirdre opened her eyes and in a weak voice said, "Mummy, I'm cold."

It was a miracle, Edward. The fever was gone, the child's skin was cool, and she wanted only to be dried and left to sleep while the witchwoman picked up her cigar and fifty-peso bill and crept down the dark stairs. Leueen sat in the drowsy lamplight; she smiled, and heard music like a trio of flutes far off. It's true, Edward, you hear the most delicate music afterward . . .

"Leueen, what in the devil—" Edward roared from downstairs.

"Oh, Edward, Deirdre is well," Leueen called to him.

"I know. The doctor told me she'd be all right. But we've been burgled, Leueen, every piece of silver in the house. Come down here!"

"Gosh, Edward!" Leueen powdered her nose and flew down.

GRANDFATHER'S Sheffield was gone, even the silver salt cellars—and in the kitchen Concepción and the maid were gone. Leueen stood with her hands over her mouth, her eyes rolling in wonder. All of them gone—cook—Innocencio, the witchwoman, the maid.

"That metallic noise, Edward! I thought it was one of the witchwoman's noises. They must have dropped Grandfather's tray getting it out!"

"Don't tell me you had the witchwoman here!"

"Oh, yes, Edward. She cured Deirdre. I could cry with joy."

"And while she was 'curing' Deirdre, the rest of her pals took the silver!"

"All of it, Edward?"

"All of it. Even the knives and forks. Look—look."

She could have laughed at last. How like Ocampo he was, hurling open the doors, the drawers, pointing, throwing out his arms, announcing his finalities to some vast listening universe. That's why one did love Edward and Ocampo and stand a little in awe: their epic rage at the predicaments muddlers like Leueen got them into.

"But Edward, we *are* insured, aren't we?"

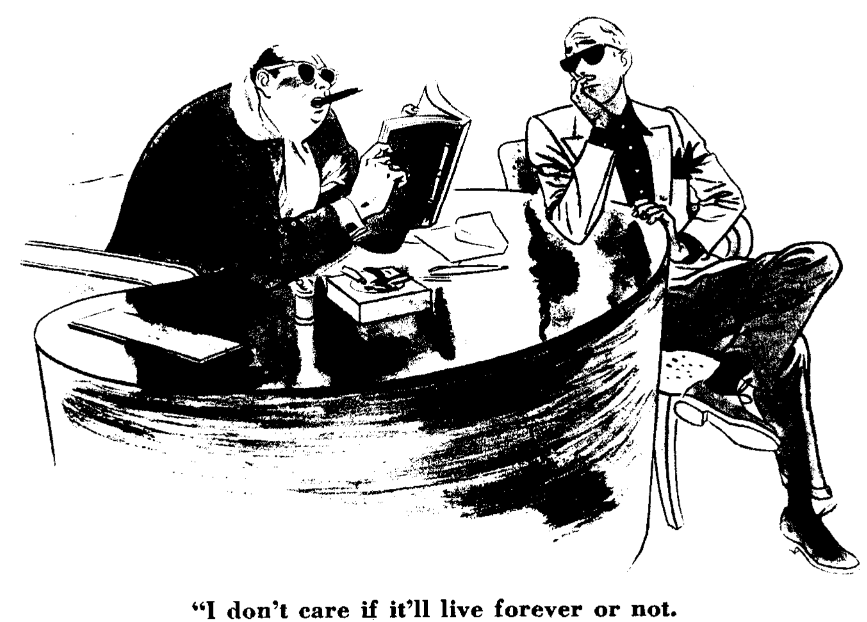
He drew himself up then, trying to look very chiding and British. "Yes, but it runs out in just two days, just two days," he said with a hollow firmness. He was going to collapse, as he sometimes did after the aimless stampede of his worry. Those wonderful collapses—into laughter, into an endless tenderness; they were another reason why one loved Edward so much.

Leueen put out the lamp and sat on his lap. "Gosh, Edward, they stole the blasted stuff just in time, didn't they? And think how lovely—Ocampo was chained and couldn't bite anybody, and the witchwoman cured Deirdre. Oh, Edward, if God had taken Deirdre!"

He did squeeze her arm then. So she leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Say it's lovely, Edward. Say it!" She put her ear up to his mouth.

And as always, in the end, when it was all over and the light was out and nobody could see or hear him in the magic dark, Edward whispered, "Ssh! All right. It's lovely."

THE END



COLLIER'S

"I don't care if it'll live forever or not. All I want to know will it be immortal long enough for us to make a movie of?"

JOHN RUGE

Harvard Square Student

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

between us. She used to go out with Jack Morley."

"Don't try to kid me," Mary said. "Not the Jack Morley I know. That broken-down horse player? Why would a nice girl like her go around with Jack Morley?"

"I'm not kidding you," I said. "Jack Morley wasn't always a broken-down horse player."

"Let's get back to this Harvard department," Mary said. "You never went to Harvard. Neither did Jack Morley. The two of you did well to finish high school. And why did you tell her you lost track of Jack? You know he can be found in that bookie joint in Boston every day except Sunday."

"It's a long story," I said. "I'll tell you about it later."

"If you know what's good for you," Mary said, "you'll tell me about it right now. But first order us another drink."

MORLEY was a Harvard Square student. Mary did not grow up in a college town so I had to explain to her about Harvard Square students. I suppose they call them something else in New Haven and Ann Arbor and Madison, but they must have them in every big college town. Harvard Square in Cambridge is the business and shopping district on Massachusetts Avenue outside the College Yard; and Harvard Square students are Cambridge boys who hang out there in the drugstores, drinking places and all-night cafeterias. They don't go to the college but they dress and act like undergraduates, and people who don't know them mistake them for real Harvard students.

There are two kinds of Harvard Square students. Most of them pose as students only to crash college dances or to get ushering jobs in the stadium so they can see football games or to make an impression on girls. Mostly they're out to make an impression on girls.

Jack Morley was a Harvard Square student, but he'd never really taken it seriously. Until he started going with Betsy Wade, he put on the Harvard act only for laughs. He had the drawling accent of the Groton and St. Mark's and St. Paul's boys down to perfection and he did imitations of them for the fellows in the Square that were a panic.

"Could you possibly let me have a cigarette," he'd say. "I've overdrawn my checking account again and Dad is being frightfully difficult about it. He's actually threatening not to let me go to Europe in June. If I have to spend the whole summer in Bar Harbor again, it'll be a damnable bore, really."

That was always good for a laugh because Jack's father came over from Ireland, like my father, and he was a motorman on the streetcars. The Morleys lived on the second floor of a three-family house near the carbarns. They were not exactly poor, but they had a hard time making ends meet.

"I say, Charlie," Jack would call to one of the boys in front of Dailey's Drugstore, "if you're going by my room on your way to the squash courts, would you mind dropping another log on the fire? See you at the club for dinner."

Watching Jack perform was a good way to pass the time, and passing the time was a problem in 1933. That was the worst year of the depression for us. We were finished with high school and there were no jobs and none of us had anything to do. I used to look forward to going to the grocery store in the afternoon to buy a quart of milk for my mother. It was the big event of the day.

Now and then, my sister or my father would give me two dollars and Jack would put the touch on his older brother, who worked for a politician, and we would make a date with a couple of girls. Jack preferred college girls and we dated them at Radcliffe and Simmons and, when Jack could borrow his brother's car, at Wellesley. We took them to the movies or to drink three-point-two beer or, sometimes, to speak-easies; prohibition was not repealed until the end of that year.

It seems strange now that a couple of bums with no jobs, like us, could associate with college girls. But in 1933 two fellows and two girls could have a pretty big evening on three or four dollars. Furthermore, even the nice girls in those days didn't expect much. You could buy them a Coke and take them for a walk and they were happy.

Or, at least, Jack could. Jack had a smooth way about him. Everybody liked him. I think he could have talked the strictest house mother in a Radcliffe or Wellesley dormitory into arranging a blind date for him with the nicest girl in her building. One night Jack had a date with a girl from one of the very best high-brow Boston families. If I mentioned the name, you'd know it. While he was waiting for her at her house, he wandered into the library and struck up a conversation with her father.

It ended up with the father opening a bottle of Scotch, and he and Jack talked together for more than an hour before the girl was able to drag Jack out of there. The girl's father wanted her to bring Jack around for dinner the following Sunday. Of course, he was under the impression that Jack was a junior in Harvard from a fashionable town on Long Island. But the girl had also brought to the house a number of legitimate Harvard men, including several members of the Fly Club and the Dickey, and her father had never invited any of *them* to Sunday dinner.

Naturally, Jack backed out of the invitation. He knew when to stop. His Harvard act was successful because he never let the girls know him too well. We could not afford to make dates more than twice a week, many weeks only once, and we didn't see the same girls twice in six weeks. We played the field. Until Jack got mixed up with Betsy Wade.

AND Jack was careful not to lay the Harvard stuff on too thick. When we were with girls, he didn't give with the exaggerated Groton accent he used when he was clowning with the boys at the Square. He just touched up a word here and there. Just enough. He didn't have to throw a phony line about himself. The girls assumed he was something from the upper brackets from the way he looked and talked. Looking the part was easy. An elevator boy could afford to dress like a millionaire's Harvard son—white buttoned-down shirt and black knitted tie, tweed jacket, gray flannels and, winter and summer, dirty white buckskin shoes. If you cleaned the shoes, you were considered a meatball.

The talk was harder but, although Jack was a motorman's son, he managed it easily. He could talk about New York speak-easies, yachting, jazz music—both Gershwin and hot—foreign movies, the difference between the girls from different girls' colleges, Ernest Hemingway and T. S. Eliot and Noel Coward. I don't know if he ever read a book by Ernest Hemingway or T. S. Eliot, but he could carry on a conversation about them, provided that the other person did most of the talking. I could never handle that kind of talk myself but I didn't need to so long as Jack was around.

A few times we found ourselves with a couple of numbers on whom the real artistic treatment would be wasted—the kind of girls who thought Noel Coward was something you wrote on a Christmas card. Then Jack wouldn't bother being careful. He would put on a show, strictly for my benefit, and it would be a performance. He would talk about his Dad's shooting box in Scotland and how much duty his mother

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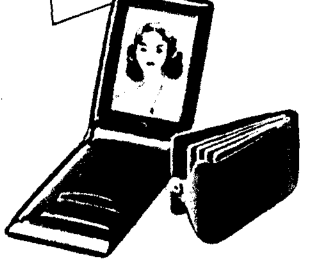

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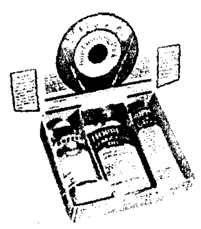

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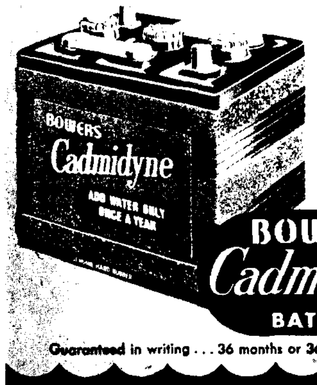

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had to pay on that last load of dresses she brought home from Paris and how he dreaded the thought of spending the spring vacation in Palm Beach because Doris Duke would be pestering him with invitations.

It happened that Jack decided to stage a show one night when Virginia Benson was listening. He would never have done it if he had known that Virginia Benson would turn out to be Betsy Wade's roommate.

THAT night, Jack and I went to the movies, and Virginia Benson and another girl, whose name I forget, happened to be sitting in front of us. We talked with them during the show and walked home to the Radcliffe dormitories with them afterward, stopping for Cokes in the drugstore at the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Shepherd Street. I drew Virginia, but the girl with Jack was no bargain.

Her idea of a snappy retort was, "Is that a threat or a promise?" That was enough to get Jack started.

"Frank," he said to me, "why don't you cut a few classes next week and run down to South Carolina with me? Dad wants me to look over the horses. He can't decide which one to run for the Camden Hunt Cup."

"I didn't dream you were a Southerner," the girl said. "Honestly, you haven't got the slightest trace of a Southern accent."

Jack looked at her with a dead pan.

"I wouldn't say I was a Southerner," he said. "We keep some of our horses at our stock farm down there. The hunters and the jumpers. The rest are stabled at our place in Westbury. Dad's from an old Philadelphia family and Mother's a Staten."

"A what?" the girl asked.

"A Staten. You've heard of Staten Island? Mother's people own it."

"Gee!" the girl said.

"Dad has a house on Fifth Avenue because it's handy to Wall Street. My sister and I have lived everywhere. Switzerland, the South of France and so on."

"Must have been a nuisance changing schools so much," the girl said.

Jack stifled a yawn.

"We didn't go to schools," he informed her. "We had tutors. Dad finally sent me to Andover before I came to Harvard. He was afraid I might get too snobbish."

Virginia Benson took it all in. She was a quiet girl. I liked her and she liked me and, while we were walking down Shepherd Street, I asked her if she would have a few beers with me at the Wursthaus the following Friday and she said she would. "I'll get my roommate to come along," she said. "You bring Jack. That is, if he won't get bored."

I had to talk Jack into going out with them. He was afraid Virginia would ring in another bimbo like the one who had gone to the movies with her. But Jack had nothing else to do that Friday. Besides, he was broke and I was in a position to pay for the beer. But when Jack saw Betsy Wade coming down the stairs in Briggs Hall with Virginia, he was very glad he came.

Halfway through the first beer, Betsy said to Jack, "You don't need to tell me about yourself. I know your whole history. Now don't help me. Your father's from Philadelphia but you live in New York. And Westbury. And South Carolina, or is it North Carolina?"

At first I thought she had caught on and was giving Jack the rib. Then I saw she had not caught on at all.

"And you have horses," she said. "Oh, how I envy you! I ride lots at home, but we don't own any horses."

I looked at Jack and he looked at me.

"You must know my brother," Betsy said. "He went to Andover, too. He's at Princeton now. He was on the baseball team at Andover. His name's Curtis Wade. You must know Curt."

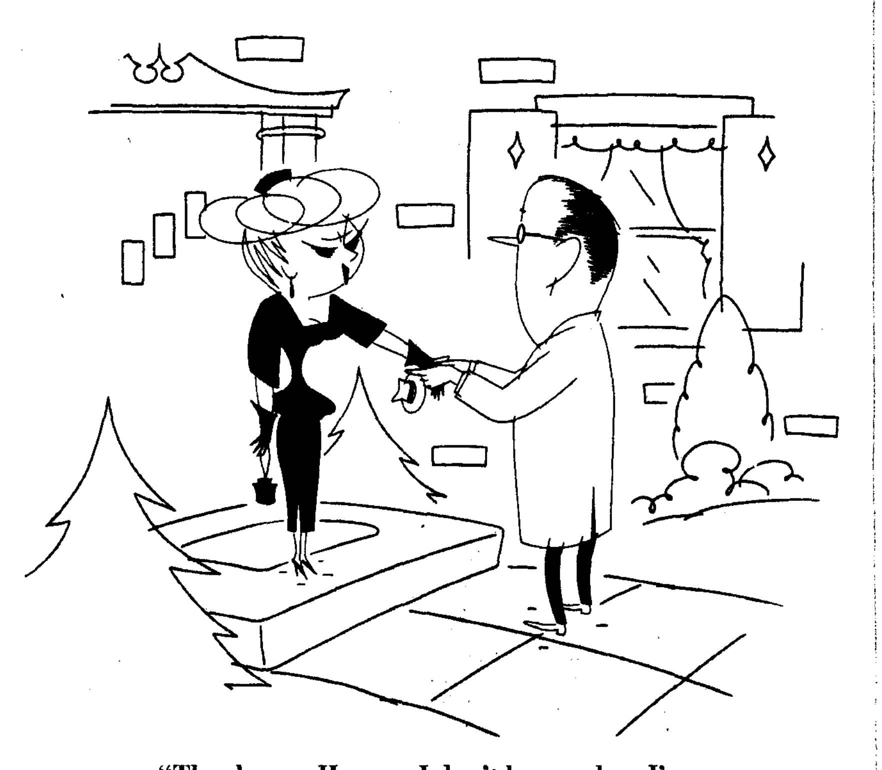
"I remember the name," Jack said. "But I can't place him. Andover's a pretty big school."

"I'm sure he'll know you. I must remember to ask him the very next letter I write him."

"Maybe he doesn't," Jack said. "I was sick most of the last year I was there and I was out of school a lot."

FINALLY Jack and I switched the conversation to something else and he relaxed and we all had a good evening. He made a date with Betsy for the next night and from then on, for the rest of the winter and all that spring, he saw her almost every night when she wasn't studying; he met her in the afternoon and went for walks with her, along the Charles River or, in Boston, through Beacon Hill or the Public Gardens or the North End. When the weather became warmer, they sat on the grass outside Briggs Hall where Betsy lived.

She was the first girl I ever saw Jack really go for and I don't think he has felt that way about anyone else since. But through it all, Betsy thought he was a junior at Harvard and that he and I roomed together in Claverly Hall. Jack told me he wanted to tell her the truth about himself at first but he kept postponing it.



COLLIER'S "Thank you, Horace. I don't know when I've enjoyed an evening so much for so little" BILL KING

I don't know yet how he got away with it as long as he did. He was on thin ice because her father was a wealthy doctor in New York and she knew a lot of people in the places where Jack was supposed to have lived. For a while, Jack worried about her brother and the Andover angle, but nothing ever came of it. Evidently, for some reason, Betsy didn't tell her family enough about Jack to make them inquire about him in New York or look him up.

But Cambridge is a small place and it was full of people who knew that Jack didn't go to Harvard. I wondered why Betsy never telephoned Claverly Hall or went there asking for Jack. I suppose he gave her some kind of story that kept her away from there. If it had been another girl, I might say that she could have known about Jack but kept quiet about it. But not Betsy. She could not hold back a thing like that without showing it. She was an innocent, open and trusting girl. . . .

One night in May, Betsy and Virginia and Jack and I were drinking beer in the Wursthaus. We had got into the habit of meeting there on Friday nights and we always sat in the same booth.

"Just think," Betsy said, "a few more weeks and no more Fridays in the Wursthaus. No more beer together until September. Do you realize how close we are to exams and the summer vacation? I wonder does it get very hot in Cambridge in the summertime."

"It does," Jack said. "It gets very hot."

"How do you know, Jack?" Virginia said. "You've never spent a summer here, have you?"

"Oh, no," Jack said. "Of course not. Not a whole summer. But I had to come here in August after my freshman year to see about rooms. I nearly broiled."

"It gets hot on the North Shore of Long Island," Betsy said. "But I won't notice the heat this summer. Shall we tell them about the summer we're going to have, Jack? Did you children know Jack and I will only be a few miles from each other? He'll be with his family in Westbury and I'll be with mine at Cold Spring Harbor. We've got a schedule all worked out—riding at his place one day and tennis and swimming at ours the next. I'm going to talk my aunt into inviting us both to Amagansett for a week, maybe. We're going to have one wonderful summer, aren't we, Jack?"

"We sure are," Jack said, laughing.

When we left the Wursthaus, we stopped at the Georgian cafeteria for coffee. While we were sitting at the table there, Jack's father came in the door. He was wearing his motorman's cap and his blue serge uniform. I suppose he was coming from work. Jack waved to him.

"Hello, Pa," Jack said. "How's everything?"

"Fine, son," Mr. Morley said. He nodded to me and smiled at the two girls. "Now don't you be staying out too late and worrying your mother," he said to Jack.

WHEN Jack's father went up to the counter to order his food, Betsy said, "Who's that man? Didn't you call him 'Pa'?"

"Everybody calls him Pa," Jack said. "I don't know his real name. He's a character. Drives one of the trolley cars. I got to know him quite well because I used to ride with him to the Arena every morning at seven-thirty when I was trying out for the freshman hockey team. Imagine me getting up at seven-thirty? But that's the time the freshmen practice hockey. How can they expect anyone to skate at that hour?"

"What did he say to you?" Betsy asked. "I thought he told you not to stay out late. And something about not worrying your mother."

"That's the way he talks to everybody," Jack said. "I told you he was a character. How about it, people? Shall we push along out of here?"

After we left the girls at Briggs Hall, Jack and I walked all the way home without speaking. At my house, when I stopped to go up my steps, we looked at each other for a minute. I turned away to go into the house. Jack called me back.

"Listen, Frank," he said. "Don't be sore."

I didn't say anything.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Don't tell me you're sorry," I said. "It's not my father. And it's not my girl. Don't tell me you're sorry."

Jack said, "Don't be like that."

"Aw, shut up!" I said to him. "You phony. You lousy phony. I suppose you get a big kick out of it when that girl talks about the great time you two are going to have riding your horses on Long Island this summer. Well, it makes me sick to my stomach. I ought to go to her myself and tell her all about you."

I managed to get my arm up in time. I stopped his punch with it and I stepped in and grabbed him around the arms. I stood there holding him, both of us breathing hard, and then I pushed him away. I wanted to hit him. But I turned around and walked up the steps and into the house. After I closed the door and shut off the light in the hall, I looked out and saw him still standing on the sidewalk. He stood there for a long time.

THE next morning I was in bed when my mother came into my room and said Jack was waiting downstairs to see me. I didn't know whether I wanted to see him or not. I stayed in bed and thought about it. The place on my arm where I had caught his punch was bruised and sore. I got up and dressed slowly and spent a lot of time in the bathroom, shaving and brushing my teeth. Then I went downstairs.

Jack was standing in the living room. He put his hand out. I shook hands with him. He lighted a cigarette and offered me one and I said something about never smoking before breakfast. After a while, he said, "I must have gone out of my head last night."

"That's all right," I said.

"I don't know whether I'm going or coming," he said. "What am I going to do?"

"Why don't you tell Betsy the whole story?" I said. "She'll probably think more of you for telling her. If she doesn't, she wouldn't be worth bothering with, anyway, and to hell with her."

"But what good would it do?" Jack said. "Even if she knows I don't go to Harvard and I haven't got a job, even if she knows all that and it doesn't make any difference, what good will it do? Don't you see? I'm licked anyway so far as this girl's concerned."

"Why?" I said. "She's nuts about you."

"Sure, she's nuts about me. I'm nuts about her. But how could I ever marry her? Her family's New York society. Look at my family. My little sister's receiving her first Holy Communion Saturday and my mother hasn't got the money to buy her a pair of shoes."

"Don't worry about her family," I said. "You know how to get along with people like that."

"Cut it out," Jack said. "Who am I kidding? Why don't I get wise to myself? Why am I going out with college girls? College girls. The kids in the neighborhood here, the kids who grew up with us, like Marge Gallagher, they aren't good enough for me. I got to go out with college girls who think I go to Harvard."

"Take it easy," I said. "My mother's in the kitchen. She'll hear you."

He sat there without saying anything. Then he got up and went out to the door. I went with him. He looked at his hat and dented the front of it and put it on.

"I'm sorry about last night, Frank," he said. "I'm sorry I took that poke at you."

"Forget it," I said.

"Listen, Frank," he said. "You won't say anything to Betsy, will you?"

"Don't be crazy," I said. "Of course not."

"I've got to break it off, anyway," Jack said. "It's going to be hard to do but I've got to do it. So why should I tell her about myself, too? It'll be hard enough for both of us without that. See what I mean?"

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"You're right," I said. "Take it easy. See you around."

"See you around," he said. . . .

There were no more Friday nights at the Wursthaus after that. The next week Jack said Betsy and Virginia were too busy with their final examinations, and the week after that he didn't mention anything about a date with the girls to me so I didn't mention it to him. I figured he was working it out in his own way and, if he wanted any help from me, he would ask for it. It must have been three or four weeks later when I was walking through Harvard Square one afternoon and I heard someone calling my name. It was Betsy.

"Frank, my goodness, it seems as though I haven't seen you in ages," she said. "Isn't it miserable about Jack? There goes our whole lovely summer."

"What about Jack?" I said.

"You don't know about his trip to Europe? No, I suppose you don't. I only heard it myself a little while ago at lunch and Jack only heard about it this morning. Jack has to go to Europe with his mother and sister. They're sailing this month. He tried everything but he simply couldn't get out of it."

"Oh," I said.

"He says they'll be back August fifteenth. So we'll have a few weeks together before vacation ends. But, oh, Frank, I'm miserable. Our whole summer all shot."

Jack and I had tried to get jobs for that summer as waiters or caddies at one of the Maine or New Hampshire resort hotels, but business was as bad at the resort hotels in 1933 as it was everywhere else. Most of the places did not even bother to answer our letters. I did not see much of Jack after the colleges closed. He stayed around his house all the time.

In August, Jack came over to my house after supper one night and told me he was signing up with the CCCs—the Civilian Conservation Corps. The CCCs were new then, but Johnny Lawless and Bunker Reynolds and some other boys from Cambridge were in it and they said it was all right. You lived in camps and worked in the woods and they sent something like thirty dollars a month to your family. The food was good and they treated you swell.

Johnny Lawless said that after hanging around street corners and drugstores doing nothing for a year, it felt great to work in the woods. I wanted to sign up myself but along about that time my sister found me a job as a stock boy in the department store in Boston where she worked and my mother wanted me to take that instead.

Jack was sent to a CCC camp at Lee, Massachusetts, in the Berkshire Hills at the western end of the state. The CCC boys were entitled to a week end off every now and then, and Jack came home twice the first month or so that he was away. Then he stopped coming home altogether.

I WONDERED about it until one night on my way from work when I saw a group of Radcliffe girls, loaded with books, walking down Brattle Street. That was the answer. I had not realized that college had started again and Betsy Wade was back in Cambridge.

I knew that sooner or later, somewhere on the street or somewhere else, I was bound to walk into Betsy. I wondered what she would say to me and I wondered what I would say to her. I wanted to cover up for Jack, but I didn't know what kind of a story to give Betsy if she started to ask questions about him. Jack had never told me what the final score was. If there was a final score. For all I knew, he might have been still seeing her on his week ends off from camp or writing to her.

A month or so went by with me wanting to duck into a doorway every time I saw a group of Radcliffe girls coming toward me on the street. But Betsy was never among them. One night I saw Virginia Benson coming out of the movies with a Harvard boy, but she didn't see me. I began to think that the whole college year might pass by and Betsy might get herself graduated and safely out of Cambridge forever without running into me. The odds were in my favor. Since I had been working in Boston, I had been spending less time around Harvard Square. . . .

But one night in November I stayed in Boston after work to go bowling with some of the fellows from the store and, when I came out of the subway at Harvard Square on my way home, I made the mistake of stopping at the Georgian for a cup of coffee. Betsy was sitting at a table with a big crowd of Radcliffe and Harvard students. She saw me coming in. At first I thought I might be able to get away with just a wave from a distance, but she jumped up and left her friends and came over to me.

"Frank, I've been searching everywhere for you, ever since college opened," she said. "I even tried to locate you through the secretary's office in University Hall. What have you heard about Jack?"

I stalled for time. "Sit down with me for a minute," I said. "I'll get you some coffee or a bottle of milk."

"I can't," Betsy said. "I'm with some people. Oh, all right. Just for a minute. Haven't you heard from Jack? Is he still in Paris?"

"Paris?" I said. "I haven't heard a word. You seem to know more about him than I do."

"I don't know much," Betsy said. "I only had one letter, back around the first of September. It said he wasn't coming back to Harvard. His father wanted him to study at the Sorbonne instead. Just that one letter. Not another word."

"Funny he hasn't written since," I said.

"It isn't like Jack," Betsy said. "Frank, you know how we felt about each other. This isn't like him at all. I know it isn't his fault. I think it's— Well, I think it must be his family."

"His family?"

"Yes," Betsy said. "His family has so much social position. Jack would never tell me, but I think he talked to them about me and I guess I just didn't meet with their approval. That must be it."

Her eyes were filled with tears.

"I must go back to those people I'm with," she said. "Why don't you come and visit us sometime, Frank? Virginia would love to see you. She and I have been wondering about you."

"I've been pretty busy," I said. "I'll be around one of these days" I thought of something. I don't know how it happened to come into my head. "Betsy, that letter you got from Jack. Where was it mailed from? From France?"

"No, from a town in the Berkshires," she said. "A town called Lee. It's near Stockridge, where they have those music festivals. Jack's mother goes to the music festivals there every year and, when he came back from Europe with her in August, he had to take her up there. While he was there, he wrote to me. He was going back to France the following week."

MARY ordered the most expensive dessert on the menu. When the waiter went away, she said, "Is that the end? Or is there more?"

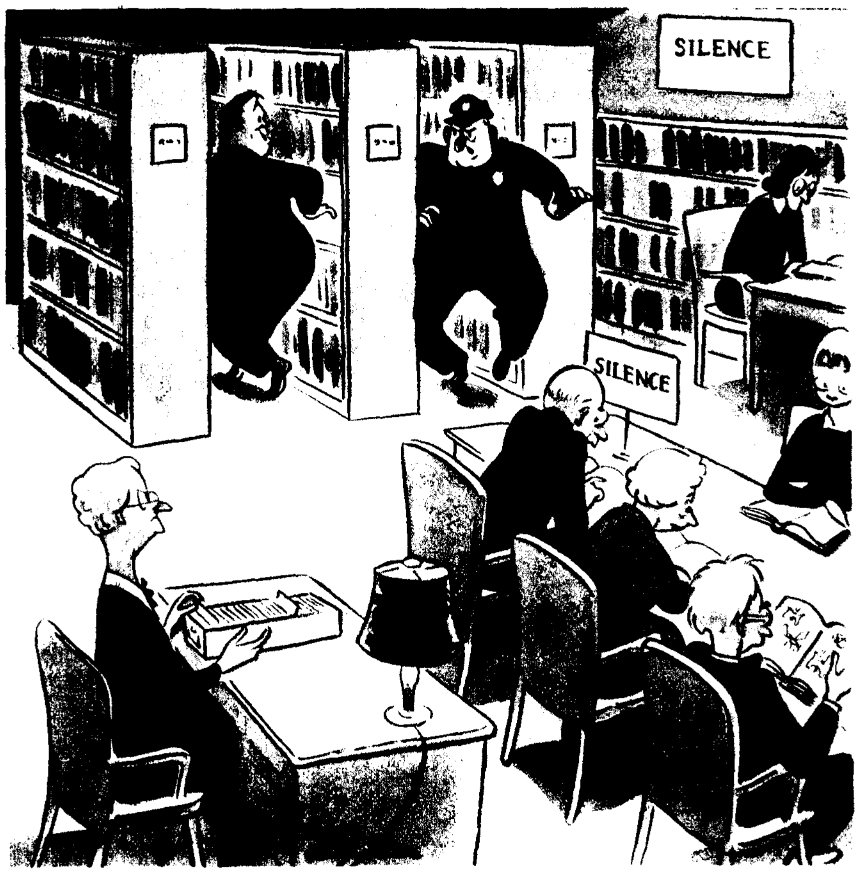
"That was the last time I saw Betsy," I said. "Until today. Sometime during the next spring Jack got out of the CCCs and came home for a while. That's when Betsy's engagement to a Princeton guy was announced and I think they got married that June, right after she finished Radcliffe. Jack got some kind of government job in Washington through his brother, but it didn't last. He went to Florida and worked as a bartender. That was the last job he ever had. He's been playing the horses ever since."

"And she never found out about him?"

"Maybe she did in later years, but I doubt it," I said. I looked across the room at the table where Betsy and her two friends were finishing their lunch. "She's probably sitting over there right now thinking about her college romance and how it didn't work out because the guy's social position was so much better than her own. I wonder what she'd say if she knew that last letter was written in a CCC camp. I've got a good mind to get up and walk over there and tell her about it."

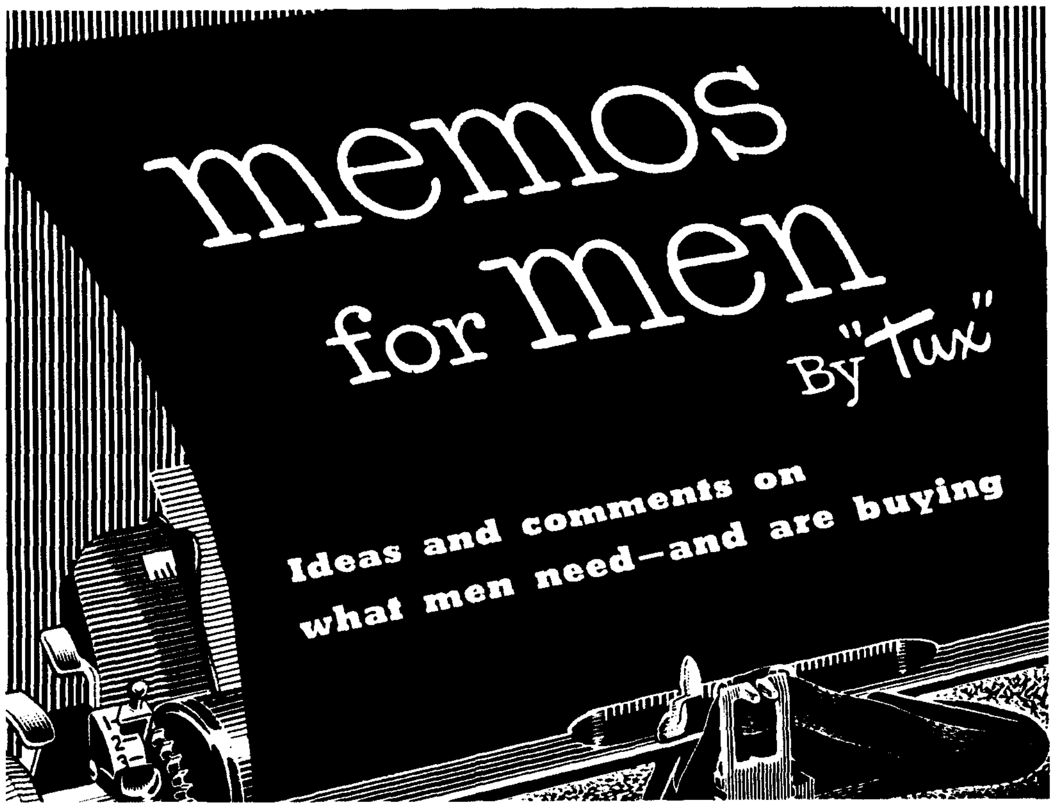
"Try it," Mary said. "Just try it and I'll break your neck." THE END

BUTCH

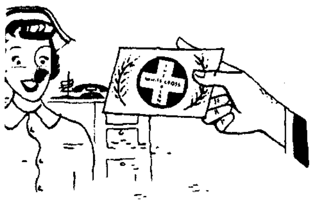


COLLIER'S "If that librarian wasn't sitting there I'd catch up with you, wise guy!" LARRY REYNOLDS

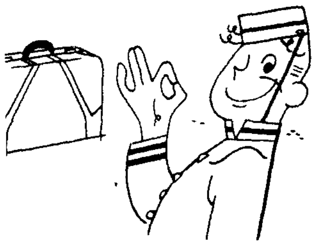
Father's Day, June 18th . . . *Women may feel like they're crashing a stag party when they take a peek into MEMOS for MEN. That's natural; few men are at ease in a millinery shoppe. But Father's Day gives the ladies a shopping chore in men's stores—a good reason to browse through these MEMOS. Move over, gents, and give 'em room!*


memos for men
By "Tux"
Ideas and comments on what men need—and are buying

ine, mister? On your car. is, with WAX SEAL. Makes opy gleam like a White House oln. The "world's fastest, easiest se" auto polish, cleans, shines, *es, seals.* Money-back guarantee. WAX SEAL info, mark No. 1 oupon.



u're a Statistic! . . . one vidual per U. S. family is due e a hospital case in 1950-51. at new WHITE CROSS Plan s up to $15 a day hospital bills 100 days, plus valuable "extras;" "Paycheck Insurance" pays 0 per month when you can't k. Write for complete details of . Check No. 2 on coupon below.



rness leather makes ws!—in the newest SKYWAY ubman," a two-suiter traveling at $75 that's at home on sky- , railway, or highway. Genuine lock bark-and-oil tanning of grain cowhide gives it excep- al strength and long life . . . its inctive natural color goes all the through. Scuffs and scratches themselves! Gabardine lined; nted Adjusto hangers keep suits and wrinkle-free. Companion $60; one-suiter $69.50; and e-suiter $90, tax extra. For near- dealer's name, check No. 7 on pon.

"No fuelin!"—here's a lighter so full of fuel, so loaded with laughs, it's the gift novelty of the season; a natural for Father's Day. They call it the Bowers PELI-CAN, with the quaint comment on the label that it "holds more than a pelican's belly can." Imagine a regular size *beer* can, full of fluid. In the cap seal is the famous Bowers lighter unit. It lights forever (or at least for quite a while.) No rumpus room, den, or office should be without it. Only 98c at dealers everywhere. Will send illustrated folder, if you'll check No. 4 on coupon.

We join the ladies—to suggest a Father's Day gift not found in your usual shopping haunts . . . a DRI-COOL Briar Pipe, with *thermostatic* control. Brand new, its fragrant, sweeter, cooler smoking comes from a scientifically designed thermostat concealed in the bowl—not just a "hole in the bowl," but a real thermostat. In Dad's favorite styles of fine imported briars, gift-packed, $5 postpaid. Send check, or write for folder No. 10 on coupon.

When Dad's a fisherman, your gift choice is easy—a MID-WESTERN Fishing Jacket, from the Wisconsin fishing country. Outdoorsmen styled it in water-repellent gabardine; 4 big front pockets; roomy *inside* pocket; free-swing shoulders. Check coupon No. 6 for folder and order blank.

Fable: *Once upon a time* there was a guy who said, "I never read ads." A week later, he just "happened to notice" a MEMO about a new paint spray set in one of these pages. He checked the coupon and mailed it in, to learn where he could buy it. (So did several hundred other birds!)

MORAL: The man who doesn't *notice* ads is as rare as a one-armed Albanian zither player.

TUX tries to tell you about things you'd like to notice—items that answer the question: where can I find a gadget to do so-and-so? . . . or a gun, or power tool, or new vacation spot . . . or a sport shirt, or suit of clothes, that are in the groove, but lack the handkerchief-up-the-sleeve touch. If you expect "fine writing," or formal copy, look elsewhere, *amigo;* TUX has no ivory tower—deals 'em as he sees 'em.

Eeny, meeny, miney, moe . . . "*Fishing—What Tackle and When*"? Choosing a fishing lure by hunch is like picking a winning horse by the color of his jockey's silks. Old-timers have learned to rely on SOUTH BEND Bait for better sport; SOUTH BEND Tackle for expert handling. They're going for SOUTH BEND'S new *glass* casting rod in a big way. You'll want one, too. And *every* fisherman should have a copy of SOUTH BEND'S big free book—"*Fishing—What Tackle and When*" . . . 100 pages of fishing lore . . . color pictures . . . casting instructions . . . an indispensable guide to fishing. It's yours—FREE—if you check No. 12 on coupon and mail to us.

Here's a scoop!—first news of a new tape recorder—EKOTAPE "Pla-mate"—a portable beauty, popularly priced at $156.50. It records, for your repeated enjoyment, every kind of sound you'd like to hear again, from a "snap-shot" of a baby's laugh to a complete opera . . . music, voices, broadcasts . . . use it with your movie outfit to make "talkies" of your favorite films. Invaluable for sales training, conventions, reports.

One 7" reel of tape records a *2-hour* program; can be erased and used again, like new; can be cut and edited—an advantage over wire or discs. Tone quality matches that of finest radios; easy and economical to operate. Mark No. 8 on coupon for *free* booklet and other literature. Dealer inquiries welcome, too.

This is no horoscope, but it may influence your future more than the readings of a score of star-gazers. *You read it yourself*—this 64-page booklet—and try it on for size. If it fits your ideas of getting ahead, you're on your way. If you're a "clock-watcher," or merely curious, it'll leave you cold. But if you want to better yourself, "FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS" offers you a helping hand. A stroke of your pen may improve your business prospects, *if you mean business.* To prove it, check No. 9 on coupon for FREE copy of this significant booklet—it may lead to fortune!

Ever hunt with a sling-shot? As a hobby for sportsmen, there's nothing like it! WHAM-O Sportsman hunting slingshot is the professional model of Nat'l Slingshot Ass'n . . . precision-built, powerful, silent, accurate. Effective for small game, crop and garden pests; fun with a target. Hits like a .22 rifle. Heavy ash stock; 40 steel balls; extra rubber straps. At dealers, or $1 postpaid, with coupon marked No. 3.

Gifts from Fifth Avenue, by mail, in time for Father's Day . . . gifts to wear, from JOHN BLYE. Free booklet illustrates dozens of *exclusive* style ideas . . . JOHN BLYE-designed shirts, with French cuffs; monogrammed . . . boxer-type shorts, with hand-painted figures . . . imported Italian sandals . . . terry beach novelties . . . denim fashions . . . original neckwear . . . write for the booklet and see them all. If you can't decide what the old boy'd like, get him a JOHN BLYE *Gift Certificate,* and let him pick his own. Money refunded, if he's not satisfied. Check No. 5 on coupon and gift-shop the easy way—by "male-order."

Over 200 men joined TUX's "Committee on Ad-Noticing," incubated in our last issue. Who says men won't bother to mail coupons?

How'd you like to join the "Order of Bush League Poets?" O.K. Just write a new last line for the limerick printed below and mail with coupon marked No. 11—

There was a young fellow named Ben
Who had quite a natural yen
To make his Dad glad,
He looked for an ad

. . . .

If your last line is within a mile of the corny one we wrote, we'll send you a membership card in O.B.L.P. You can qualify by writing a whole new limerick, if you prefer.

Memos for Men, Inc., 121 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.
Please send me what is offered in ad numbers checked below:

☐1 ☐2 ☐3 ☐4 ☐5 ☐6 ☐7 ☐8 ☐9 ☐10 ☐11 ☐12

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

City . . . . *State* . . . .

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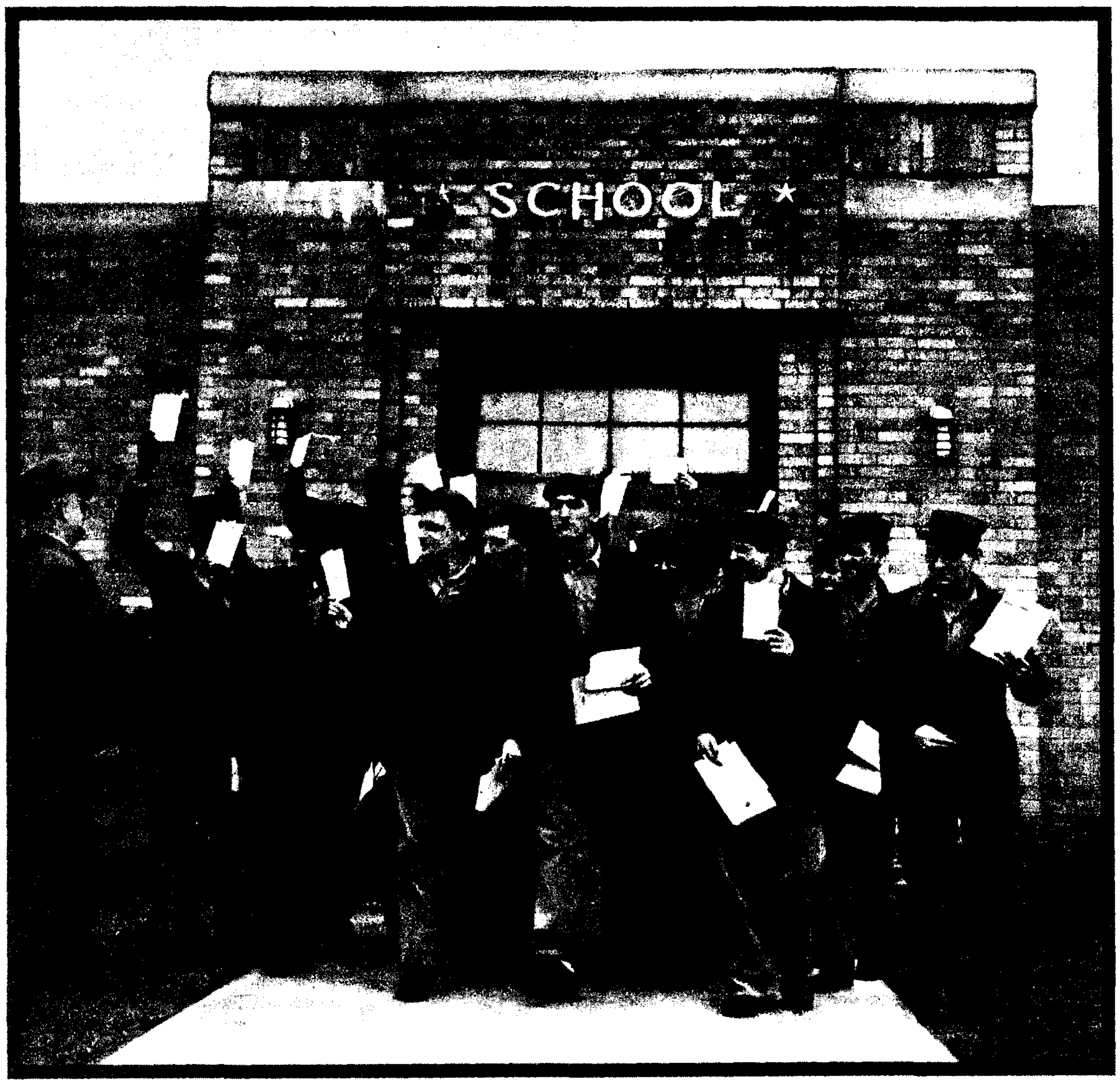


CHICAGO TRIBUNE PHOTO

IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS

WE SET OUT TO WRITE a piece for this week that would be appropriate to the commencement season. In the course of looking for something to illustrate it we came across this picture of a graduating class. Their academic costume is a little unconventional, but their faces interest us more than their attire. They look like reasonably pleasant and intelligent young fellows—certainly more intelligent than their scholastic standing would indicate. For the papers they are holding are grammar-school diplomas. And their alma mater in the background is on the "campus" of Statesville Prison at Joliet, Illinois.

We don't know the graduates' names, or their histories. But it's a safe bet that, in many of their cases, their lack of a common-school education had something to do with their being at Statesville. After all, it's a competitive world at best. And the job competition gets pretty rough when a guy can be thrown by the three R's. He gets bitter and discouraged. He hangs around with others who are in the same fix and feel the same way. Somebody thinks up a way to make a fast buck that doesn't require any formal education. Next thing the guy knows he's in the jailhouse.

If he's lucky he winds up in a place like Statesville. There he can study grammar-school, high-school or college subjects. He can take correspondence courses or learn a trade in the vocational school. There are a good many such prisons. But there are also too many prisons which still persist in the Dark Ages practice of dumping a man in a cell, doing nothing for him, and then wondering why he doesn't come out a good citizen. We aren't being soft or sentimental about lawbreaking when we say that this practice is neither safe, humane nor practical.

We congratulate the states that support prisons like Statesville, and the people who supervise them. They are doing a good job of moral repair and social rehabilitation. But, even with all the possible extenuating circumstances, we can't feel kindly toward the states or the individuals who look on indifferently while illiteracy flourishes. It's sad enough when a child is denied a basic education because nobody cares. It's worse than bad when that kind of neglect lands a person in jail.

We admire the enlightened penology that lets a man make up the education that he missed, but there's a lot of added expense connected with it. Prison schoolboys have to be clothed, fed and sheltered as well as educated. And even when public money has been spent to offset their original neglect, prison-educated men must still compete at a disadvantage.

It would be fine if every state would do as well by its illiterate prisoners as Illinois does. It would be more than fine if every state would concern itself more actively with educating its children before they grow up as illiterates.

Mr. President, May We Suggest . . .

ARTHUR GOODFRIEND devoted two pages of his recent word-and-picture book, If You Were Born in Russia, to a Soviet fable in verse called Mister Twister. Its author is Samuel Marshak, who is described as one of the most popular Russian writers for children. And the story apparently is must reading for the kids of the U.S.S.R.

Mister Twister is an American millionaire who visits Leningrad with his wife, daughter and a pet monkey, in the course of a trip around the world. The Twisters balk at the lodgings offered them when they find that both colored and white people are quartered in all the city's hotels. Says Marshak, "Old Twister, he's touchy concerning dark faces. He can't stand the sight of those colored races." The Twisters finally reach a point of exhaustion where they don't care who their neighbors are so long as they get a place to sleep.

The story, of course, is part of Russia's persistent propaganda campaign built around racial segregation in the United States. This campaign has a basis of truth, but it has been blown up into an exaggerated version of Uncle Tom's Cabin. And the segregation issue is exploited not only in the Soviet Union, but among the dark-skinned people of any country who are willing to listen.

We believe that there is a way for our government to turn the tables on this propaganda and show the world, by deed rather than by word, that the segregation picture isn't so black as it's painted.

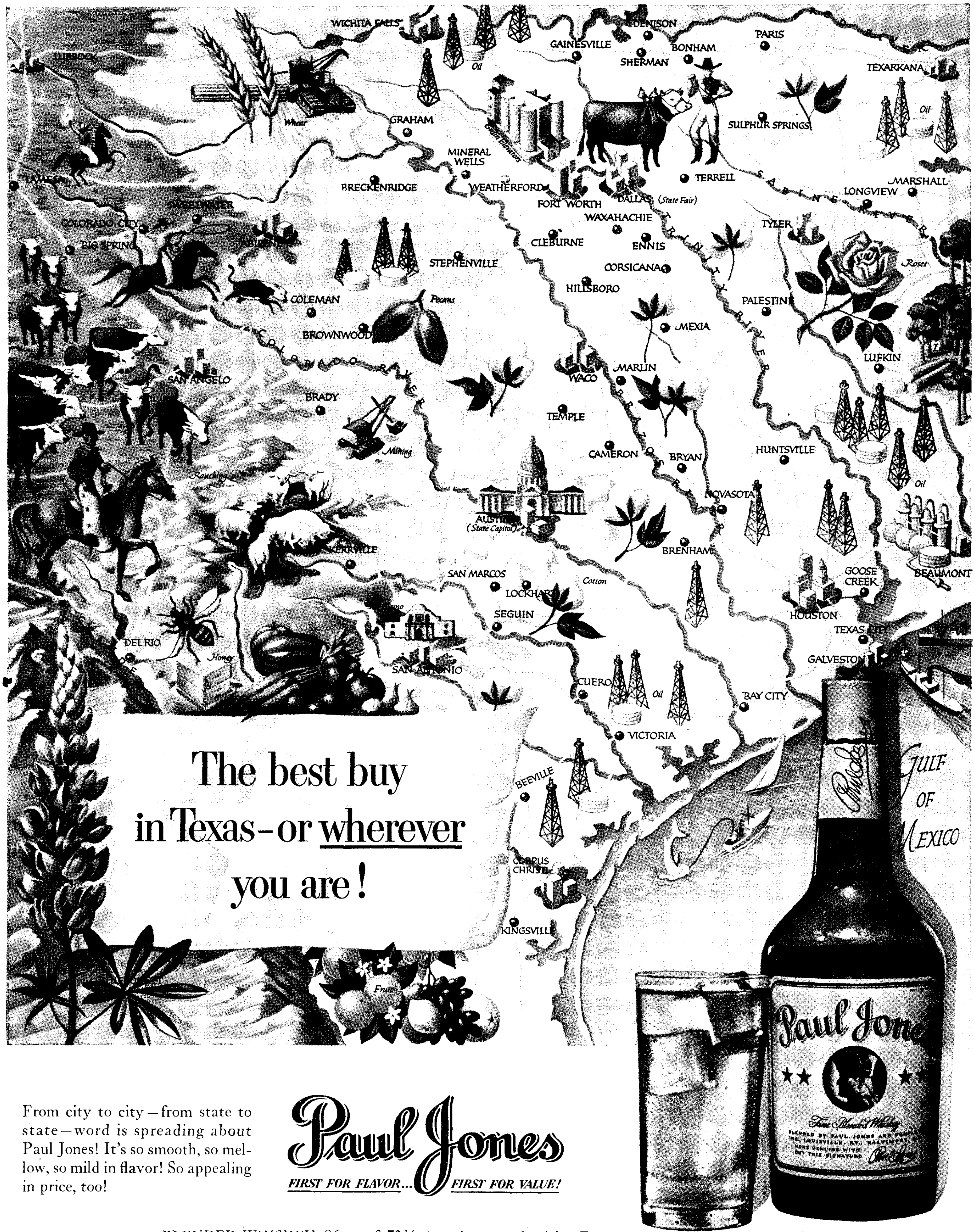
President Truman has the power to do this by appointing Dr. Ralph Bunche as Ambassador to Russia when Admiral Alan G. Kirk has had enough of the Moscow assignment.

Dr. Bunche seems to us an ideal man for the job, regardless of color. He is one of the country's ablest diplomats. As the man who settled the hot war in Palestine, he deserves a chance to try his peacemaking talents on the cold war in Russia.

Beyond the matter of Dr. Bunche's qualifications, his appointment would give notice to the Russian people that Mister Twister is an exaggeration. It would show the colored races of a troubled Asia that segregation is not a policy of the American government, and that American Negroes and their government can regard each other with mutual esteem.

It shouldn't be thought that we are advocating Dr. Bunche's appointment as a stunt. Rather, it would be a logical step in America's progress toward better race relations. We can't hope to tell the average Russian citizen the true story of that progress—the retreat of bigotry before the aroused forces of law and justice, the patient efforts by members of both races toward a sane solution of social problems. But the Russian citizen couldn't very well be denied the knowledge that Washington had sent a Negro ambassador to his government. He couldn't be insulated from the contradiction between propaganda and actuality.

So we respectfully suggest that Mr. Truman offer this post to Dr. Bunche at the earliest opportunity. His presence in Moscow would almost certainly confound the Kremlin. And it would cancel out the misguided, misleading activities of a thousand Paul Robesons.


WICHITA FALLS
Oil
DENISON
GAINESVILLE
BONHAM
PARIS
SHERMAN
TEXARKANA
LUBBOCK
Wheat
GRAHAM
Grain Elevators
Oil
SULPHUR SPRINGS
MINERAL WELLS
TERRELL
MARSHALL
LONGVIEW
LAMESA
BRECKENRIDGE
WEATHERFORD
FORT WORTH
DALLAS (State Fair)
SABINE RIVER
SWEETWATER
COLORADO CITY
BIG SPRING
ABILENE
WAXAHACHIE
CLEBURNE
ENNIS
TYLER
Roses
STEPHENVILLE
CORSICANA
TRINITY RIVER
HILLSBORO
COLEMAN
Pecans
PALESTINE
MEXIA
BROWNWOOD
COLORADO RIVER
LUFKIN
SAN ANGELO
WACO
MARLIN
BRADY
TEMPLE
BRAZOS RIVER
Mining
CAMERON
BRYAN
HUNTSVILLE
Ranching
NAVASOTA
Oil
AUSTIN (State Capitol)
KERRVILLE
BRENHAM
GOOSE CREEK
BEAUMONT
SAN MARCOS
Cotton
LOCKHART
SEGUIN
HOUSTON
TEXAS CITY
DEL RIO
Honey
GALVESTON
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